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DAYS NEAR PARIS

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DAYS NEAR PARIS

BY

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P R E F A C E .

THE following excursions are given in the order in which they encircle Paris, beginning with St. Cloud. The woodcuts are from my own sketches, transferred to wood by Mr. T. SULMAN.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

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I.

ST. CLOUD AND SÈVRES.

THERE are four ways of reaching St. Cloud. 1. The pleasantest is to drive through the Bois de Boulogne, which is very enjoyable, or (2) to take the American tramway—leaving the Place de la Concorde—which goes to Boulogne and the Pont de St. Cloud (fares, 55 c. and 35 c.). 3. By the steamers (only in summer)—*les Hirondelles parisiennes*—which start every half-hour from the Quai des Tuileries opposite the Louvre (fares, weekdays, 30 c. ; Sundays, 50 c.), and pass Sèvres (see below). 4. By rail from the Gare St. Lazare, which is the more ordinary way, if, as is often the case, St. Cloud be visited on the way to another point of interest.

The railway-line passes—

8 *k.* *Courbevoie*, where Louis XV. built magnificent barracks, which still exist. Under the Empire they were used for the Imperial Guard. The plain is now full of villas and gardens.

10 *k.* *Puteaux*, with pretty views over the Seine, and rich cherry orchards.

12 *k.* *Suresnes* (the ancient Surisnae), where the *couronnement d'une rosière* takes place annually on the Sunday nearest to August 1, at the church in the valley on the left. Suresnes is at the base of *Mont-Valérien*, originally the site of a calvary and hermitage, now of a famous fortress. There is a splendid view across the Bois de Boulogne to

Paris. Jean Jacques Rousseau admired it with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

“Paris reared in the distance her towers, covered with light, and seemed to crown the wide landscape. This spectacle contrasted with the heavy, leaden clouds which succeeded each other to the west, and appeared to fill the valley. As we walked in silence, contemplating the spectacle, Rousseau said to me, ‘I will come, this summer, and meditate here.’”—*Bernardin de St. Pierre.*

15 *k.* St. Cloud (*Hotel de la Tête Noire*, Place Royale; *Hotel du Château*, at the entrance of the Avenue du Château and the parc: endless restaurants).

Very near the station is the *Château de St. Cloud*, set on fire by the bombs of Mont-Valérien, in the night of October 13, 1870, and now the most melancholy of ruins. Sufficient, however, remains to indicate the noble character of a building partly due to Jules Hardouin and Mansart. The château is more reddened than blackened by the fire, and the beautiful reliefs of its gables, its statues, and the wrought-iron grilles of its balconies are still perfect. Grass, and even trees, grow in its roofless halls, in one of which the marble pillars and sculptured decorations are seen through the gaps where windows once were. The view from the terrace is most beautiful.

The name of St. Cloud comes from a royal saint, who was buried in the collegiate church, pulled down by Marie Antoinette (which stood opposite the modern church), and to whose shrine there is an annual pilgrimage. Clodomir, King of Orleans, son of Clovis, dying in 524, had bequeathed his three sons to the guardianship of his mother Clotilde. Their barbarous uncles, Childebert and Clotaire, coveting their heritage, sent their mother a sword and a pair of scissors, asking her whether she would prefer that they should perish by the one, or that their royal

locks should be shorn with the other, and that they should be shut up in a convent. "I would rather see them dead than shaven," replied Clotilde proudly. Two of the princes were then murdered by their uncles, the third, Clodowald, was hidden by some faithful servants, but fright made him cut off his hair with his own hands, and he entered a monastery at a village then called Nogent, but which derived from him the name St. Clodowald, corrupted into St. Cloud.

Clodowald bequeathed the lands of St. Cloud to the bishops of Paris, who had a summer palace here, in which the body of François I. lay in state after his death at Rambouillet. His son, Henri II., built a villa here in the Italian style; and Henri III. came to live here in a villa belonging to the Gondi family, whilst, with the King of Navarre, he was besieging Paris in 1589. The city was never taken, for at St. Cloud Henri was murdered by Jacques Clément, a monk of the Jacobin convent in Paris, who fancied that an angel had urged him to the deed in a vision.

"Jacques Clément left Paris on the 31st of July, and took the road to Saint Cloud. At the outposts of the besiegers, he met the Procureur General La Guesle, who had accompanied the army, and told him that he brought to the king 'letters and news of the servants he had in Paris.' La Guesle took him to his lodgings, interrogated him, and was so satisfied with his replies, that he went at once to tell the king. Jacques announced that the royalists in Paris were prepared to seize one of the gates of the city. He supped gaily with La Guesle's people, and slept so soundly that he was obliged to be aroused to go to the king. Henri, after having read the passport and the forged credentials, ordered the monk to approach. Jacques declared that he had matters of importance to say to the king in secret. The captain of the Guard, Larchant, and even La Guesle, the introducer of the monk, opposed in vain a private interview between Clément and the king; but Henri, although he had received many warn-

ings that his life was in danger, ordered La Guesle and Bellegarde, the grand equerry, who was near him, to retire some paces, and 'lent an ear' to the Jacobin. An instant afterwards, the king uttered a great cry, 'Ah, the wretched monk, he has killed me!' Brother Jacques had drawn a knife out of his sleeve, and plunged it into the lower part of the abdomen.

"Henri started up, plucked the dagger from the wound, from which the bowels immediately protruded, and struck the assassin on the face. La Guesle rushed at the monk, and knocked him down with a sword-cut; the 'guard in ordinary,' the Forty-five, ran in at the king's cries, and massacred the murderer on the spot. They left to the executioners only a dead body. Henri expired on the 2d of August, 1589, between two and three in the morning, at the age of thirty-eight.

"So were avenged, at once, Coligni and Guise; so were fulfilled the vows of popular hatred; God had extinguished the race of Valois!"—*H. Martin, "Hist. de France."*

From this time the house of the banker Jérôme Gondi, one of the Italian adventurers who had followed the fortunes of Catherine de Medicis, was an habitual residence of the Court. It became the property of Hervard, Controller of Finances, from whom Louis XIV. bought it for his brother Philippe d'Orléans, enlarged the palace, and employed Lenôtre to lay out the park. Monsieur married the beautiful Henriette d'Angleterre, youngest daughter of Charles I., who died here (June 30, 1670) with strong suspicion of poison; St. Simon affirms the person employed to have confessed to Louis XIV. having used it at the instigation of the Chevalier de Lorraine (a favorite of Monsieur), whom Madame had caused to be exiled. One of the finest sermons of Bossuet describes the "nuit désastreuse, où retentit comme un éclat de tonnerre cette étonnante nouvelle: Madame se meurt! Madame est morte! Au premier bruit d'un mal *si étrange*, on accourt à Saint-Cloud de toutes parts, on trouve tout consterné, excepté le cœur de cette princesse."

In the following year Monsieur was married again to the Princess Palatine, when it was believed that his late wife appeared near a fountain in the park, where a servant, sent to fetch water, died of terror. The vision turned out to be a reality—a hideous old woman, who amused herself in this way. “*Les poltrons,*” she said, “*faisaient tant de grimaces, que j’en mourrais de rire. Ce plaisir nocturne me payait de la peine d’avoir porté la hotte toute la journée.*”

Monsieur gave magnificent fêtes to the Court at St. Cloud, added to the palace with great splendor, and caused the great cascade, which Jérôme Gondi had made, to be enlarged and embellished by Mansart. It was at St. Cloud that Monsieur died of an attack of apoplexy, brought on by over-eating, after his return from a visit to the king at Marly.

“Judge what confusion and disorder was at Marly that night, and what horror at Saint Cloud, that palace of delights. Every one at Marly hastened as best they could to St. Cloud, the soonest ready the first; and all, men and women, pressed and crowded into the carriages without ceremony or order. Monseigneur went with Madame la Duchesse. In the state in which he was, the shock was so great, that it was all that one of the Duchesse’s grooms, who happened to be there, could do, to drag and carry him almost trembling into the carriage. Monsieur had not a moment of consciousness after the first attack; not even a gleam for an instant, except when Father de Trévoux came in the morning to say mass, and even this gleam did not return.

“The most terrible spectacles often present moments of ridiculous contrasts. Father de Trévoux came back and cried to Monsieur, ‘Monsieur, do not you know your confessor? Do not you know good little Father de Trévoux who is talking to you?’ and this made the less afflicted laugh indecently.

“The king appeared very much distressed; he was naturally prone to weep, and he was therefore in tears. He had never occasion except to love Monsieur tenderly, and although they had not been on good terms for two months, these sad mo-

ments recalled all his tenderness ; perhaps he reproached himself for having precipitated the death by the scene of the morning ; he was, too, two years younger, and had all his life been in as good or better health than he. The king heard mass at Saint Cloud, and, at eight in the morning, Monsieur being beyond hope, Mme de Maintenon and Mme the Duchesse de Bourgogne persuaded him not to remain longer, and returned with him in his carriage. As he was about to leave, and made some kindly remarks to M. de Chartres, both of them weeping much, the young prince took the opportunity of saying, 'Eh, Sire, what will be my fate?' embracing his knees ; 'I lose Monsieur, and you do not love me.' The king, surprised and much touched, embraced him and made all the affectionate remarks he could. On his arrival at Marly, he and the Duchesse de Bourgogne went to the apartments of Mme de Maintenon. Three hours afterwards, M. Fagon, to whom the king had given orders not to quit Monsieur till he was dead or better, which could only happen by a miracle, entered, and the king, as soon as he saw him, said, 'Well, M. Fagon, my brother is dead?' 'Yes, Sire,' replied he, 'no remedy would act.' The king wept profusely. He was urged to take some food in the rooms of Mme de Maintenon, but he refused and wished to dine as usual with the ladies, and tears coursed down his cheeks often during the repast, which was short. He then shut himself up with Mme de Maintenon till seven o'clock, when he took a turn in the garden. He transacted business with Chamillart, and then with Pontchartrain respecting the ceremonies on the death of Monsieur, and then gave his order to Desgranges, the master of the ceremonies. He took supper an hour earlier than usual, and soon after went to bed. He had received at five o'clock a visit from the King and Queen of England, which lasted only for a minute.

"On the departure of the king, the crowd gradually diminished at Saint Cloud, so that Monsieur, in his dying moments, was left on a lounge in his cabinet, exposed to the scullions and lower servants, most of whom, from interest or affection, were much distressed. The high officers of the household, and others who lost their places or pensions, made the air resound with their cries, while all the ladies who were at Saint Cloud, and lost all their amusements, ran here and there, like dishevelled bacchantes.

"Madame was in her cabinet meanwhile ; she had never had any great esteem or affection for Monsieur, but felt her loss and

her fall ; and in the midst of her grief, cried with all her force, ' No convent ! Do not speak to me of a convent. I will not have a convent ! ' The good princess had not lost her senses. She knew that by her marriage contract, she had to choose, on becoming a widow, between a convent or the château of Montargis for a residence. Whether she thought she could quit one easier than the other, or whether she felt how much reason she had to fear the king, although she did not yet know all, and he treated her with the usual courtesy, she had still greater fear of a convent. When Monsieur was dead she entered her carriage with her ladies, and went to Versailles, accompanied by M. and Mme the Duchess de Chartres, and the whole of their suites.

" After such a terrible sight, so many tears, and such displays of affection, every one expected that the three days that remained of the visit to Marly would be exceedingly melancholy. But on the very evening of Monsieur's death, when the ladies of the palace entered the apartments of Mme de Maintenon, where she was, and the king with her, and the Duchess de Bourgogne, about noon, they heard in the adjoining room were they were, the party singing some operatic airs. Shortly afterwards the king, seeing Mme the Duchess de Bourgogne very sad in the corner of the room, asked Mme de Maintenon, with surprise, what made her so melancholy, and began to cheer her up, and then to play with her and some of the ladies of the palace, whom he summoned to amuse them. Nor was this the only strange occurrence. After dinner—that is, a little after two o'clock, twenty-six hours after Monsieur's death—the Duke de Bourgogne asked the Duke de Montfort if he would like a game of cards. ' Cards ! ' cried Montfort, in extreme astonishment ; ' do not you know that Monsieur is not cold yet ! ' ' Pardon me, ' said the prince, ' I know it, but the king wishes every one at Marly to be amused, and has ordered me to set all to cards, and for fear that there should be some reluctance in beginning, to give the example myself. ' They formed a party, and the salon was soon filled with card-tables."—*St. Simon, " Mémoires,"* 1701.

The château continued to be occupied by Madame, daughter of the Elector, the rude, original, and satirical Princess Palatine, in whom the modern House of Orleans has its origin,¹ and here she died during the regency of her son.

¹ Henri Martin, xiii. 355.

“Madame was a princess of the olden times, attached to honor, virtue, rank and grandeur, and inexorable as to good manners. She was not deficient in intelligence, and what she saw, she saw clearly. A good and faithful friend, sure, true, upright, easy to alarm and shock, very difficult to reconvert, brusque, prone to dangerous sallies in public, very German in all her ways, frank, regardless of all delicacy or reserve for herself or for others, severe, stern, and taking fancies. She loved dogs and horses, hunting and public performances; was always in a man’s great-coat or wig, and a riding dress. For sixty years, well or sick, and she was seldom that, she had never used a dressing-gown.”—*St. Simon*, “*Mémoires*.”

The Régent d’Orléans, nephew of Louis XIV., received Peter the Great at St. Cloud in 1717. In 1752 his grandson, Louis Philippe d’Orléans, gave at St. Cloud one of the most magnificent fêtes ever seen in France.

“28 Sept. La fête de Saint-Cloud a été magnifique et populaire: tout le peuple de Paris y a couru, de façon qu’il était entièrement dehors dimanche, et que, le lendemain, c’était encore une procession de tout le peuple qui revenait. Toutes les vignes de la plaine vis-à-vis Saint-Cloud ont été ravagées, et le roi a remis à ces vigneronns la taille pour trois ans.”—*Barbier*, “*Journal*.”

In 1785 the Duc d’Orléans sold St. Cloud for six million francs to Queen Marie Antoinette, who made great alterations in the internal arrangements of the building, where she resided during the early days of the Revolution.

“One day, during a visit of the court to Saint Cloud, I was witness of a very affecting scene, which we took care not to divulge. It was four o’clock in the afternoon, the guard was not mounted, there was almost nobody that day at Saint Cloud, and I was reading to the queen, who was working at her frame, in one of the rooms that had a balcony opening on the court. The windows were closed, but we heard a dull sound from a number of voices, that seemed to speak only in suppressed tones. The queen told me to see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and saw, beneath the balcony, over fifty persons. This group was composed of ladies, old and young, all dressed in the costume

usual in the country, some old Chevaliers de Saint-Louis, some young Knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the queen that it was probably a reunion of some societies from the neighboring country districts, who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared on the balcony, and then all this good people said to her in a low voice, 'Have courage, Madame, the French suffer for you and with you; they pray for you, and Heaven will hear them; we love you, we respect you, and we reverence our exemplary king.' The queen burst into tears, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Poor queen, she weeps!' the ladies said, but the fear of compromising her Majesty and the persons who displayed such affection, inspired me to take her Majesty's hand with an intimation that I wished her to return to the room; then, raising my eyes, I gave the company to understand that prudence dictated my action. They judged so too, for I heard, 'She is right, that lady,' and then, 'Adieu, Madame,' uttered in accents so full of truth and sadness, that, when I recall them, after the lapse of twenty years, I am still moved."—*Mme Campan*.

It was at St. Cloud that the *coup d'état* occurred which made Napoleon first-consul. This led him to choose the palace of St. Cloud, which had been the cradle of his power, as his principal residence, and, under the first empire, it was customary to speak of "le cabinet de Saint-Cloud," as previously of "le cabinet de Versailles," and afterwards of "le cabinet des Tuileries." Here, in 1805, Napoleon and Josephine assisted at the baptism of the future Napoleon III.

"Dimanche, à trois heures après-midi, Leurs Majestés Impériales, suivies de la cour, se rendirent à Saint-Cloud pour le baptême du prince Napoléon-Louis, fils de S. A. I. Mgr. Louis. Cette cérémonie a été faite avec la plus grande pompe par Sa Sainteté. L'impératrice était précédée par les pages, les écuyers, et les chambellans de S. M.; à droite de l'impératrice était sa dame d'honneur et, un peu en arrière, son premier aumônier; à sa gauche, son premier écuyer, sa dame d'atours; un page portait la queue de la robe de S. M." &c.—*Le Moniteur*, 27 Mars, 1805.

It was also in the palace of St. Cloud that Napoleon I. was married to Marie Louise, April 1, 1810.

In this palace of many changes the allied sovereigns met after the fall of the first empire. Blucher, after his fashion, slept booted and spurred in the bed of Napoleon ; and the capitulation of Paris was signed here July 3, 1815.

Louis XVIII. and Charles X. both lived much at St. Cloud, and added to it considerably ; but here, where Henri IV. had been recognized as King of France and Navarra, Charles X. was forced by the will of the people to abdicate, July 30, 1830. Two years after, Louis Philippe established himself with his family at St. Cloud, and his daughter Clémentine was married to Duke Augustus of Saxe-Coburg in its chapel, April 28, 1843. Like his uncle, Napoleon III. was devoted to St. Cloud, where—"d'un cœur léger"—the declaration of war with Prussia was signed in the library, July 17, 1870, a ceremony followed by a banquet, during which the "Marseillaise" was played. The doom of St. Cloud was then sealed. On the 13th of the following October the besieged Parisians beheld the volumes of flame rising behind the Bois de Boulogne, which told that St. Cloud, recently occupied by the Prussians, and frequently bombarded in consequence from Mont-Valérien, had been fired by French bombs.

In the *Lower Park* of St. Cloud, an avenue, entered from the Place Royale, and bordered on one side by booths and shops, leads at once to the foot of the Grande Cascade.

But visitors will generally start on a (short) walk from the château, at the back of which they will find the gardens (Parc Réserve), the *Petit Parc* of Marie Antoinette, now always open to the public. The walk, between the flower-beds, facing the château, leads to the water called

Pièce de la Grande Gerbe, whence in a few minutes a cross-way is reached, formed by the *Allées de Versailles, de la Félicité*, and *de la Lanterne*. If we follow, to the left, the *Allée de la Lanterne*, we reach at once the terrace, where the Belvidere of Napoleon I. formerly stood, known as the *Lanterne de Diogène*, and destroyed during the siege of Paris in 1870. The view towards Paris is most interesting and beautiful. There is some idea of erecting a Crystal Palace, like that of Sydenham, on this site!

Following the *Allée du Château* as far as a grassy amphitheatre, a path on the right leads down to the lower walks at *Le grand Jet d'Eau*, or *Jet de la Grande Gerbe*, which (when it plays) is 42 mètres in height.

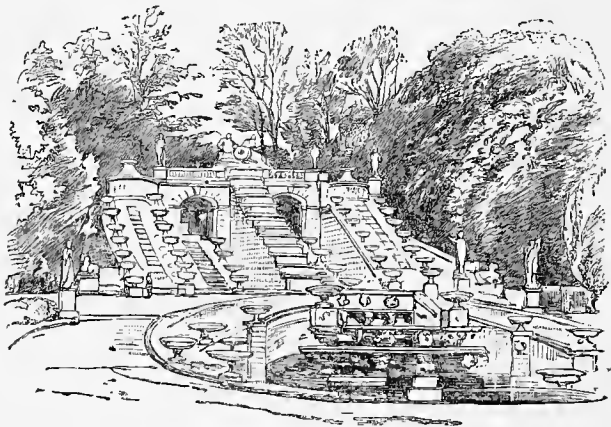
“Persuadez aux yeux, que, d'un coup de baguette,
 Une fée, en passant, s'est fait cette retraite.
 Tel j'ai vu de Saint-Cloud le bocage enchanteur
 L'œil de son jet hardi mesure la hauteur ;
 Aux eaux qui sur les eaux retombent et bondissent,
 Les bassins, les bosquets, les grottes applaudissent,
 Le gazon est plus vert, l'air plus fraix, des oiseaux
 Le chant s'anime au bruit de la chute des eaux ;
 Et les bois, inclinant leur tiges arrosées,
 Semblent s'épanouir à ces douces rosées.”—*Delille*.

Hence, a few steps bring us to *La Grande Cascade*, the most magnificent of the “grandes-eaux,” which plays from 4 to 5 P.M. on the second Sunday of every month in summer, and on the three Sundays of the fête de St. Cloud, which lasts from three to five weeks from the first Sunday in September. The upper part of the cascade is due to Lepautre, by whom it was constructed for Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV. ; the lower to Mansart. The two cascades are completely harmonious, though separated by the walk called *Allée de Tillet*, from a house which once occupied the site. True Parisians of the middle classes

have no greater pleasure than a day spent at St. Cloud—
“pour voir jouer les eaux.”

At the end of one of the principal avenues, Allée de Breteuil, below the Allée du Château, is the *Pavillon de Breteuil*, built by the Bailli de Breteuil, Chancellor of the Duke of Orleans.

Joining the park of St. Cloud is that of *Villeneuve l'Etang*, which belonged to the Duchesse d'Angoulême,



LA GRANDE CASCADE, ST. CLOUD.

who frequently resided there as Dauphine, during the reign of Charles X., devoting herself to the education of her nephew, afterwards Comte de Chambord. It was here that, a fortnight before the revolution of 1830, which drove her from France, she received a visit—accompanied by vehement demonstrations of loyalty and affection—from Louis Philippe.

The favorite summer retreat of Napoleon III.—where the garden still retains the seat of the Empress Eugénie,

and the swing and miniature railway of the Prince Imperial—is now occupied by the dog-kennels and experiments of M. Pasteur.

Between St. Cloud and Versailles, with a station on the railway, is *Ville d'Avray* (*Restaurant de la Chaumière*), with pools surrounded by wood, constantly painted by Corot, to whom a monument (by Dechaune) has been erected, near the house which he occupied. Marc Antoine Thierry, first valet de chambre of Louis XVI., built a château here, below which was a (still existing) fountain, whose pure waters, exclusively reserved for the king's table, were daily sent for from Versailles.

The steamer descends the Seine, passing under the Pont de Solferino, Pont de la Concorde, Pont des Invalides, and Pont d'Alma. Then the Champ de Mars is seen on the left, the Palais du Trocadéro on the right. After the Pont d'Iéna, Passy is passed on the right, and the Ile des Cygnes on the left. Then comes the Pont de Grenelle, after which Auteuil is passed on the right and Javel on the left. After leaving the Pont-viaduc du Point-du-Jour, the Ile de Billancourt is seen on the left. After the Pont de Billancourt, the steamer passes between the Iles de Billancourt and Séguin to Bas Meudon. Hence, skirting the heights of Bellevue, it reaches its sixth station—

Sèvres (Severa).—Here, very near the river, at the end of the bridge, is the famous *Manufacture de Porcelaine*, open daily to visitors from 12 to 4 from October 1 to March 31, and from 12 to 5 from April 1 to September 30. The workshops are only supposed to be visible on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, with an order from the administration, but strangers are generally admitted.

A china manufactory, which had already existed at St. Cloud, Chantilly, and Vincennes, was first established here in 1756, and having been bought from its owners in 1760, at the instigation of Mme de Pompadour, by Louis XV., became thenceforth a royal manufactory.

“The manufactory of Sèvres had no competition to fear; for the decree of the Council of 1780 forbade any private enterprise, under pain of fine and confiscation, for the manufacture of ‘all sorts of articles or pieces of porcelain, painted or unpainted, gilt or ungilt, flat or in relief, in sculpture, flowers and figures.’”—*Paul Lacroix, Dix-huitième siècle.*

The collections shown are divided into the *Exposition des produits de Sèvres* and the *Musée Céramique*. In the *ateliers*, visitors are shown the three processes of *le Tournage*, *le Coulage*, and *la Cuisson des pâtes et des émaux*.

The village of Sèvres clusters round the church of *St. Romain*, which dates from the XIII. c., but has been much altered at different times. In the cemetery is the tomb of Sénancour—the poet of the first Revolution—with the words of his choice (from his “*Libres Méditations*”), “Eternité, deviens mon asyle!”

If the traveller enters the park of St. Cloud by the Sèvres gate, a few minutes bring him to an avenue leading to the extremity of a piece of water which ends in the Grande Cascade.

II.

VERSAILLES.

SUMMER visitors to Versailles should, if possible, be there on a Sunday, when the *grandes eaux* are playing. This fairy scene is advertised in the newspapers, at the Gare de l'Ouest, and on the omnibuses which serve the station.

Nothing can prevent a visit to Versailles from being exceedingly fatiguing. There is too much to be seen for one day. Even superficial visitors should give one day at least to the interior of the palace, and another to the gardens and the Trianons.

If an attempt be made to see the whole in one day, a carriage should certainly be taken from the Palace to the Trianons.

The *palace* is visible daily, *except Mondays*, from 12 to 4. Visitors are allowed to wander unattended.

The *park* and *gardens* are visible daily from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M. The fountains play about 4 P.M. on the first Sunday of every month in summer, except the *Bassin de Neptune*, which only plays from 5 to 5.30 P.M.

The *Grand Trianon*, *Musée des Voitures*, and *Petit Trianon* are shown daily, *except Monday*, from 12 to 4. Visitors are here hurried round by a guide.

The *palace chapel* is shown on production of a passport.

All the sights of Versailles are open *free* to the public.

The galleries of the palace are very cold in winter.

There are three ways of reaching Versailles. 1. The pleasantest, by the tramway from the Quai du Louvre (interior, 1 fr.; impériale, 85 c.). Trams every quarter of an hour from 8 A.M. The road crosses the Seine at Sèvres, passes through Chaville and Viroflay, and ends at the Place d'Armes at Versailles, on the side opposite the palace, at the angle of the Rue Hoche.

2. By rail from the *Gare St. Lazare* (rive droite) in 35 min. express: 50 min. slow trains. The line is the same as that to St. Cloud. There are omnibuses (30 c.), and tramway (25 c. and 15 c.), and carriages (1 fr. 25 c. the course: 1 fr. 50 c. the hour, without pourboire) from the station to the palace. On leaving the station, pedestrians must turn left by the Rue Duplessis. Reaching the market, turn right by Rue de la Paroisse to the church of Notre Dame, built by Hardouin-Mansart, 1684-86; then turn left, passing the statue of General Hoche (born at Versailles, 1768) to the Place d'Armes, where you find the palace on your right.

3. By rail from *Gare Montparnasse* (very far from the English quarter of Paris) by Clamart, Meudon, and Belleville, described in Ch. xvii. From the station at Versailles, take the Avenue Thiers, then (right) the Avenue de Sceaux, which will lead to the Place d'Armes, opposite the palace.

Tickets: *Single*—First class, 1 fr. 65 c.; second class, 1 fr. 20 c. *Return*—First class, 3 fr. 30 c.; second class, 2 fr. 40 c. On *Jours des grandes eaux*: *Return*—First class, 3 fr. 30 c.; second class, 2 fr. 40 c. *Return tickets are available by either line.*

Carriages for drives in the neighborhood of Versailles cost 2 fr. an hour, or 2 fr. 50 c. on Sundays and fête days.

Hotels: *des Reservoirs* (which faced the mansion of the Princes de Condé, where La Bruyère died); *de France*.

Restaurant: *du Musée*, Rue des Reservoirs, good and reasonable.

“ Venez, suivez mon vol au pays des prestiges,
A ce pompeux Versailles.”—*Delille*, “*Jardins*.”

“ Versailles
Où les rois furent condamnés à la magnificence.”
Voltaire, “*Henriade*.”

The first palace of Versailles was a hunting lodge built by Louis XIII. at the angle of the present Rue de la Pompe and Avenue de St. Cloud. This he afterwards found too small, and built, in 1627, a moated castle, on the site of a windmill in which he had once taken shelter for the night. The buildings of this château still exist, respected, as the home of his father, in all the alterations of

Louis XIV., and they form the centre of the present palace. In 1632 Louis XIII. became seigneur of Versailles, by purchase from François de Gondi, Archbishop of Paris.

The immense works which Louis XIV. undertook here, and which were carried out by the architect Mansart, were begun in 1661, and in 1682 the residence of the Court was definitely fixed at Versailles, connected by new roads with the capital. Colbert made a last effort to keep the king at Paris, and to divert the immense sums which were being swallowed up in Versailles to the completion of the Louvre.

‘It is, Sire, a very difficult task that I am undertaking ; for nearly six months I have been hesitating about saying to your Majesty what I said yesterday, and what I am going to say further. . . . Your Majesty knows, that, apart from brilliant actions in war, nothing marks so strongly the grandeur and genius of princes as their buildings, and that posterity always measures them by the standard of the superb edifices they erected in their lives. What a pity, if the greatest and most exemplary of kings . . . should be measured by the standard of Versailles ! *And there is always this danger to fear.* While your Majesty has expended very large sums on this house, the Louvre has been neglected, and it is assuredly the most superb palace in the world, and the most worthy of your grandeur ; and may God grant that so many occasions that may necessitate the entrance on some great wars may not deprive you of the means of completing this superb building.’—*Guillaumot.*

The very dulness of the site of Versailles, leaving everything to be created, was an extra attraction in the eyes of Louis XIV.

“Colbert wished the king to be what Richelieu had been, France personified ; that he should be the thought, as Paris was the head of France, and that the thought, so to say, should not be divorced from the brain where it was developed.

“Louis, on the contrary, tended insensibly to absorb France

into his personality, to be the State instead of expressing and representing the State; to be by himself and for himself instead of being by and for France. Paris galled and burdened him. He felt his greatness cramped in that queen city which did not owe its origin to him, and enveloped him in its gigantic arms; he hated that power of the people that had humiliated his childhood and more than once overcome his predecessors. Jealous of Paris, he was jealous even of the shadow of his own ancestors, or at least he did not wish to be subject to their memories. If he preferred his palaces to Paris, he preferred Versailles to his other palaces, because Fontainebleau, Chambord, Saint-Germain had been already created, and were edifices on which Francis I. and Henri III. had left ineffaceable marks of their glory. At Versailles, all was to be still created, except the modest starting-point given by Louis XIII., the little palace of his father, which the Great King would respect from filial piety which cost his pride nothing. Louis XIV. did not fear the recollections of Louis XIII.

“At Versailles, we have said, all was to be created, not only monuments of art, but nature herself. This lonely plain, pleasing enough from the woods and hills that surround it, had no wide views, no sites, no water, no inhabitants; it was a *favorite without merit*, as a contemporary¹ wittily remarked. But it was a merit to have no merit of its own, and to owe everything to its master. What Louis did in the choice of his palace, one day, we may fear, he will do in the choice of his generals and ministers!

“There are no sites, no water, and no inhabitants at Versailles; the sites will be created by creating an immense landscape of human handiwork; the water will be brought from all the region by works that terrify the imagination; the inhabitants will be made, if we may so say, to spring from the earth by building a whole large city for the attendants on the château. Louis will thus make a city for himself, a form for himself of which he alone is the soul. Versailles and the Court will be the body and soul of one and the same being, both created for the same end, the glorification of the god on earth to whom they owe their existence.”—*Martin*, “*Hist. de France*.”

The great difficulty to be contended with in the creation of Versailles was the want of water, and this, after various

¹ Le duc de Créqui.

other attempts had failed, it was hoped to overcome by a canal which was to bring the waters of the Eure to the royal residence. In 1681, 22,000 soldiers and 6,000 horses were employed in this work, with such results of sickness, that the troops encamped at Maintenon, where the chief part of the work was, became unfit for any service. On October 12, 1678, Mme de Sévigné writes to Bussy-Rabutin:—

“The king wished to go to Versailles, but it seems that God did not wish it, to judge from the impossibility of getting the buildings in a state to receive him and by the prodigious mortality among the workmen, whose corpses were carried away every night by cartloads. This sad procession was concealed lest it should alarm the artisans and decry the healthfulness of this ‘favorite without merit.’ You know this *bon mot* about Versailles.”

· Nine millions were expended in the Aqueduct of Maintenon, of which the ruins are still to be seen, then it was interrupted by the war of 1688, and the works were never continued. Instead, all the water of the pools and the snow falling on the plain between Rambouillet and Versailles was brought to the latter by a series of subterranean water-courses.

No difficulties, however—not even pestilence, or the ruin of the country by the enormous cost—were allowed to interfere with “*les plaisirs du roi.*” The palace rose, and its gigantic gardens were peopled with statues, its woods with villages.

“The first works at Versailles were directed by the same Leveau, from whom Colbert had taken the Louvre. Leveau dying in 1670, the direction of the works, with the title of first architect of the king, was entrusted to a very young man, Jules Hardouin Mansart, whose uncle, François Mansart, had enjoyed a great reputation in architecture, and contributed more than any one else to push builders into a servile imitation of the antique. The

nephew eclipsed the uncle, and became the Lebrun of architecture. The small but picturesque château of Louis XIII. was surrounded by immense constructions, nearly in the style of Perrault, which present to the eye a richly ornamented story raised on a simpler basement and crowned by an attic. On the Paris side, where the château of Louis XIII. remains in view, the contrast between it and the new buildings makes Versailles an irregular pile, but one of a singular and striking effect, by the arrangement of the three courts gradually diminishing in size to the third, a kind of sanctuary in the depths of which the Royal Majesty reposed. On the other side, the aspect changes as by enchantment ; there, everything is the work of Louis XIV., everything is new and completely symmetric. The vast development of the horizontal lines compensate for the want of elevation. There none of the happy contrasts of the old national architecture are to be seen. The monotony of this absolute uniformity is only interrupted by the extreme projection of the centre before the two wings, a projection which proclaims it the part of the palace consecrated by the presence of the master. This centre predominates, whether it is viewed in front from the middle of the garden, or whether from the foot of the low hills of Satory, it is seen, in flank, towering on its immense terrace, between the double 'Giant Stairs,' to which nothing can be compared. Everywhere an ascent has to be mounted, in order to reach the spot where Supreme Majesty sits enthroned.

"The same thought fills the interior. Painting there deifies Louis in every form, in war and peace, in art and in the administration of the empire ; it celebrates his loves and his victories, his passions and his labors. All the heroes of antiquity, all the deities of Olympus render homage to him in lending him their attributes in turn. He is Augustus, he is Titus, he is Alexander, he is Jupiter Tonans, he is Hercules vanquishing monsters ; more often, he is Apollo inspiring the Muses, and King of Light. Mythology is nothing more than a great enigma to which the name of Louis is the only answer, his name alone among all the gods. If the gods abdicate before him, kings and nations are prostrated at his feet. As his reign rolls lengthening on, art reproduces on canvas or in marble, in a strain of hyperbole, each of his triumphs, and each humiliation of his enemies, and fixes on the brilliant vaults of Versailles a perpetual hosanna in honor of the future master of the world.

"His age, prolific in men of talent, served Louis in all his

desires, and gave him a third artist, Lenostre, to complete Lebrun and Mansart. Thanks to Lenostre, Louis from the windows of his incomparable *galerie des glaces*, saw nothing that was not his creation. The whole horizon is his work, for his garden embraces the whole horizon ; it is at once the master-piece of the marvellous artist who covered France with his monuments of verdure, and the master-piece of that singular art which must be judged not in isolation, but in reference to the buildings to whose lines it unites its lines, an architecture of vegetation which frames and completes the architecture of stone and marble. Entire groves were brought, full grown, from the depths of the finest forests of France, and the art of animating marble and the art of moving water, fill them with all the wonders of which imagination could dream. An innumerable people of statues animate the thickets and the lawns, is reflected in the waters or rises from the bosom of the waves. All the deities of the woods, the rivers and the sea, all the dreams of ancient poetry seem to have gathered at the feet of the great king. Neptune seems to send forth from all sides his jets of waters that cross in the air in sparkling curves ; Neptune becomes the servant of Louis ; Diana, the solitary goddess of the woods, becomes his mistress under the lineaments of the chaste La Vallière. Apollo, his favorite symbol, presides over all this enchanted world. At the two extremities of the view is seen the mythological sun, the transparent emblem of the sun of Louis, rising from the floods in his car to enlighten and rule the world, and plunging into them again to cast aside the government of heaven in the voluptuous shadow of the grotto of Thetis.

“Louis’ will was fulfilled. He created around him a little universe, in which he was the only necessary being, and almost the only real being.”—*Martin*, “*Hist. de France*.”

Oh ! que Versailles était superbe
 Dans ces jours purs de tout affront
 Où les prospérités en gerbe
 S'épanouissaient sur son front !
 Là, tout faste était sans mesure ;
 Là, tout arbre avait sa parure ;
 Là, tout homme avait sa dorure ;
 Tout du maître suivait la loi.
 Comme au même but vont cent routes,
 Là les grandeurs abondaient toutes ;
 L'Olympe ne pendait aux voûtes
 Que pour compléter le grand roi !

Vers le temps où naissaient nos pères
 Versailles rayonnait encore.
 Les lions ont de grands repaires ;
 Les princes ont des palais d'or.
 Chaque fois que, foule asservie,
 Le peuple au cœur rongé d'envie
 Contemplant du fond de sa vie
 Le fier château si radieux,
 Rentrant dans sa nuit plus livide,
 Il emportait dans son œil vide
 Un éblouissement splendide
 De rois, de femmes et de dieux !

Victor Hugo, "Les Voix Intérieures."

Under Louis XV., Versailles was chiefly remarkable as being the scene of the extravagance of Mme de Pompadour and the turpitude of Mme du Barry. Mme Campan has described for us the life, the very dull life, there of "Mesdames," daughters of the king. Yet, till the great Revolution, since which it has been only a shadow of its former self, the town of Versailles drew all its life from the château.

"The life of this secondary town is the same as the life of the château, and the life of the château is known at the end of one day's examination. What was done one day will be done, exactly, the next ; and whoever knows one day, knows the whole year."—*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

"Since the days of the Cæsars, no single human life occupied so much space beneath the sun. In the Rue des Reservoirs were the old and the new hotels of the Governor of Versailles, the hotels of the governor of the children of the Count d'Artois, the garde-meuble of the crown, the building for the lodgings and dressing-rooms of the actors playing at the Palace, Monsieur's stables ; in the Rue des Bons-Enfants, the hotel of the wardrobe, the lodging of the managers of the water-works, the hotel of the officers of the Comtesse de Provence ; in the Rue de la Pompe, the hotel of the Grand Provost, the stables of the Duke of Orleans, the hotel of the guards of the Comte d'Artois, the queen's stables, the pavilion of the Springs ; in the Rue Satory, the stables of the Comtesse d'Artois, Monsieur's English garden,

the king's ice-houses, the riding-school of the light horse of the King's Guard, the garden of the hotel of the treasurers of the buildings. From these four streets, judge of the rest. You cannot take a hundred steps in this city without meeting an appendix to the palace ; hotel of the staff of the body-guards, hotel of the staff of the light horse ; the immense hotel of the body-guard, the hotel of the gendarmes of the guard, hotels of the Grand Louvetier, the Grand Falconer, the grand huntsman, the grand master, the commander of the canal, the controller-general, the superintendent of buildings, the hotel of the chancellery, the buildings of the falconry and aviary, of the boar-hounds, the great kennel, the dauphin's kennel, the kennel of the so-called green hounds, the hotel of court carriages, the warehouse of the buildings and furniture, workshops and storerooms for the same, the grand stable, the little stable, other stables in the Rue de Limoges, in the Rue Royale, and the Avenue de Saint Cloud ; the king's kitchen garden, comprising twenty-nine gardens and four terraces, the *grand commun*, inhabited by two thousand people, houses and hotels styled *Louis*, where the king assigned lodgings for a time or for life. These words on paper cannot give the physical impression of the physical immensity. To-day only bits remain of that ancient Versailles, mutilated and appropriated to other uses ; but go and see them nevertheless. Look at the three avenues that meet in the grand square, forty toises wide, four hundred long, and which still were not too large for the crowd, the movement, the giddy speed of escorts dashing out headlong, and carriages driving *à tombeau ouvert* ; see, in front of the château, the two stables, with their railings of thirty-two toises, that cost in 1682 three millions, that is to say, fifteen millions of to-day, so simple and so beautiful that, under Louis XIV. himself they were used at one time for a field for the cavalcades of the princes, at another, for a theatre, and at another for a ball-room. Then follow with your eye the development of the gigantic semicircular Place, which, from railing to railing, from court to court, went on rising and closing, at first between the hotels of the ministers, then between the two colossal wings, to end in the haughty enclosure of the marble court, where pilasters, statues, pediments, ornaments, multiplied and piled up stage after stage, lift to heaven the majestic sternness of their lines and the overcharged display of their ornamentation. According to a manuscript, stamped with the arms of Mansart, the palace cost 153 millions, that is, about 750 millions of to-day. When a king wishes to display himself, this

is the price of his dwelling. Now cast your eyes to the other side, to the gardens, and the display of royalty becomes more clear. The parterres and the park are a salon in the open air; nature has there nothing natural; it is entirely arranged and straightened out with a view to society; it is not a place to be alone and stretch one's self, but a spot to walk in company and exchange salutations. The upright hornbeams are walls and hangings. The clipped yews figure as vases and lyres. The parterres are carpets with borders. In these straight, rectilinear alleys the king, cane in hand, will gather round him all his suite. Sixty ladies, in gold-embroidered robes, puffed out over hoops twenty-four feet in circumference, can walk without inconvenience on the steps of these stairs. These cabinets of verdure can shelter a princely banquet. Under the circular portico all the lords who have the entry to the chamber can join in witnessing the play of a new fountain. They will find their parallels even in the figures of marble or bronze that people the alleys and the basins, in the dignified countenance of an Apollo, in the theatrical air of a Jupiter, in the high-world ease and studied carelessness of a Diana or a Venus. The gods themselves are of their world. Stamped by the efforts of a whole society, and of a whole age, the imprint of the court is so strong that it is graven on details as well as on the whole, on things material as well as on things spiritual."—*Taine, "Orig. de France Contemporaine."*

Approaching from the town, on entering the grille of the palace from the Place d'Armes we find ourselves in the vast *Cour des Statues*—"solennelle et morne." In the centre is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. by *Feti'ot* and *Cartellier*. Many of the surrounding statues were brought from the Pont de la Concorde at Paris. Two projecting wings shut in the Cour Royale, and separate it from the Cour des Princes on the left, and the Cour de la Chapelle on the right. Beyond the Cour Royale, deeply recessed amongst later buildings, is the court called, from its pavement, the Cour de Marbre, surrounded by the little old red Château of Louis XIII.

"Instead of entirely destroying the little château and making a new vast plan, the king, in order to save the old château, built

all around it and covered it, in a fashion, with a beautiful mantle which spoiled all."—*Correspondance de Madame.*

The Cour de Marbre was sometimes used as a theatre under Louis XIV., and the opera of *Alceste* was given there. It has a peculiar interest, for no stranger can look up at the balcony of the first floor without recalling Marie Antoinette presenting herself there, alone, to the fury of the people, October 6, 1789.

"All was sobs and confusion around their Majesties, while the queen, with noble and touching firmness, consoled and encouraged everybody. 'I have the courage to know how to die,' she said, 'but I would wish, at least, that those who are vile enough to play the part of assassins should have the consciousness of their crime, that is, show themselves as they are.' Some time afterwards, when the ministers had arrived in the king's apartments, some gun-shots were discharged in the courts, and directed against the windows of the room of her Majesty. It was told me that M. de la Luzerne, minister of marine, having seen a ball strike the wall near the window where the queen stood, advanced and glided, as if from curiosity, between her and the window. The motive of the movement did not escape the queen. 'I see,' she said to M. de la Luzerne, 'what your intention is, and I thank you, but I do not wish you to remain there. It is not your place, it is mine.' And she forced him to retire. . . .

"Her Majesty appeared for the second time at the balcony. At this second appearance a voice demanded, 'The queen on the balcony!' The princess, who was never so great or more noble than when danger was most imminent, presented herself without hesitation on the balcony, holding the Dauphin in one hand and Madame Royale in the other. A voice then exclaimed, 'No children!' The queen, by a backward movement of the arms, pushed the children back into the room and remained alone on the balcony, crossing her arms on her breast with a countenance of a calm nobility and dignity impossible to depict, and seemed to wait for death. This act of resignation so astonished the assassins and inspired such admiration in the mob that a general clapping of hands and 'Bravo! long live the queen!' repeated on all sides, disconcerted the malevolent. Nevertheless, I saw one of the madmen aim at the queen, and his neighbor strike down with his hand the barrel of the gun."—*Weber, "Mémoires."*

The palace of Versailles has never been inhabited by royalty since the chain of carriages drove into this court on Oct. 6 to convey Louis XVI. and his family to Paris.

“ Yes, *The king to Paris*; what else? Ministers may consult, and National Deputies wag their heads; but there is now no other possibility. You have forced him to go willingly. ‘At one o’clock!’ Lafayette gives audible assurances to that purpose; and universal insurrection, with immeasurable shout, and a discharge of all the fire-arms, clean and rusty, great and small, that it has, returns him acceptance. What a sound; heard for leagues; a doom-peal! And the Château of Versailles stands ever since vacant, hushed, still, its spacious courts grass-grown, responsive to the hoe of the weeder.”—*Carlyle*.

From the *Grande Cour* the gardens may be reached by passages either from the *Cour des Princes* on the left, or from the *Cour de la Chapelle* on the right. The palace has had three chapels in turn. The first, built by Louis XIII., was close to the marble staircase. The second, built by Louis XIV., occupied the site of the existing Salon d’Hercule. The present *Chapel*, built 1699–1710, is the last work of Mansart.

“ This beautiful chapel of Versailles, as far as workmanship and decoration are concerned, which cost so many millions, and is so badly proportioned that it seems a charnel house high above ground, threatening to crush the château, was made so by a trick. Mansart only took into account the proportions of the tribunes and designedly built this horrible elevation above the château in order, by its deformity, to compel the raising of the château by an additional story. Without the breaking out of the war, during which he died, this would have been done.”—*St. Simon*, “*Mémoires*.”

“ Louis XIV. did not like domes, and when he asked his favorite architect, Hardouin-Mansart, whom he had just named superintendent of buildings in place of the Marquis de Villecerf, who died in 1699, for the plan of the chapel of Versailles, he was careful to say, as his only instruction, ‘Above all, no dome!’” —*Paul Lacroix*.

Here we may think of Bossuet, thundering before Louis XIV. "les royaumes meurent, sire, comme les rois," and of the words of Massillon, "Si Jésus-Christ paraissait dans ce temple, au milieu de cette assemblée, la plus auguste de l'univers, pour vous juger, pour faire le terrible discernement," &c. Here also we may imagine Louis XIV. daily assisting at the mass, and his courtiers, especially the ladies, attending also to flatter him, but gladly escaping, if they thought he would not be there.

"Brissac, major of the body-guard, could not abide any duplicity. He was annoyed at seeing all the tribunes lined with ladies in the winter at the *salut* on Fridays and Sundays, when the king almost never failed to be present, while very few were there when it was known in time that he would not come, and under the pretense of reading their 'hours,' they all had little tapers before them, so that they could be recognized and remarked. One evening when the king was going to the *salut*, and while the evening prayers were being said which preceded the *salut*, all the guards at their posts, and the ladies in their places, the major came, towards the end of the prayers, and, showing himself in the vacant seat of the king, raised his bâton and cried in a loud tone: 'Royal Guards, withdraw! Back to your quarters! The king will not come.' The guards obeyed at once, there were murmurs among the ladies, the little tapers were put out, and soon they had all left, except the Duchess de Guiche, Mme de Dangeau, and one or two others who remained. Brissac had placed some subaltern officers at the exits of the chapel to stop the guards, and order them back to their posts, as soon as the ladies were so far away as to have no suspicions. Thereupon the king arrived, and, much surprised not to see the tribunes filled with ladies, asked how it happened that no one was there. On leaving the ceremony, Brissac told him what he had done, not without enlarging on the piety of the court ladies. The king, and all with him, laughed very much. The story spread immediately, and all the ladies would have liked to strangle him."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires,"* 1708.

"I remember an edifying and beautiful discourse by Massillon that was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the Duchesse de Boufflers. The text was, 'Happy are the peoples whose kings

are of ancient race.' There was certainly nothing in it of a nature to provoke peals of laughter, but every time the sacred text was repeated by the lips of the orator, M. de Villeroy, Governor of H. M., was melted to tears and sobbed while gazing in an obsequious manner on the king, and made such grimaces that the poor young lady would not resist it, which made a great scandal."—*Souvenirs de la Marquise de la Créqui*.

The carefully organized system of etiquette was observed nowhere more carefully than in the chapel, especially when the king communicated.

"After the elevation of the Host, a fauld-stool was placed below the altar at the spot where the priest begins service ; it was covered with a cloth, and then with a large piece of linen hanging down before and behind. At the *Pater Noster*, the almoner of the day rose and whispered into the king's ear the names of all the dukes present in the chapel. The king gave him two names ; always those of the oldest, to each of whom the almoner, immediately afterwards, advanced and made a reverence. The priest having communicated, the king rose and went to kneel, without carpet or hassock, before the fauld-stool, and took hold of the linen ; then the two dukes who had been warned, and who, with the captain of the guards on duty, had alone risen from their hassocks and followed him, the oldest on the right, the other on the left, took hold at the same time as the king, each of one corner of the linen, which they held on the king's side, while the two almoners in attendance held the other two corners on the side next the altar, all four on their knees, and the captain of the guards also, who knelt alone behind the king. After the communion and ablution, the king remained a little longer in the same place, and then returned to his seat, followed by the captain of the guards and the two dukes, who resumed their places. If a son of France was there alone, he alone held the right corner of the linen napkin, and no one held the other ; and when the Duke of Orleans was there and no son of France, the same form was kept. A prince of the blood, if present, took no part in the service with him, but if only a prince of the blood was present, one duke, instead of two, was warned, and he served on the left, with the prince of the blood on the right hand."—*St. Simon*, 1707.

It was in the chapel that the flattery of royalty took its strongest form.

“When Mme the Dauphiness celebrated Easter, there were ‘select hosts’ for this princess; God evidently displayed a select real presence for the daughter-in-law of the great king.”—*Dangeau*.

In the devotion which characterized the last years of Louis XIV.’s life, he was constantly in the chapel. We read in a letter of Mme de Maintenon (1686):—

“The king was at matins last night; he heard three masses; he was at high mass to-day, after which he went to see Madame, with whom he passed an hour. He went also to Mme the Dauphiness, and thence to sermon. He heard musical vespers.”

At this time he had become equally severe as to the religious practice and the dress of his courtiers, male as well as female.

“The courtier, of olden times, wore his hair, had trunks and *pourpoint*, wore large canons, and was a libertine. This is out of place now. He wears a wig, a tight coat, close stockings, and is pious. Everything is regulated by fashion.”—*La Bruyère*, “*De la Mode*.”

We are able to picture the scene in this chapel during the last moments of Louis XV.

“It was evening; the royal family and all the court were prostrate in the superb and imposing chapel of the château. The sacrament was exposed, the prayers of forty hours chanted, and supplications offered to God for the recovery of the dying monarch. Suddenly black clouds veiled the sky, night seemed to envelop the chapel in its shades, and the first peal of thunder was heard; soon came the whistling winds, the torrents of rain dashing against the windows, the lightning flashes, which every instant made the tapers lighted on the altar turn pale, and sent an awful gleam through the melancholy obscurity; then the dull rolling, or the threatening crash of the thunder that seemed to rend the veil of the temple; the songs of the church continued through the tempest, the impression of terror in every voice and on every face; heaven thundering while the God of mercy was invoked; the war of all the elements, which it was impossible not to associate in thought with the destruction of the most powerful of men, the sight of the young heir and his young companion, both ap-

palled, both weeping between the altar, which they implored in vain, the tomb into which they saw their father descending, and the throne which they shuddered to mount; then the departure from the chapel when the service was over, the abstraction, the deep silence, in which no voice was heard, but only hasty steps, as each hurried to his room, in order to breathe freely from the weight that oppressed him. This scene was also reckoned among the threatening auspices under which the new reign opened."—Weber, "*Mémoires*."

On Sundays and fête days there is always a musical low mass in the chapel at 9 a.m.

In describing the *Musée*, the apartments are taken in the order in which they are usually visited, and which it is better to follow, if one does not wish to be lost. All the furniture of Versailles was sold during the Revolution (in 1793), and, though a few pieces have been recovered, the palace is for the most part unfurnished, and little more than a vast picture-gallery. From the antechamber of the chapel open two galleries on the ground floor of the north wing. One is the *Galerie des Sculptures*; the other, divided by different rooms looking on the garden, is the *Galerie de l'Histoire de France*. The first six rooms of the latter formed the apartments of the Duc de Maine, the much indulged son of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan.

Where there are such acres of pictures, and where all are named, we only notice here those which are remarkable as works of art or of historic interest connected with the place itself.

Salle IV.—

Ary Scheffer. The Death of Gaston de Foix at the Battle of Ravenna.

Salle VIII.—

Pezey. Louis XIV. receiving the Oath of Dangeau, Grand-Master of the Order of St. Lazare; a picture interesting here as representing the original chapel.

Salle XI.—Pictures illustrative of the life of Louis XVI.

At the end of the gallery (but only to be entered now from the Rue des Reservoirs) is the *Salle de l'Opéra*. In spite of the passion of Louis XIV. for dramatic representations, no theatre was built in the palace during his reign. Some of the plays of Molière and Racine were acted in improvised theatres in the park ; others, in the halls of the palace, without scenery or costumes ; the *Athalie* of Racine, before the king and Mme de Maintenon, by the young ladies of St. Cyr. The present Opera House was begun by Jacques Ange-Gabriel under Louis XV. for Mme de Pompadour, and finished for Mme du Barry.

“ Disposition des plus heureuses, grandioses d'ensemble et de style, richesse et harmonie de détails, tout se trouve réuni pour faire de cette salle un incomparable chef-d'œuvre.”—*Vaudoyer*.

The Opera House was inaugurated on the marriage of the Dauphin with Marie Antoinette, and nineteen years after was the scene of that banquet, the incidents of which were represented in a manner so fatal to the monarchy, given by the body-guard of the king to the officers of a regiment which had arrived from Flanders.

“ The king was informed of the ardent enthusiasm that animated this assembly of loyal chevaliers, and the oath which these soldiers had renewed to defend, to the last gasp, the masters who had hitherto been an object of veneration and love to their people. Their Majesties and their children came with a slender suite to honor and embellish this assemblage by their presence. They were invited by M. the Comte de Tessé, equerry of the queen, and by the Comte d'Agoult, major of the Life Guards, who, struck by the sight of the house, the number of guests, the effect of the horse-shoe table, the lighting of the hall, and the throng of spectators grouped in the boxes, justly believed that such a spectacle could not but interest the royal family. It entered at first the first boxes opposite the stage. The musicians struck up, amidst loud applause, the popular air, ‘ *Où peut-on*

être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?' The air was accompanied with redoubled acclamations. *'Vive le roi ! vive la reine ! vive la famille royale !'* The august family was soon requested to descend and make the tour of the room. Marie Antoinette, by an irresistible impulse, imitating her august mother, took the Dauphin by the hand and led him around the tables, proud of displaying to the generous defenders of the throne the fair child who was the presumptive heir. At the view of so much majesty and grace, such beauty and innocence, the intoxication of feeling and admiration rose to a climax ; tears of sensibility filled every eye and the music gave out the touching strains from *Richard Cœur de Lion* :

*' O Richard ! O mon roi !
L'univers l'abandonne.'*

“ This air, which made such a striking allusion to the situation of Louis XVI., and which had been for some time forbidden in France, was repeated in chorus from all the benches. Never was there so loyal a concert, never did a purer sentiment electrify a whole assembly. The august countenances of the king and queen bore, on that evening, the imprint of contentment and happiness in place of the melancholy they had exhibited for many months.

“ In the evening, the ladies of the Court formed with pieces of white paper some cockades that they distributed in the private rooms of the château to the body-guards and the officers they met on their way. All this was done in gaiety and simplicity, and ought not to have been regarded as out of the French character ; it was the expression of great devotion for the king and his family. How could such a demonstration of joy in the royal palace be regarded as a crime ?”—*Weber*, “*Mémoires*.”

Returning from the end of the picture gallery, we may pass through the *Galerie des Sculptures*, chiefly casts from royal and other monuments. Some, however, are brought from Paris churches destroyed at the Revolution, and amongst these we may especially notice, beginning at the entrance—

1879, 1880. The Duc de Vitry, Maréchal de France, and his wife, 1666.

1892. Henri Chabot, Duc de Rohan. By François Anguier.

1885. Louis Potier, Marquis de Gesvres, 1643. By Lehongr.
 1883. René Potier, Duc de Tresmes, 1670.
 1898. François d'Argouges, first President of the Parliament of Brittany. By Coysevox.
 1915. Ferdinand Philippe Louis, Duc d'Orléans, 1842. By Pradier.
 1901. Philippe d'Orléans, Regent of France. By Lemoyne.
 *1854. Jeanne Darc. By Princess Marie d'Orléans, daughter of Louis Philippe.

"If it does not give the enthusiastic majesty of Jeanne, at least it gives her purity, her grace and her resigned devotion. It is the work of a young woman less illustrious by her blood than by her talent and noble character, whose early end all France has to regret."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France*."

Near (left) a cast from the great monument of Ferdinand and Isabella, we enter a suite of five rooms formerly occupied by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, adorned with modern historic pictures, and known from their subjects as *Salles des Croisades*. Returning to the *Galerie de Sculpture* and following it to the vestibule of the chapel, we must now take the little staircase on the left of the chapel, which will conduct us to another vestibule of the chapel on the first floor. Here we enter (right) the second *Galerie de Sculpture*, from the midst of which we reach the *Salles de Peinture*, called *Galerie de Constantin*, a set of seven rooms adorned with modern historic pictures and busts, some of them very interesting as representing the Court, surroundings, life, campaigns, and battles of Napoleon III., the idol of France at the time they were executed.

Returning from these rooms to the *Galerie de Sculpture*, and, turning at the end, we reach the landing, where we find a staircase which leads us up to the second floor, the *Attique du Nord*, panelled with part of the vast Versailles collection of portraits, chiefly copies and poor as works of

art, but including a few of great interest, especially here, in the palace where so many of the originals lived and died. Turning to the left by the door opposite the stairs, we enter—

Salle I., where we may notice with interest as originals :

3052. Charles VII: XVI c.

3116. François I. XVI c.

3118. Claude de France.

3121. Renée de France.

3198. Don Carlos, Infant of Spain. Attributed to *Sir A. More.*

Salle II.—

3282. *Porbus* : Henri IV. as a child, at the time when he had to be flogged to make him go to mass.

3347. *Mirevelt* : Maurice de Nassau.

Salle III.—

3367. *Simon Vouet* : Louis XIII.

It used to be said of Louis XIII., " Il ne dit pas tout ce qu'il pense ; il ne fait pas tout ce qu'il veut ; il ne veut pas tout ce qu'il pent."

3391. *Philippe de Champaigne* : Cardinal de Richelieu.

Richelieu described his own character to the Marquis de la Vieuville : " Je n'ose rien entreprendre sans y avoir bien pensé, mais quand une fois j'ai pris ma résolution, je vais à mon but, je renverse tout, je fauche tout, et ensuite je couvre tout de ma soutane rouge."

Salle IV.—

3443. *Testelin* : Chancellor Seguier.

3441. Anne of Austria.

3488. *Lebrun* : Vicomte de Turenne, Maréchal de France.

3445. *Testelin* : Louis XIV. as a boy.

3445. Henrietta Maria, Queen of England.

" Her vivacity deprived all her actions of that gravity that is necessary to persons of her rank, and her soul was too much carried away by her feelings."—*Mme de Motteville.*

Salle V.—

3624. *Mignard*: Anne Marie de Bourbon, Mlle de Blois, afterwards Princess de Conti, as a child.

“ 27 Dec. 1679. All the court rejoiced at the marriage of M. the Prince de Conti and Mlle de Blois. They were like lovers in romances; the king made great sport of their affection. He spoke tenderly to her, and assured her that he loved her so much that he did not wish to lose her; the child was so moved and delighted that she wept. The king said he could see well enough what aversion she had for the husband whom he had chosen for her. She redoubled her tears, and her little heart could not contain her joy. The king told the little scene, and it gave pleasure to every one. As for M. de Conti, he was transported, and did not know what he was saying or doing; he walked over everybody who came in his way, in his haste to see Mlle de Blois. Mme Colbert did not wish him to see her till evening, but he broke through the guards, and flung himself at her feet and kissed her hand. She embraced him without more ado, and began to weep again. This good little princess is so tender and so pretty that one would like to eat her.”—*Mme de Sévigné*.

3502. *Schnitz (after Mignard)*: Mme de la Vallière and her two children.

“ In the midst of her highest fortune, she had herself painted by Mignard, with her two children, and holding in her hand a pipe from which hung a soap-bubble with the legend: ‘*Sic transit gloria mundi.*’ ”—*Hoefer*.

4304. Françoise Marie de Bourbon, Duchesse d’Orléans, and Louis Alexandre de Bourbon, Comte de Toulouse: children of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan.

3553. Louis de France, “Le Grand Dauphin.”

“ He is the most incomprehensible man in the world; he is not stupid, yet always acts as if he were. This arises from his insensibility and his indifference.”—*Correspondance de Madame*, 1699.

“ He is the most difficult man in the world to entertain, for he never says a word.”—*Mme de Maintenon*.

3500. Louis XIV.

3545. *Carlo Maratta*: Lenôtre.

“ Illustrious for having been the first to design the beautiful

gardens that adorn France, Lenôtre had such probity, uprightness and integrity, that all loved and esteemed him."—*St. Simon*.

Salle VI.—

3629. *Mignard*: Philippe de France, grandson of Louis XIV., afterwards Philippe V. of Spain, as a child.

3578. *Hyacinthe Rigaud*: Mignard.

"L'élégante portraitiste des dames de la cour."—*Henri Martin*.

3586. *Detroy*: Jules Hardouin-Mansard, Surintendant des bâtimens du roi.

"He was a large man, well made, with a pleasing face, sprung from the dregs of the people, but with much natural talent, all directed to please and attract, without, however, ever getting clear of the roughness acquired in his early condition."—*St. Simon*.

3579. *Gilles Alloa*: Coysevox.

Salle VII.—

3640. *Rigaud*: Jean Baptiste Keller.

3566. *Vivien*: Fénelon.

"With the most deep-seated probity, the most ardent and most sincere hunger and thirst for truth, the most scrupulous purity, the presence of God always felt in every deed or situation of his daily life, to whom he referred with a holy jealousy the most important and the most trivial actions."—*St. Simon*.

"He had merely skin over his bones and his eyes deep-set in his head, but he talked very pleasantly; he was polished and even gay. He laughed readily and liked to talk without reserve."—*Correspondance de Madame*.

Salle VIII.—

3640. *Rigaud*: Keller.

3673. *Rigaud*: Louise Antoine de Pardaillan, Duc d'Antin, legitimate son of Mme de Montespan.

"Beautiful as the day when young, he preserved great remains of it to the end of his life, but it was a masculine beauty, and a face full of intelligence. No one had more charm, memory, light, or knowledge of men and of each man. Coarse by nature, gentle and polished by judgment, he sacrificed everything to ambition and riches."—*St. Simon*.

3637. *Mignard*: Françoise d'Aubigné, Mme de Maintenon.

"Always under constraint, at first to gain a living, then to rise, then to reign, she was never happy, and deserved neither the exaggerated satires nor praises of which she was the object."—*Duclos*.

"L'envie de faire un nom était ma passion," she wrote to her pupils at St. Cyr.

"Mignard, when painting Mme de Maintenon as Sainte Françoise of Rome, asked the king, smiling, if in order to adorn the picture, he might dress her in an ermine mantle. 'Yes,' said the king, 'Sainte Françoise deserves one.' This portrait is the most beautiful one of her in existence. . . . All the courtiers admired it; the attribute of royalty did not escape notice."—*De la Beaumelle*, "*Mémoires de Mme de Maintenon*."

"Madame, I have seen the most beautiful thing that can be imagined, a portrait of Mme de Maintenon by Mignard; she is dressed as Sainte Françoise of Rome; Mignard has embellished her, but it is without insipidity, without red or white, without the air of youth, without all her perfections, and he presents to us a face beyond all that can be described, animated eyes, perfect grace, no gewgaws, and with all this no portrait comes before it."—*Mme de Coulanges à Mme de Sévigné*, Oct., 1694.

3652. *Rigaud*: Dangeau (Philippe et Courcillon, Marquis de Dangeau).

"A kind of man whose metal had lost its temper. All his capacity went no further than conducting himself well, injuring nobody, multiplying the breezes of flattery that surrounded him, and in acquiring, preserving, and enjoying a kind of consideration."—*St. Simon*.

3661. Marie Louise d'Orléans, Duchesse de Berry, eldest daughter of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, and great-niece of Louis XIV., the most depraved of all French princesses—undutiful as a daughter, unfaithful as a wife, and most profligate as a widow during the regency of her father.

"Born with superior intelligence, a striking face which pleasantly arrested attention, she spoke with singular grace, and a natural eloquence peculiar to her which flowed in an easy stream. What might she not have done with these talents, if the vices of her heart, spirit, and soul, and a most violent disposition, had not

turned so many fair gifts into the most dangerous poison? Immeasurable pride and the most continual treachery were, in her eyes, virtues on which she piqued herself, and irreligion, which she believed was an ornament to her wit, placed the climax on all the rest."—*St. Simon*.

"She is not at all pretty. She is thick and short, long arms and short hips, she walks badly, and displays a want of grace in all she does; she makes horrible grimaces, has a crying face, marked with the small-pox, red eyes—their color is clear blue—and a reddish face. But her neck, hands, and arms are perfectly beautiful. With all this, her husband and her father imagine that Helen was never so beautiful as the Duchesse de Berry."—*Correspondance de Madame*.

"The question of her funeral oration caused such embarrassment, that at the end it was resolved not to have one."—*Mémoires de Madame*.

2084. *Rigaud*: Elizabeth Charlotte de Bavière, Duchesse d'Orléans—Madame, called by her intimates "Lise-Lotte." The Princess Palatine, second wife of Philippe d'Orléans, only brother of Louis XIV. She is celebrated in all the memoirs of the time, and by her own published correspondence.

"This princess was dressed up as a kind of Amazon, with a man's cloth coat laced at the seams; she had a petticoat to match, a three-tailed wig like that of H. M., and a hat exactly like the king's, which she did not take off or lift while she was paying her respects to us, which, however, she performed with sufficient ease and ceremony. It is right to add that her vulgar Royal Highness had her feet in boots and a whip in her hand. She was badly formed, badly turned, badly disposed for everything and against everybody. She had a face like a russet apple, short, broad, high colored, not much nose, black eyes, animated, without any trace of wit—the kind of face we see everywhere."—*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui*.

"The rough, original, satiric Princess of Orleans, from whom the modern house of Orleans was to spring."—*Henri Martin*.

3695. *Rigaud*: Louis XV. as a child.

3682. *Antoine Coypel*: His own Portrait.

3680. *Rigaud*: His own Portrait.

"Rigaud, who made himself illustrious by leaving to pos-

terity the living images of most of the great men of the age.”—*Henri Martin*.

3681. *Largillières*: His own Portrait.

3677. *Mignard*: La Comtesse de Feuquières, daughter of the artist.

“The marriage of a brother of Feuquières, with the daughter of the celebrated Mignard, the first painter of his time, who was dead, was a love match. Bloin, the first valet de chambre of the king, had been keeping her, to the knowledge of everybody, and induced the king to sign the contract of marriage.”—*St. Simon*.

3701. *Santerre*: Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, Régent du Royaume.

“He is like the child in the story to whose baptism all the fairies were invited; one wished him a good figure, another eloquence, another that he should learn all the arts; a fourth, all the exercises—that is fencing, riding, dancing; a fifth, that he become skilled in the art of war; a sixth, that he be more courageous than any one. The seventh fairy had been overlooked in the invitations. ‘I cannot take from the child,’ she said, ‘what my sisters have bestowed, but while life lasts, I shall be contrary, so that all the favors they have accorded will amount to nothing. Therefore, I will give him such a bearing that he shall seem lame and hump-backed; I will make his beard grow so black and thick, from one day to another, and make him grimace like a day dreamer that he will be disfigured; I will plunge him into such *ennui* that he will detest all the arts he cultivates—music, painting, and drawing; I will inspire him with a taste for solitude, and a horror of the society of honest people.”—*Correspondance de Madame (his mother)*.

3725. *Santerre*: Louise Adélaïde d'Orléans, Mlle de Chartres, abbesse de Chelles, daughter of the Regent.

3711. Philippe V. of Spain (Philippe de France), grandson of Louis XIV.

Galerie.—

L. 3769. *Vanloo et Parrocel*: Louis XV. on horseback, as a boy.

3754. *J. B. Vanloo*: Marie Leczinska.

3750. *Rigaud*: Louis XV.

3789. *Tocqué*: Louis, Dauphin—"Monseigneur," son of Louis XIV.

"He was perfection towards the king; never had a son such respect, such obedience, such filial love for his father. This must be conceded to him; it is the chief praise that can be given him."—*Correspondance de Madame*.

3751. *Vanloo*: Louis XV.

"Louis XV. had a most imposing presence. His eyes remained fixed on you all the time he was talking; and in spite of the beauty of his features, he inspired a kind of dread."—*Mme Campan*.

3765. Cardinal de Fleury, Prime Minister under Louis XV.

3741. *Nattier*: Anne Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon-Condé, Duchesse du Maine.

"She had courage in excess; was enterprising, audacious, furious, knowing only the present passion, and postponing everything to it."—*St. Simon*.

3752. *Cozette*: Louis XV.—a portrait in late life.

"His manners in no way resembled his habits and tastes; his bearing was easy and noble, he carried his head with much dignity; his look, without being severe, was imposing."—*Mme Campan*.

3755. *Tocqué*: Marie Leczinska.

"The noblest model of all the religious and social virtues."—*Mme Campan*.

"There could not be a better woman, nor one with less tact, than Marie Leczinska; serious and austere, rigidly and often inopportunately devout, she did everything that could alienate a husband younger than herself."—*Henri Martin*.

3791. *C. Natoire*: Louis Dauphin, son of Louis XV.

"His virtues are known by every Frenchman."—*Mme Campan*.

3805. *Nattier*: Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV., as a girl.

3795. *L. Tocqué*: Marie Anne Christine Victoire de Bavière (La Dauphine), daughter-in law of Louis XIV., and mother of the Ducs de Bourgogne and Berry, and of Philippe V. of Spain.

"The king was extremely impatient to learn what she was like. He sent Sanquin, an honest man incapable of flattery. 'Sire,' he said, 'saving the first look, you will be pleased with her.' The remark was an apt one, for there is something in her nose and brow which is too long in proportion to the rest, which at first produces a bad effect. But she has such grace, such beautiful arms, such beautiful hands, such a beautiful figure, such a beautiful neck, such beautiful teeth, such beautiful hair, so much wit and goodness, caressing without being insipid, familiar with dignity; in fine, such charming manners that the first view must be pardoned."—*Mme de Sévigné*.

"I saw Madame la Dauphine, whose want of beauty is not at all shocking or disagreeable; her face does not become her, but her wit does perfectly. She neither says nor does anything without showing that she has a good deal. She has lively, piercing eyes, she understands and comprehends everything readily; she is natural, and no more embarrassed nor astonished than if she had been borne in the Louvre. She exhibits the highest gratitude towards the king, but without baseness; not as being below what she is to-day, but as having been chosen and distinguished from all Europe. She has a very noble air, and much dignity and goodness; she loves verses, music, and conversation; she is often four or five hours quite alone in her chamber, and is surprised at the exertions made to amuse her. She has shut the door on all mockery and malice."—*Lettre de Mme de Sévigné, Mars, 1680*.

"The good, honest, and dear Dauphine."—*Correspondance de Madame, Duchesse d'Orléans*.

3885. *Tocqué*: Gresset.

3902. Madame Clotilde, Queen of Sardinia, sister of Louis XVI.

"This princess was a child so enormously large that people gave her the nickname of 'big madame.'"—*Mme Campan*.

3993. *Nivelon*: Louis Dauphin.

3819. *Nattier*: La Duchesse d'Orléans.

3810. *Drouais*: Madame Sophie, daughter of Louis XV.

"Madame Sophie, who united to the most unpleasant countenance the most mediocre intellect, was an entirely passive personage."—*Mémoires de Besenval*.

3813. *Nattier*: Madame Louise, daughter of Louis XV., before she took the veil.

"Her soul was lofty and she loved great things. She could do only one splendid action, that of quitting a palace for a cell, rich vestments for a sackcloth gown. She did it."—*Mme Campan*.

3796. *Marie Joséphe de Saxe, la Dauphine, mother of Louis XVI.*

3806. *Nattier*: Madame Victoire.

"Madame Victoire, good, gentle, affable, lived in the most charming simplicity in a circle that cherished her; she was adored by her household."—*Mme Campan*.

3872. *Raphael Mengs*: Charles III.

3791. *Natoire*: Louis de France, Dauphin.

3890. *Callet*: Louis XVI.

"His features were those of his race, rendered somewhat heavier by the German blood of his mother, a princess of Saxony. Beautiful blue eyes, widely open, more limpid than sparkling, a round brow sloping backward, a Roman nose in which the soft, heavy nostrils modified a little the energy of the aquiline form, a smiling mouth with a gracious expression, thick lips well formed, a fine skin, a rich, rosy complexion, although somewhat flaccid, a short figure, a plump body, a timid attitude, and an uncertain gait."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins*."

"Serenity, sweetness and good-will are depicted on the king's face. We feel that no evil thought can approach him."—*Karamsine*, 1790.

3895. *Mme Lebrun*: Marie Antoinette.

"The queen is still beautiful and majestic. Marie Antoinette is born to be a queen. Her bearing, her look, her smile, all indicate a superior being. It cannot be doubted but that her heart was deeply wounded. Well, she knew how to hide her grief, and not a cloud obscured the brilliancy of her beautiful eyes."—*Karamsine*, 1790.

3802. *Heinsius*: Madame Adélaïde, daughter of Louis XV., in late life.

3783. *Mme Guiard*: Louise Elizabeth de France, "Madame l'Infante," eldest daughter of Louis XV.

3907. *Mme Lebrun*: Marie Thérèse de France, Madame Royale, and Louis Joseph Xavier, the first Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.

Returning by the other side—

3912. *Mme Lebrun* : Louise Marie Adélaïde de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Orléans (Mlle de Penthièvre).

3865. *Drouais* : "Monsieur," afterwards Louis XVIII.

"This heartless *bel esprit*, who will one day be Louis XVIII., a young man without youth, a cold, false heart, a sceptic who had imbibed from the age only negations."—*Henri Martin*.

3899. *Vanloo* : Charles Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

"Obstinate, noisy, profligate, with an open heart and easy disposition, he had the defects of youth without striking qualities or a decided character."—*Henri Martin*.

3809. *Nattier* : Madame Sophie.

3802. *Nattier* : Mme Adélaïde (called "Loque" by her father, Louis XV.).

"Madame Adélaïde had for an instant a charming face, but never did beauty disappear as rapidly as hers. She was imperious and impulsive ; abrupt manners, a harsh voice, and a curt pronunciation rendered her more than imposing."—*Mme Campan*.

3901. *Drouais* : Le Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

"Monseigneur d'Artois pulls the mask from a fair impertinent ; fights a duel in consequence—almost drawing blood. He has breeches of a kind new in this world—a fabulous kind ; 'four tall lackeys,' says Mercier, as if he had seen it, 'hold him up in the air, that he may fall into the garment without vestige of wrinkle ; from which rigorous encasement the same four, in the same way, and with more effort, have to deliver him at night.'"—*Carlyle*.

3704. *Nivelon* : La Dauphine—Marie Joséphe de Saxe, mother of Louis XVI.

3822. Fête given at the Ile d'Adam by the Prince de Conti.

3887. Stag taken before the Château of L'Ile d'Adam.

3825. Supper "chez le Prince de Conti" at the Temple, with portraits of the Princesse de Beauvau, Comtesse de Boufflers, Comtesse d'Egmont, Maréchale de Luxembourg, Prince d'Hénin, Président Hénault, Pont de Vesle, Trudaine. The young Mozart, aged eight, is at the piano, accompanied by the celebrated Géliotte.

3801. *Nattier* : Madame Adélaïde.

“Madame Adélaïde was entirely deficient in that goodness which alone makes the great beloved. She carried too far the idea of the prerogatives of rank.”—*Mme Campan*.

3776. *Tocqué*: Abel François Poisson, Marquis de Marigny, brother of Mme de Pompadour.

3850. *Carlo Vanloo*: The painter and his family.

3775. *Boucher*: Antoinette Poisson, Mme de Pompadour.

“At a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, a pretty mask, after having flirted a long time with his Majesty, let fall her handkerchief as she departed. Louis XV. picked it up and threw it to her. ‘*The handkerchief is thrown,*’ the courtiers cried. They spoke truly.”—*Touchard-Lafosse*.

3830. *Rigaud*: François René de Voyer de Paulmy—D’Argenson.

3785. *Drouais*: Bouchardon, the sculptor.

3743. *Aved*: J. B. Rousseau.

“Jean Baptiste Rousseau had the face of Silenus and the figure of a vine-cutter.”—*Marquise de Créqui*.

Returning down the gallery, one enters—

Salle VIII.—

3958. *Gérard*: Madame Adélaïde.

3960. *Mme Guiard*: Madame Victoire.

3962. Elizabeth Philippine Marie Hélène de France, “Madame Elizabeth.”

“The pious Elizabeth, victim of her respect and tender attachment to the king, her brother, whose lofty virtues deserve the celestial crown.”—*Mme Campan*.

3963. *Carteaux*: Louis XVI. on horseback.

3970. *Drouais*: “Monsieur,” afterwards Louis XVIII.

3974. *Drouais*: Le Comte d’Artois, afterwards Charles X.

Redescending the staircase, we reach, on the second floor, *La Galerie des Peintures*. The order in which the palace must be visited has here the inconvenience of reversing the chronological order of the pictures.

Salle I.—

1810. *Court*: The Duc d’Orléans signs the proclamation of La Lieutenance-générale.

1814, 1815. *Heim* : The Chamber presents to the Duc d'Orléans the Act which calls him to the throne.

1822. *Biard* : King Louis Philippe in the midst of the National Guard.

Salle II.—

1791. *H. Vernet* : Review by Charles X.

1792. *Gérard* : Coronation of Charles X.

1793. *Gros* : A review in camp by Charles X.

Salle III.—

1778. *Gros* : Louis XVIII. leaving the Tuileries.

1787. *Paul Delaroche* : The taking of Trocadéro.

Salle IV.—

Copies of H. Vernet.

Salle V.—

1754. *Rouget* : Marriage of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise.

Salle VI.—

1745. *Goutherot* : Napoleon I. wounded before Ratisbon.

1749. *Bellangé* : Battle of Wagram.

Salle VII.—

1731. *Bergeret* : Alexander presents the Calmucks to Napoleon I.

1732. *Taunay* : Entry of the Imperial Guard to Paris.

1735. *Taunay* : Passage of the Sierra-Guadarrama.

1739. *Hersent* : Taking of Landshut.

Salle VIII.—

1716. *Ménageot* : Marriage of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais.

1721. *Ponce Camus* : Napoleon I. at the tomb of Frederick II.

1724. *Mulard* : Napoleon receives the Persian Ambassador.

Salle IX.—

1696. *Taunay* : Descent from the Mont St. Bernard.

1709. *Taunay* : The French army entering Munich.

Salle X.—

1684. *Hennequin* : The Battle of the Pyramids.

Here we end our visit to the northern wing. The Salon d'Hercule is the communication between this wing

and the central and principal part of the palace. This is the part of chief interest, and may be visited without the rest. Those who wish to do this will ascend one of the little staircases by the side of the chapel, from the vestibule, on the ground floor, and, on reaching the vestibule on the first floor, will turn left.

The *Salon d'Hercule* is so named from the picture of the "Apotheosis of Hercules" on its ceiling, by *François le Moyne*, who chose the subject in remote flattery of his patron, Hercule de Fleury, the Cardinal Minister. The "Passage of the Rhine" is a copy of Van der Meulen: Louis XIV. did not cross the river, and is represented in the foreground.

" Satirique flatteur, toi qui pris tant de peine
Pour chanter que Louis n'a pas passé le Rhin."
Voltaire (from Prior).

This salon was formed from the upper part of the old chapel, where the many marriages of Louis XIV.'s children took place, beginning with the love-marriage of his lovely little daughter (by Mme de la Vallière), Mlle de Blois, with the Prince de Conti.

" The dress of the Prince de Conti was priceless; it was one mass of embroidery of very large diamonds that followed the compartments of black velvet on a straw-colored ground. It is said that the straw color was not a success, and that Mme de Langeron, who is the soul of all the decorations of the hotel of Condé, was made ill by it. In fact, it was one of those things for which one cannot be consoled. The duke, the duchess, and Mme de Bourbon had three dresses adorned with different jewels for the three days. But I was forgetting the best; that is, that the prince's sword was set with diamonds.

" La famosa spada
Al cui valore ogni vittoria è certa.

The lining of the mantle of the Prince de Conti was black satin,

picked out with diamonds. The princess was romantically beautiful, appavelled and happy.

“ Qu'il est doux de trouver dans un amant qu'on aime
Un époux que l'on doit aimer ! ”

Mme de Sévigné.

Here the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV., was married to Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, long the darling of the king and Court. Here Philippe d'Orléans, Duc de Chartres (afterwards the Régent d'Orléans), was married to Françoise Marie de Bourbon, daughter of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan; and here her brother, Louis-Auguste, Duc du Maine, was married to Louise-Bénédicté de Bourbon Condé. Here, also, in 1685, Louis XIV. was himself married to Mme de Maintenon by Harly, Archbishop of Paris, and the Père Lachaise, confessor of the king; Bontems, first valet de chambre, and the Marquis de Montchevreuil being the witnesses.

The small room called the *Salle d'Abondance* leads (left, after passing an anteroom) to the *Salle des Etats-généraux* (with a statue of Bailly), whence the Petits Appartements de Louis XV.—noticed later—are sometimes reached.

The door on the opposite side of the *Salle d'Abondance* from which we entered, leads to the *Salle de Venus*, marked by a group of the Three Graces. Next comes the *Salle de Diane*, with fine portraits of Marie Thérèse, attributed to *Beaubrun*, and Louis XIV., by *Rigaud*, perhaps the most characteristic of the many portraits of the king.

“ He talked to perfection ; if the conversation was merry, he joined in with pleasantry ; if he condescended to tell a story, he did so with infinite grace and with such a noble and refined style as I have seen only in him.”—*Mme de Caylus*, “ *Souvenirs.* ”

“ Never was there a man so naturally polished, nor of a politeness so measured and graduated, nor who distinguished

better age, merit, and rank in his replies and his manner. His salutations, more or less marked, but always slight, had incomparable grace and majesty. He was admirable in his different ways of receiving salutes at the head of the lines of the army and at reviews. In the case of women nothing could surpass it; he never passed before any one in a bonnet without taking off his hat, even to chamber-maids, whom he knew to be such. He never, by any chance, said anything disobliging to any one. Before the world nothing was out of place or left to hazard, but, down to his slightest gesture, his walk, his bearing, and his whole countenance were all measured, decorous, noble, grand, majestic, and always very natural."—*St. Simon*, xii. 461.

From the Salle de Diane we enter the *Salon de Mars*, which was used as a ball-room under Louis XIV., when it was decorated by some of the fine works of Paul Veronese and Titian, which are now in the Louvre. Over the chimney is the young Louis XIV. crowned by Victory. The great pictures represent the coronation of Louis XIV. and his interview with Philippe V. at the Ile des Faisans. Near the entrance is a portrait of Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville, the heroine of the Fronde.

"Mme de Longueville had naturally a fiery spirit, but she had also finesse and tact. Her capacity was not assisted by her idleness. She had a languor in her manner which was more effective than the brilliancy of those even who were more beautiful. She had a languor, too, in her spirit, which had its charms because it awoke in bright and surprising flashes."—*Cardinal de Retz*, "*Mémoires*."

"It was impossible to see her without loving her and wishing to please her. She had the air of making a public profession of *bel esprit*."—*Mme de Motteville*.

"So crazy for popular favor as to go and lie in at the Hôtel de Ville; so disillusioned as to end in the penitence of the cloister a life which love and ambition had agitated in turn."—*Vatout*.

Near the opposite door are (2054) the Duc de Longueville and (2053) the Prince de Condé. *Le Salon de Mer-*

cure was the "chambre de parade," which served for the "jeu du roi" on the "jours d'appartement." It contains good portraits of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, as well as of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse, of whom the king said at her death (July 30, 1683), "Depuis vingt-trois ans, que nous sommes ensemble, voilà le premier chagrin qu'elle m'ait donné." Here also are portraits of (2068) La Grande Mademoiselle, and of (2069) Marguerite Louise d'Orléans, wife of Cosimo de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was in this room, turned into a *chapelle ardente*, that the coffin of Louis XIV. lay in state for eight days.

Le Salon d'Apollon was formerly the throne-room. The three rings which supported the canopy are still in their places. Here Louis XIV. received the submission of the Doge of Venice, who answered to the courtiers who asked him what he found most remarkable at Versailles: "C'est de m'y voir."

Here also Louis XIV. held his last public audience, in 1715.

Amongst the pictures are—

2078. Entry of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse into Douai, 1667.

3503. Henriette d'Angleterre (Madame), youngest daughter of Charles I., and Philippe de France, Duc d'Orléans.

"The princess of England, the king's sister-in-law, brought to the court the charms of refined and animated conversational powers, supported by the reading of good books, and by rare and delicate taste. She inspired fresh emulation, and introduced at the court a politeness and a grace of which the rest of Europe had scarcely an idea."—*Voltaire*.

"Her regular beauty surprised all those who had seen in her, as a child, only ugliness and grace. If her figure had been perfect, she would have been nature's master-piece. Her conversation had a thousand charms; her mind was enriched by the read-

ing of the best books ; her taste, although delicate and natural, was sure and fine ; her temper equable, charming, and such as she required to rule over the French. Although she touched the first throne of the world, it was clear, from her very perfections, that she had been brought up in the bosom of misfortune ; with all this she had the desire and ability to please."—*De la Beaumelle*, "*Mémoires de Mme de Maintenon*."

"Madame, whom whole ages could scarcely replace for beauty, youth and dancing."—*Mme de Sévigné*.

3504. Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, Mlle de Montpensier, as Bellona, and Gaston, Duc d'Orléans.

"I am tall, neither fat nor thin, with a handsome, easy figure. I have a good face ; the bust well made ; my arms and hands, not beautiful, but a beautiful skin. My leg is straight, and the foot well shaped ; my hair light, of a beautiful light brown ; my countenance is long, but well shaped ; the nose large and aquiline ; the mouth neither large nor small, but cut in an agreeable manner ; the lips red ; the teeth not beautiful, but not horrible either ; my eyes are blue, neither large nor small, but bright, soft and proud, like my face. I have a lofty air without arrogance."—*Portrait de Mlle de Montpensier fait par elle-même, Nov., 1657*.

As for Gaston d'Orléans—

"He looked like a king's son, half starved."—*Mme de Motteville*.

2085. Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchesse d'Orléans.

2080. Henriette Marie de France, Queen of England. "La reine malheureuse."

2089. Marie Louise d'Orléans, Queen of Spain.

Le Salon de la Guerre is a magnificent room. The ceiling is adorned with pictures by *Lebrun*, celebrating the victories of Louis XIV.

"The magnificent historical paintings which ornament the grand gallery of Versailles and the two saloons, had no small share in irritating all Europe against the king, and uniting it against his person rather than against his kingdom."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*," 1695.

(Over the chimney-piece) *Coysevox* : A relief of Louis XIV. on horseback, trampling upon his enemies.

La Grande Galerie des Glaces was built by Louis XIV. in the place of a terrace between two pavilions. The larger pictures are by *Lebrun*, the sculptured children on the cornice by *Coysevox*; the inscriptions are attributed to Boileau and Racine. All the symbolical paintings exalt Louis XIV. as a god.

“Nothing can be compared to him at reviews or fêtes, and wherever an air of gallantry was required by the presence of ladies, he was always majestic, yet sometimes with gaiety; before the world there was nothing out of place or left to hazard; down to the least gesture, his walk, his bearing, his countenance, all were measured, decorous, noble, grand, majestic, and always natural, which the unique, incomparable advantages of his whole appearance greatly facilitated. In serious affairs, audiences of ambassadors, and ceremonies, no man was more imposing, and it was necessary to be accustomed to see him, if, in addressing him, one did not wish to break down. His replies on these occasions were always short, to the point, seldom without some obliging or even flattering phrase, if the discourse merited it. The respect which his presence at any place inspired, imposed silence, and even a sort of dread.”—*St. Simon*.

This gallery, which has a noble view down the gardens of the palace, was the scene of the great fêtes of the court.

“The king was not only sensible of the continued presence of distinguished persons, but also of those of lower rank. He looked to right and left at his *lever* and his *coucher*, at his meals, as he passed through the rooms or the gardens of Versailles, where only members of the court had liberty to follow him. He saw and remarked every one; no one escaped him, not even those who did not expect to be seen. He mentally noted the absence of those who were regular at court; that of those who came more or less often, and the general or particular causes of their absence; he combined these remarks, and never omitted the smallest opportunity of acting with respect to them. It was a demerit to all distinguished personages not to make the ordinary sojourn at the court; and to others, to come there rarely, while it was certain disgrace to come never, or almost never. When there was a question of anything for their benefit, ‘I do not know him,’ he

would reply haughtily. Of those who rarely presented themselves, he said, 'He is a man whom I never see.' These resolutions were irrevocable."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires."*

Here also the memoirs of the time bring many strange scenes before us from the family life of the royal family, as on the announcement of the (compulsory) marriage of the Duc de Chartres (afterwards the Régent d'Orléans) with a natural daughter of Louis XIV. by Mme de Montespan.

"Madame was walking in the gallery with Châteauchiens, her favorite, and worthy to be so; she walked with great strides, handkerchief in hand, weeping without restraint, talking pretty loud, gesticulating, and representing admirably Ceres after the rape of Proserpine, furiously seeking for her daughter, and demanding her from Jupiter. Out of respect, all left her the field, and only passed to enter the apartment. Monseigneur and Monsieur had returned to lansquenets. The former appeared to me as usual. Never was anything so covered with shame as the face of Monsieur, nor so disconcerted as his whole figure; this condition lasted for more than a month. M., his son, seemed in despair, and his intended in extreme embarrassment and sadness. Young as she was, marvellous as was the marriage, she saw and felt the whole scene, and apprehended all the consequences. Next day all the court visited Monsieur, Madame, and the Duke de Chartres without saying a word; they were content to bow, and all passed in perfect silence. They then went to attend as usual the rising of the council, in the gallery, through which the king went to mass. Madame went there. M., her son, approached, as he did every day, to kiss her hand. Madame at that instant gave him a sounding buffet, that was heard several yards off, and which, given in the presence of all the court, covered the poor prince with confusion, and filled the countless spectators, of whom I was one, with prodigious astonishment."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires,"* 1692.

"The Parisian, on Whitsunday, runs to Versailles to see the princes, the procession of blue ribbons, then the park, and then the menagerie. The grand apartments are opened to him; the smaller ones, which are richer and more curious, are closed. At noon he presents himself in the gallery to see the king going to mass, and the queen, and Monsieur and Madame, and Monseigneur the Comte d'Artois, and Madame the Comtesse d'Artois.

Then they say to each other : 'Have you seen the king?—Yes; he laughed.—True, he laughed.—He seemed happy.—Good reason why.'"
—*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

It was in this gallery that King William of Prussia caused himself to be proclaimed German Emperor in January, 1871.

From the Grande Galerie des Glaces, before advancing to the other galleries of the Musée, we should turn by first door on the left to *La Salle du Conseil*, which was divided under Louis XIV., the further part being the *Cabinet des Perruques*, where the king changed his wig several times a day. In the nearer part, called *Cabinet du Roi*, Louis XIV. transacted business with his ministers. In this room is preserved the clock of Louis XIV., which was stopped at the moment of his death, and has never been set in motion since.

The room was arranged as it is now under Louis XV., under whom Mme du Barry loved to display here her irrepressible audacity.

"She was a Roxalana, gay and familiar, without respect for the dignity of the sovereign. Mme du Barry carried forgetfulness of the proprieties so far as to wish one day to be present at the council of state; the king was weak enough to consent; she remained there ridiculously perched on the arm of his chair, and played all the little childish monkey tricks which could please old sultans.

"On another occasion she pulled out of the king's hands a packet of letters still sealed up. . . . The king tried to seize it; she resisted; made him chase her two or three times around the table in the middle of the council-room, and then, as she passed the fire-place, flung them in, where they were burned. The king was furious; he seized his audacious mistress by the arms and turned her out without speaking. Mme du Barry fancied herself disgraced; she went to her rooms, and remained alone for two hours, a prey to the greatest disquiet. The king came to look for her; the countess, in tears, flung herself at his feet, and he pardoned her."—*Mme Campan*, "*Mémoires*."

It was in the embrasure of the first window of this same room that the panic-stricken M. de Brézé announced to Louis XVI. the terrible answer of Mirabeau, when the deputies were summoned to separate: "Nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et nous n'en sortirons que par la force des baïonnettes."

From the Salle du Conseil we may turn aside to visit the very interesting historic rooms called *Les Petits Appartements de Louis XV.* (sometimes entered opposite the Salle des Etats-généraux, when the order is reversed), comprising the—

Chambre à coucher de Louis XV. This was the billiard-room of Louis XIV. It was here that the game-loving king accorded his friendship over the billiard-table to Chamillart, who rose to be minister.

"The king, who amused himself often with billiards, the taste for which lasted a long time, used, nearly every evening, to make parties with M. de Vendôme and M. le Grand, and sometimes the Marshal de Villeroy or the Duke de Grammont. They heard that Chamillart was a good player, and wished to try him in Paris. They were so pleased that they spoke of him to the king, and praised him so, that he ordered M. le Grand to bring him back the first time he went to Paris. He came, and the king found that they had not said too much. M. de Vendôme and M. le Grand extended more friendship and protection to him than the other two did, with the result that he was admitted once for all into the king's party, where he was the strongest player of all. He behaved so modestly that he pleased the king and the courtiers by whom he was protected in place of being laughed at, as happens to an unknown new-comer from the town."—*St. Simon*, 1699.

This was the future minister for whom was composed the epitaph—

“Ci-gît le fameux Chamillard,
De son roi le protonotaire,
Qui fut un héros au billard,
Un zéro dans le ministère.”

It was in this room that an absurd conflict of sentimentality and common-sense took place after the attempt of Damiens to murder the king, when Louis XV. took to his bed, received the last sacraments, and gave his last directions as a dying man.

“M. de Landsmath, an equerry and master of the hounds, was an old soldier who had given many proofs of courage; nothing could reduce his excessive frankness to the habits and *convenances* of the court. The king was very fond of him. M. de Landsmath had a thundering voice. He entered the room of Louis XV., the day of the horrible attempt by Damiens, a few minutes after, and found the Dauphine and the king's daughters beside the king; these princesses, dissolved in tears, surrounded his Majesty's bed. ‘Turn out these weepers, Sire,’ said the old equerry, ‘I wish to speak with you alone.’ The king signed to the princesses to retire. ‘Come,’ said Landsmath, ‘your wound is nothing; you had plenty of under-clothing and vests.’ Then displaying his breast, ‘See,’ he said, pointing to four or five large scars, ‘these are worth reckoning; it is thirty years since I received these wounds. Come, cough as hard as you can.’ The king coughed. ‘It is nothing,’ said Landsmath; ‘laugh at it; in four days we will hunt a stag.’ ‘But if the blade were poisoned?’ said the king. ‘An old story, all that,’ he replied; ‘if the thing were possible, your under-clothing and vests would have cleaned the blade from any dangerous drugs.’ The king was calmed and passed a very good night.”—*Mme Campan*.

But it was also in this room that Louis XV. really died, May 10, 1774, of malignant small-pox, which fifty persons caught from merely crossing the neighboring gallery: though his three daughters nursed him with fearless devotion.

“The king was at the last extremity; besides the small-pox, he had spotted fever, and there was danger in entering the room. M. de Latorière died after having opened the door to see him for two

minutes. The physicians themselves took all sorts of precaution to preserve themselves from the contagion of the terrible disease, and Mesdames, who had never had the small-pox, who were no longer young and naturally of feeble health, were all three in his chamber, seated near his bed, and beneath the curtains; they passed day and night there. Every one made strong remonstrances to them on the subject, and told them that it was more than risking their lives, it was sacrificing them. Nothing could deter them from fulfilling this pious duty."—*Souvenirs de Félicie*.

The pictures include—

The Coronation of Louis XV.; Louis XV. as a child, by *Rigaud*; and the six daughters of Louis XV., by *Nattier*.

The *Salon des Pendules* was the council-chamber of Louis XV. On the floor is a meridian line said to have been traced by Louis XVI. From a little window in this room, Louis XV., unseen himself, was fond of watching the courtyard and its arrivals. Hence also, as the fickle king saw the funeral train of his once beloved Mme de Pompadour leaving Versailles, he exclaimed, "La Marquise a mauvais temps pour son voyage!"

La Salle d'Or et d'Argent contained a collection of precious stones under Louis XV. The valuables in this room were concealed at the Revolution behind a portrait of Mme de Maintenon. *La Salle des Buffets* was also the Cabinet de Travail de Louis XV. et XVI. Adjoining it is shown the oratory of Louis XIV. *Le Cabinet des Médailles* was previously part of a little gallery: it belonged to the apartment of Mme de Montespan.

La Bibliothéque de Louis XVI. Here the iron safe of Louis XVI., and the *livre rouge* which it contained, are said to have been found on the denunciation of Gamain. An autograph report of Mansart on some of his new buildings, with the notes of Louis XIV. on the margin, is preserved here. *La Salle des Porcelaines*, which has a fine tapestry

portrait of Louis XV., was the apartment of the king's favorite daughter, Madame Adélaïde.

"Louis XV. came down every morning, by a secret stair, to the rooms of Madame Adelaide. Often he brought and took with him some coffee which he had made himself. Madame Adelaide rang the bell to give notice to Madame Victoire of the king's visit; Madame Victoire, as she rose to go to her sister, rang for Madame Sophie, who, in turn, rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the princesses were very large. Madame Louise lived in the one farthest away. This youngest daughter of the king was deformed and small; to join the daily gathering, the poor princess crossed, running with all her might, a great number of rooms, and, in spite of her hurry, had often only time to embrace her father, who was going to hunt."—*Mme Campan*.

The Salle des Porcelaines leads to the *Escalier des Ambassadeurs*.

By a little window, lighted from an inner court, we reach the Salle à Manger, whence we enter the *Cabinet des Chasses*, looking upon the little court called *Cour des Cerfs*, which is surrounded by a balcony whither the royal family used to come to inspect the spoils of the chase. The iron grille on the left of the balcony communicated with the alcove of the chamber of Louis XV., which Mme du Barry entered by this means. The gilt door on the right of the entrance communicates with a staircase which led up to the apartments of Madame du Barry—small rooms lighted by round-headed windows. On the second story of the Cour des Cerfs, Louis XV. had some small private rooms, which Louis XVI. afterwards used as a workshop, where he amused himself as a locksmith, and where, with the help of the workman Gamain, he constructed, in the beginning of 1792, his famous *armoire de fer*. Beyond this is the Salle des Etats-généraux (see p. 47).

From the Salle du Conseil we enter *La Chambre à coucher de Louis XIV.*

The original bed and furniture of this room gave twelve years' work to Simon Delobel, tapissier, valet de chambre du roi. The present bed was made under Louis Philippe. The counterpane, originally adorned with the "Triumph of Venus," was exchanged in the latter years of Louis XIV. for the "Sacrifice of Abraham" and the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia," the work of the young ladies of St. Cyr. This quilt, found in two parts, in Germany and Italy, was recovered by Louis Philippe. No one was allowed inside the balustrade in which the bed is placed—*la ruelle*—without being especially summoned by the king. The pictures of St. John by Raffaele, and David by Domenichino, which are now in the Louvre, were originally on either side of the bed. The portrait of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., hung here in the king's time. The other family portraits have been brought hither since.

"At eight o'clock the first valet de chambre on duty, who had slept in the king's room, and had dressed, awoke him. The first physician, the first surgeon, and his nurse, as long as she lived, entered at the same time. She kissed him, the others rubbed him, and often changed his shirt. At a quarter past, the grand chamberlain was summoned, and in his absence the first gentleman of the chamber for the year, and with him those who had the *grandes entrées*. One of them opened the curtain which was closed, and presented some holy water from the basin at the bed-head. These gentlemen were there only for a moment, and this was the time to speak to the king if they had anything to say to him or ask of him, and then the others departed. When they had nothing special to say, they only remained a few minutes. The one who had opened the curtains and presented the holy water, presented the book of the office of the Holy Ghost, and then both passed into the council chamber. The office was quickly said; the king called and they returned. The same officer gave him his dressing-gown, and then those who had the second *entrées* or business entered; a few moments afterwards,

the throng waiting in the chamber entered, first the most distinguished, then everybody, and they found the king pulling on his shoes, for he did nearly everything himself with address and grace. He could be seen shaving every other day, and he wore a little short wig, without ever, at any time, even in bed when he took medicine, appearing otherwise in public. He often talked of hunting, and sometimes a few words to some one. There was no toilet table within his reach; a mirror was held before him.

“When he was dressed, he said his prayers by the side of his bed, while all the clergy present knelt, the cardinals without hassocks; all the laymen remained standing, and the captain of the guard came to the balustrade during the prayer, after which the king went to his cabinet.”—*St. Simon*.

No one who considers this oppressive etiquette will wonder that, on hearing of it, Frederick the Great said that, if he was king of France, he would name another king to go through all that in his place.

The king used to dine in his chamber.

“The dinner was always *au petit couvert*, that is, alone in his chamber, at a square table opposite the middle window. It was more or less abundant, for he ordered in the morning either *petit couvert* or *tres petit couvert*. The latter, however, had always plenty of dishes and three courses without desert. When the table had been brought in, the chief courtiers entered, then all who were known, and the first gentleman of the chamber went to give notice to the king. He served him if the grand chamberlain was not there.

“I have seen, but very rarely, Monseigneur and his sons at the *petit couvert*, standing, without the king ever offering them a seat. I have constantly seen the princes of the blood and the cardinals in line. I have seen pretty often Monsieur, either coming from Saint Cloud to see the king or leaving the council, the only one who entered. He handed the napkin, and remained standing. A little while afterwards the king, seeing he was not going away, asked him if he would not be seated; he bowed, and the king ordered a seat to be brought. A *tabouret*, or stool, was placed behind him. A few moments afterwards the king would say, ‘My brother, be seated.’ He bowed, and sat down till the end of dinner, when he presented the napkin. At other times when he came from Saint Cloud, the king, as he entered, asked

if he would not dine. If he refused, he departed at once, without any reference being made to a seat; if he accepted, the king ordered a cover for him. The table was square; he placed himself at one end, his back towards the cabinet. Then the grand chamberlain, if he served, or the first gentleman of the chamber, gave and removed the glasses and plates for Monsieur, just as he did for the king, but Monsieur received his service with marked politeness. When he was at the king's dinner he maintained and enlivened the conversation. Then, although at table, he handed the king his napkin both when he sat down and when he left, and restored it to the grand chamberlain. The king ordinarily spoke little at dinner, only a few words here and there, unless there were some of those nobles with whom he was familiar, and then he spoke a little more. So was it at his levée also."—*St. Simon, 1715.*

"The king, when he left the table, remained for less than a quarter of an hour, his back against the balustrade of the chamber. He found there a circle of all the ladies who had been at his supper, and who came there to wait a little before he left the table, except the ladies who had been seated, who only left the table after him, and who, as belonging to the suites of the princes and princesses that had supped with him, came one by one to make their reverences, and formed a circle standing where the other ladies had left a wide space for them; the men stood behind. The king amused himself by noticing the dresses, faces, and graceful bows, said a few words to the princes and princesses who had supped with him, and who formed a circle near him on two sides; then bowed to the ladies right and left, repeating this once or twice as he went out, with incomparable grace and majesty. He spoke sometimes, but rarely, as he passed and entered into his cabinet, where he stopped to give orders, and then went to the second cabinet."—*St. Simon, 1710.*

It was this room that witnessed the closing scenes of Louis XIV.'s life:—

"He said to Mme de Maintenon that he had always heard that it was difficult to make up one's mind to die; but that he, now on the verge of this moment so dreaded by mankind, did not find the resolution was so difficult to take. She replied it was very difficult when one was attached to the creature, had hatred in the heart, or reparations to make. 'Ah!' rejoined the king, 'as for reparations, I, as a private person, owe none to any-

body ; but for those I owe to the kingdom, I trust in God's mercy.' The following night was much disturbed. He was seen joining his hands at every moment, and was heard saying the prayers he was accustomed to make in health, and to beat his breast at the *Confiteor*.

"On Wednesday, August 28, he paid Mme de Maintenon a compliment which did not please her, and to which she did not reply a word. He said to her that what consoled him in quitting her was the hope that at her age they would soon be reunited. At seven in the morning he summoned Father de Tellier, and as he spoke to him of God, he saw, in the mirror, two pages of his chamber seated at the foot of his bed and weeping. He said to them, 'Why do you weep? Did you believe that I was immortal? For my part, I never thought so, and you ought to prepare yourselves to lose me at my age.'

"On Saturday, August 31, about seven in the evening, he was so ill that the prayers for the dying were said. The preparations recalled him to himself ; he repeated the prayers in such a strong voice that it could be heard above that of a great number of clergy, and of all that had entered. At the end of the prayers he recognized the Cardinal de Rohan, and said, 'These are the last mercies of the Church.' He was the last man to whom he spoke. He repeated several times, '*Nunc et in hora mortis,*' and then, 'O my God ! come to my aid ; hasten to help me.' These were his last words. He was all night with consciousness, and in a long agony, which ended on Sunday, September 1, 1715, at a quarter past eight in the morning, three days before the completion of his seventy-seventh year, in the sixty-second year of his reign.

"From time to time, while he was at liberty, and in the last days when he had banished all business and all other cares, he was solely occupied with God, his salvation, his own nothingness, so that occasionally there escaped him the words, '*When I was king.*' Absorbed in advance in the great future to which he saw himself so near, detached from the world without regret, humble without meanness, with a contempt for all that was no longer for him, with a tranquillity and possession of soul that consoled the valets whom he saw weeping, he formed a most touching spectacle ; and what rendered him admirable was that he was entirely and always the same ; a feeling of his sins without the least dread, confidence, shall I say entire ? in God, without doubt or disquiet, but based on the mercy and blood of Jesus Christ, equal resigna-

tion as to his personal condition, and as to how long he would last, and regretting that he did not suffer. Who would not admire a death-bed so noble and at the same time so Christian? Who, however, will not shudder at it?"—*St. Simon*.

When a king of France died the palace clock was stopped at the minute of his death, to remain motionless till the death of the next sovereign. The first gentleman standing in the balcony above the Cour de Marbre, cried three times: "Le roi est mort!" then, breaking his wand of office, and taking a fresh one: "Vive le roi!"

"Louis XIV. was regretted by his private valets, few other people, and the chiefs of the business of the Constitution. His successor was not of age. Madame felt for him only fear and courtesy. Mme the Duchess de Berry did not love him and hoped to reign. M. the Duke of Orleans could not be expected to weep for him, and those who were not did not make it their business. Mme de Maintenon was weary of the king after the death of the Dauphiness; she did not know what to do or how to amuse him; her restraint was tripled because he was much oftener at her apartment, or in parties with her. She had come to the end of her wishes; so, in spite of her loss in losing the king, she felt herself freed, and was capable of no other feeling.

'The court was composed of two classes: some who hoped to make a figure, and to be introduced, were delighted to see the end of a reign in which there was nothing for them but waiting; the others, fatigued by a heavy yoke always crushing, that of the ministers being more so than that of the king, were charmed to find themselves in liberty; all, in fact, were delivered from a continual weariness and longing for novelty.

"Paris, tired of a dependence that had held down everything, breathed in the hope of some liberty, and in the joy of seeing the end of the authority of so many persons who abused it. The provinces, in their despair at their ruin and annihilation, breathed and quivered with joy; the parliaments and all judicial bodies, suppressed by edicts and the removal of cases, flattered themselves, the former that they would make a figure, the latter that they would be enfranchised. The people, ruined, crushed, desperate, thanked God with scandalous fervor for a deliverance of which the most ardent no longer doubted."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*," 1715.

“Louis XIV. died without having had the pain of seeing France descend from the rank to which he had raised it. He descended to the tomb tranquil but sad. The glory of his reign had been won; he outlived all those whom he had associated therewith as if to seal it. But he ought to have cast an unquiet eye on the future of the reign which was to begin at his death.”—*Balzac*, “*Six Rois de France*.”

La Salle de l'Œil de Bœuf (opening from the bedroom) is so called from its oval skylight. This was the king's antechamber, in which the courtiers awaited “le grand lever du roi.” In a strange picture by *Nocret*, Louis XIV. is represented as Apollo, and all the rest of the royal family of the earlier part of his reign—Marie Thérèse, La Grande Mademoiselle, Madame (Henriette), Monsieur, Anne of Austria, Henrietta Maria (of England), and the four daughters of Monsieur—as gods and goddesses. *Mercier* describes the principal occupant of this chamber in the XVIII. c. :—

“In it lives a broad-shouldered, colossal Suisse, a big bird in a cage. He eats, drinks, sleeps in that anteroom, and never leaves it; the rest of the palace is strange to him. A simple screen separates his bed and his table from the potentates of this world. Twelve sonorous words adorn his memory, and constitute his task: ‘Pass on, gentlemen, pass on!—Gentlemen, the king!—Retire!—No admission, Monseigneur!’” And Monseigneur goes without a word. Every one salutes him, no one contradicts him; his voice chases from the gallery a flock of counts, marquises and dukes, who flee before his words. He turns back princes and princesses, and only speaks to them in monosyllables. No inferior dignity imposes on him; he opens, for the *master*, the glass door, and shuts it; all the rest of the world is nothing in his eyes. When his voice echoes the squads of courtiers diminish and scatter; all fix their looks on that large hand that holds the door-knob; motionless or in action it has a surprising effect on all beholders. His vails amount to five hundred louis d’or, for no one dare offer to that hand a metal as vile as silver.”—*Tableau de Paris*.

The guardian now stationed in the Salle de l'Œil de

Bœuf will admit visitors (50 c.) to *Les Petits Appartements de Marie-Antoinette*, previously used by Marie Leczinska. These little rooms are entered by the corridor by which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette escaped, October 6, 1789. The *Bibliothèque Rouge* was the oratory of Marie Thérèse, and the painting room of Marie Leczinska. The *Bibliothèque Bleue* leads to the *Bath-room* of Marie Leczinska. The *Salon de la Reine* has panelling of the time of Marie Antoinette.

It was in her old age, as superintendent of the imperial college of Ecoen, that Mme Campan wrote :—

“ I have lived long ; fortune placed in my power to see and judge of the celebrated women of different periods. I was intimate with young people whose graces and amiability will be known long after them. I never, in any rank, or at any age, found a woman of so fascinating a nature as Marie Antoinette ; never one in whom the dazzling splendor of the crown left the heart so tender, or who, in the heaviest misfortunes, showed herself so compassionate for the misfortunes of others ; I have never seen one so heroic in danger, so eloquent when the occasion demanded, or so frankly gay in prosperity.”

L'Antichambre du Roi (behind the Œil de Bœuf) was used for dinners when there was *grand couvert*, to which only *filz et petits filz de France* were admitted.

No. 2149. The Institution of the Military Order of St. Louis is very interesting as showing Louis XVI. in his bedchamber. In 1836 it served as a guide for the restoration of that room.

La Salle des Gardes, at the top of the marble staircase, was used for the household guard of the king.

No. 2130 is a curious picture representing the Carrousel or Tournament given by Louis XIV. before the Tuileries, June 16, 1662.

Returning into the Grande Galerie des Glaces, on the left, at the bottom of this gallery we enter the Salon de la

Paix, a pendant to the Salon de la Guerre at the other end of the gallery.

Le Salon de la Paix has a picture over the chimney-piece by *Le Moyne*, representing Louis XV. as a god giving peace to Europe. The frescoes of this room are of the kind so offensive to foreign powers: Holland on its knees receiving upon its buckler the arrows which Love brings it with olive branches—symbolical of the provinces which the king had conquered from it, and the peace which he had given it, &c. On the ceiling is France drawn in a triumphal car by turtledoves, harnessed by Love—symbolical of the marriages of the Dauphin with a Bavarian princess, and of Mademoiselle with the King of Spain. This room was used as a *Salle de Feu*, and immense sums were lost here. Mme de Montespan lost 400,000 pistoles here in one night at *biribi*.

It was in this room that the king and Mme de Maintenon remained (1712) during the last agonizing hours of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who had been the light of their existence; that they received the opinions of the seven physicians in office; and that the Queen of England (hurrying from St. Germain) vainly tried to comfort them in the greatest sorrow of their lives—"Ils étaient l'un et l'autre dans la plus amère douleur."

La Chambre de la Reine was that of Marie Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV., who died there. It was afterwards inhabited by his beloved granddaughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Bourgogne. The Duchesse d'Orléans describes the scene in this room after the news arrived of the sudden death of the Dauphin (son of Louis XIV.) at Meudon, when he was supposed to be recovering from the small-pox.

"16 April, 1711.—I ran to the Duchess de Bourgogne's

apartments, where I saw a benumbing spectacle ; the Duke and Duchess de Bourgogne were utterly upset, pale as death and speechless. The Duke and Duchess de Berry were lying on the floor, their elbows on a lounge, crying so that you could hear them three rooms off ; my son and Mme d'Orléans wept in silence, and did their utmost to calm the Duke and Duchess de Berry. All the ladies were on the floor weeping around the Duchess de Bourgogne. I accompanied the Duke and Duchess de Berry to their rooms ; they went to bed, but continued to cry no less."—*Correspondance de Madame.*

In this room the Duchesse de Bourgogne died.

"Many amiable qualities attached all hearts, while her personal relations to her husband, to the king and Mme de Maintenon, attracted the homage of the ambitious. She had labored to acquire this position from the first moments of her arrival, and never ceased, during life, to continue so useful a toil, of which she reaped the fruits without interruption. Gentle, timid, but adroit, fearing to give the slightest pain to anybody, and though all lightness and vivacity, very capable of far reaching views ; constraint, even to annoyance, cost her nothing, though she felt all its weight ; complacency was natural to her, flowed from her, and was exhibited to every member of her court.

"She wished to please even the most useless and the most ordinary persons, yet without seeming to make an effort to do so. You were tempted to believe her wholly and solely devoted to those with whom she found herself. Her gaiety—young, active and quick—animated all, and her nymph-like lightness carried her everywhere like a whirlwind which fills several places at once and gives them movement and life. She was the ornament of all diversions, the life and soul of all pleasure, and at balls ravished everybody by the justness and perfection of her dancing. She spared nothing, not even her health, to gain Mme de Maintenon, and through her the king.

"In public serious, respectful to the king, with a timid decorum to Mme de Maintenon, whom she never addressed except as *my aunt*, thus prettily confounding affection and rank. In private, prattling, skipping, flying around them, now perched upon the sides of their arm-chairs, now playing on their knees, she clasped them round the neck, embraced them, kissed them, caressed them, ruffled them, tickled them under the chin, tormented them, rummaged their tables, their papers, their letters,

broke the seals and read the contents in spite of opposition, if she saw it was likely to be taken in good part.

“The king could not do without her. Everything went wrong when the parties of pleasure, which his love and consideration for her insisted on being frequently formed to divert her, kept her from being near him. Even at his public supper-table, if she were away, an additional cloud of silence and seriousness settled around him.

“With her were eclipsed, joy, pleasure, even amusement and every kind of grace; darkness covered the face of the Court, she animated it throughout; she filled it all at once, she occupied every place and penetrated everywhere. If the Court survived her, it was only languishing. No princess was so regretted, as none was more worthy of being so; the regret could not pass away, and a secret bitterness remained, with a terrible void that could not be filled.”—*St. Simon*.

Louis XV. and Philippe V. of Spain were both born in this room. Here Marie Leczinska died, and here also Marie Antoinette gave birth to Marie Thérèse, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame Royale.

“The royal family, the princes of the blood, and the high officers passed the night in the rooms adjoining the chamber of the queen. Madame, the king's daughter, came into the world before noon of the 19th of December, 1778. The *custom* of allowing the indiscriminate entry of all who presented themselves at the moment of the accouchement of queens was observed with such exaggeration, that at the moment when the accoucheur Vermond said aloud, ‘The queen is giving birth,’ the floods of curious people who rushed into the chamber were so numerous, and so tumultuous, that the movement almost killed the queen. The king had taken, during the night, the precaution to fasten with cords the immense screens of tapestry that surrounded her Majesty's bed; without this, they would certainly have been thrown down on her. It was not possible to stir in the room; it was filled with a crowd so mixed, that one could fancy one's self in a public place. Two Savoyards climbed on the furniture to get a better view of the queen, who was opposite the fireplace, on a bed prepared for her accouchement. This noise, the sex of the child, which had been communicated to the queen by a sign agreed upon, they say, with the Princess de Lamballe, or a mistake of the accoucheur, for a

moment suppressed the natural sequel of child-birth. The blood flew to her head, her mouth was twisted, the accoucheur cried, 'Air! Hot water; she must be bled in the foot!' The windows had been caulked; the king opened them with a strength which nothing but his love for the queen could have given him; these windows were very high, and pasted with strips of paper all their length. The basin of hot water not coming quick enough, the accoucheur told the first surgeon to lance without it. He did so; the blood flowed freely, and the queen opened her eyes. The joy that came so rapidly after the most lively fear could scarce be restrained. The Princess de Lamballe was carried through the crowd in a state of unconsciousness. The valets de chambre and the ushers took by the collar those whose indiscreet curiosity did not urge them to clear the room. This cruel custom was forever abolished. The princes of the family, the princes of the blood, the chancellor, and the ministers were sufficient to attest the legitimacy of an hereditary prince. The queen was recalled from the gates of death."—*Mme Campan*.

Here it was that Marie Antoinette, accustomed to the simplicity and freedom of the Austrian Court, suffered so cruelly from the etiquette of Versailles.

"The dressing of the princess was a masterpiece of etiquette; everything was by rule. The lady of honor, and the lady of the robes, both of them, if they were present together, assisted by the first bed-chamber woman and two maids in ordinary, discharged the principal service. But there were distinctions among them. The lady of the robes put on the petticoat and presented the dress. The lady of honor poured out water for washing the hands, and put on the chemise. When a princess of the royal family was at the dressing, the lady of honor yielded to her this function, but she did not yield it directly to princesses of the blood; in this case she handed the chemise to the first bed-chamber woman, who presented it to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed scrupulously this custom, each clinging to her rights. One winter day, it happened that the queen, almost entirely undressed, was just about to put on her chemise; I held it unfolded; the lady of honor came in, removed her gloves, and took the chemise. Some one scratched at the door; it was opened; it was the Duchess of Orleans; her gloves were removed, she advanced to take the chemise, but the lady of honor must not give it to her;

she gave it to me and I handed it to the princess. Another scratch at the door; it is Madame, Countess of Provence; the Duchess of Orleans offered her the chemise. The queen was holding her arms crossed over her breast, and seemed to be cold. Madame saw her distressed attitude, confined herself to laying down her handkerchief, kept her gloves on, and in putting on the chemise, brought the queen's hair down. The queen began to laugh to hide her impatience, after having muttered between her teeth several times, 'It is odious! What a nuisance!'"—*Mme Campan*.

The pictures comprise :—

2092. *Lebrun*: Marriage of Louis XIV.

2091. *Ant. Dieu*: Birth of the Duc de Bourgogne.

2095. *Ant. Dieu*: Marriage of the Duc de Bourgogne and Marie Adélaïde de Savoie.

These pictures are very interesting as showing the different members of the royal family, of whom we have heard so much, at three different times. The portraits are—

2097. *Mme Lebrun*: Marie-Antoinette.

"Qui donnait tant d'éclat au trône des Bourbons,
Tant de charme au pouvoir, tant de grâce à ses dons."

Delille.

"Tall, admirably made, the best walker in France, carrying her head high on a beautiful Grecian neck."—*Mémoires de Mme Vigée-Lebrun*, i. 64.

2096. *Nattier*: Marie-Leczinska.

This picture of Marie Leczinska partly conceals the door of the passage by which Marie Antoinette escaped from her bed-chamber on the terrible night of October 6, 1789.

"The queen went to bed at two o'clock in the morning; she fell asleep, fatigued by a painful day. She ordered her two women to go to bed, in the belief that there was nothing to fear, at least, that night. But the unfortunate princess owed her life

to the feeling of attachment that prevented them from obeying her.

“On leaving the queen’s apartment, these ladies called their maids, and all four sat together near the door of her Majesty’s bedroom. About half past four o’clock, they heard horrible cries and some gun-shots; one of them went in to awake the queen and make her get out of bed; my sister flew to the spot where the noise seemed to be; she opened the door of the ante-chamber leading to the great guard-room, and saw one of the body-guards, holding his musket across the door, who was being attacked by a crowd that were striking him; his face was already covered with blood; he turned and called to her, ‘Madame, save the queen; they come to murder her.’ She suddenly closed the door on this hapless victim to his duty, pushed in the large bolt, and took the same precaution as she passed through the next room; having reached the queen’s room, she cried, ‘Madame, get out of bed; do not dress yourself; fly to the king’s room!’ The queen, in terror, sprang out of bed; a petticoat was put on her without being tied, and the two ladies conducted her towards the *ail de bœuf*. One door of the queen’s dressing-room, adjoining this room, was never bolted except on her side. What a frightful moment! It was bolted on the other side! We knocked repeatedly; a servant of the king’s valet opened it; the queen entered the room of Louis XVI., and did not find him there. In alarm for the queen’s life he had gone down by the stairs and corridors which pass under the *ail de bœuf* and lead to the queen’s room without the necessity of crossing that apartment. He entered the room of her Majesty, and found only the body-guards who had taken refuge there. The king told them to wait some minutes, as he feared to risk their lives, and bade them go then to the *ail de bœuf*. Mme de Tourzel, then governess of the children of France, had brought Madame and the Dauphin to the king’s chamber. The queen saw her children again. We may paint for ourselves this scene of tenderness and of desolation.”—*Mme Campan*.

“The murderers, meeting no further resistance, entered, and penetrated to the queen’s bed, the curtains of which they lifted. Furious at finding their victim escaped, they rushed at the bed and pierced it with their pikes. From the queen’s apartments, they returned into the gallery, to force the *ail de bœuf* and the king’s apartments. In the rage which transported them they would have massacred all the royal family, if they had not met in

this anteroom some old grenadiers of the French Guards who took the body-guards under their protection, and who, in concert with a few of them, defended the king's door. The grenadiers threatened to fire on this horde of wretches, if they did not at once quit the château. They sneaked off by the great staircase, and joined, in the courtyard, the group of ruffians who were preparing to put to death the fifteen body-guards under the very windows of the king."—*Weber, Mémoires.*

The next room, *Le Salon de la Reine*, was the meeting place for the Court of Louis XIV. after dinner. Mme de Sévigné describes the scene whilst Mme de Montespan was in the height of her favor.

"29th July, 1676.—You know the ceremony of dressing the queen, the mass, the dinner; but it is no longer necessary to be suffocated while their Majesties are at dinner, for at three o'clock the king, the queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, all the princes and princesses, Mme de Montespan, her suite, the courtiers, the ladies, in fine, all that is called the Court of France is found in that fine apartment of the king, which you know. The furniture is divine, everything is magnificent. We do not know what it is to be warm there, for we can pass freely from one spot to another. A game of *reversis* arranges everything. The king is next to Mme de Montespan, who deals, Monsieur, the queen, and Mme de Soubise, Dangeau and company, Langlée and company; a thousand louis are scattered on the cloth, there are no other counters. I saluted the king as you taught me; he returned my salute as if I had been young and pretty. The queen talked a long time with me about her illness. M. the Duke paid me a thousand compliments, and then *tutti quanti*. Mme de Montespan spoke of Bourbon, and begged me to tell her about Vichy. Her beauty is surprising; her figure is not half as stout as it was, without her complexion, eyes, or lips being less beautiful. She was dressed entirely in *point de France*, her hair in a thousand curls, the two on the temples falling down low on the checks; black ribbons on her head, the pearls of the *Maréchale d'Hôpital*, set with clasps and pendants of diamonds of the highest beauty, three or four pins, no cap, in a word, a triumphant beauty to astonish all the ambassadors. She knew that there were complaints that she prevented all France from seeing the king; she has restored him as you see, and you cannot

imagine the joy of all the world, nor the beauty this gives the court. This agreeable confusion, without confusion, of all that is most select, lasts from three to six. If couriers arrive, the king retires for a moment to read his letters and then returns. There is always some music to which he listens, and which has a good effect; he converses with the ladies who are accustomed to have that honor. The game is given up at six o'clock. . . . At six, the king, Mme de Montespan, M. and Mme de Thianges enter a carriage with the nurse Heudicourt on the step, that is, in paradise, or the glory of Niquéc. You know how these carriages are made; they cannot see each other, for all face the same way. The queen was in another with the princesses, and then all the world trooped together as it pleased. There are gondolas on the canal; there is music there, and, on our return at ten, there is a play; midnight strikes, we say *media nocte*."

The pictures in this room include :—

2099. *Joseph Christophe*: The Baptism of Louis de France, Dauphin, son of Louis XIV.

2110. Establishment of the Hôtel des Invalides.

2098. Visit of Louis XIV. to the Gobelins.

The portraits are :—

2101. *Hyacinthe Rigaud*: Louis de France, Duc de Bourgogne, the beloved pupil of Fénelon.

"A prince whom every one could not but respect, and the few remarks he made occasionally or at the council were received with surprising attention and carried real weight.

"He was short rather than tall, a long brown face, the upper part perfect, the loveliest eyes in the world, a bright, touching, striking, admirable look, usually gentle, always piercing, and an agreeable, proud, refined, *spirituelle* countenance that inspired *esprit*. The lower part of the face rather pointed; the nose, long, prominent, but not handsome, did not suit him well; the hair was chestnut, so curly and abundant that it puffed out. It was soon perceptible that his figure was changing. He became hump-backed."—*St. Simon*.

"He was a virtuous, just and intelligent man. He comforted the king when he could; he was compassionate and gave alms freely; he sold all his mother's jewels and gave the money for poor wounded officers. He did all the good in his power, and hurt no one during his whole life."—*Correspondance de Madame*.

2101. Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne.

"4th Nov., 1696.—She has the highest grace and the best figure I ever saw: dressed for a picture, and her head, too; her eyes are bright and very beautiful, the lashes black and charming, the complexion well blended, as white and red as you can desire; the most beautiful black hair that can be seen, and in great quantity; the mouth red, the lips full, the teeth white, long and irregular, the hands well made, but of the color of her age. . . . I am quite content. . . . I hope you will be so too. Her air is noble, her manner polished and agreeable. I take pleasure in telling you this good report, for I find that, without prejudice or flattery, I am compelled to do so."—*Louis XIV. to Mme de Maintenon after meeting the Duchesse de Bourgogne at Montargis.*

"15th Dec., 1710.—As for the Duchess de Bourgogne, I see to-day all the world chanting her praises, her good heart, her noble spirit, and agreeing that she knows how to keep a thronged court in respect. I see her adored by the Duke de Bourgogne, tenderly loved by the king, who has just placed his household in her hands to dispose of as she likes, saying publicly that she will be capable of directing the greatest affairs."¹—*Mme de Maintenon.*

"The king had brought her up completely to his wishes. She was his only consolation and only joy. Her temper was so gay that she always knew how to efface his wrinkles, however gloomy he was. A hundred times a day she ran to him, and always said something pleasant."—*Correspondance de Madame.*

2103. *Rigaud*: Philippe V., Roi d'Espagne, grandson of Louis XIV.

2104. Charles de France, Duc de Berry, grandson of Louis XIV., younger brother of the Duc de Bourgogne and Philippe V. of Spain, who died May 4, 1714, with strong suspicions of poison.

"M. the Duke de Berry was of the ordinary height of most men, rather stout every way, of a beautiful blond complexion, a fresh, handsome countenance which indicated brilliant health. He was made for society, and for the pleasures he loved; the best, gentlest, most feeling, most accessible man, without pride or vanity, but not without dignity, nor without feeling it. He was the best looking and most gracious of the three brothers, and consequently the most loved, the most caressed, the most admired

¹ Letter to the Princesse des Ursins.

by the world. He was the favorite son of Monseigneur, by taste, and by his natural inclination for freedom and pleasure."—*St. Simon.*

L'Antichambre de la Reine. This was used as a dining-room for the *grand couvert de la reine.*

"One of the most disagreeable customs for the queen was that of dining in public every day. Marie Leczinska always followed this tiresome usage; Marie Antoinette observed it while she was Dauphiness. The Dauphin dined with her, and every table of the household had its public dinner every day. The ushers let all well dressed people enter, and the sight delighted the provincials. At the dinner hour one met on the stairs only good, honest folk, who, after having seen the Dauphiness take her soup, went to see the princes eat their boiled joint, and then, hurried breathlessly to see Mesdames take desert."—*Mme Campan.*

The ceiling comes from the Ducal Palace at Venice.

The pictures comprise—

2106. *Halle*: The Doge of Venice and Louis XIV.

2605. *E. Tranque*: Siege of Lille.

2109. *Lebrun*: Louis XIV. on horseback.

"The king surpassed all the courtiers by the perfection of his figure, and the majestic beauty of his face; the sound of his voice, noble and touching, gained the hearts his presence intimidated; he had a bearing which befitted him, and his rank alone, and would have been ridiculous in any one else; the embarrassment he inspired in those he spoke to secretly flattered the complacency with which he felt his superiority. Louis XIV. is sufficiently depicted in these two verses from the *Bérénice* of Racine:—

"Qu'en quelque obscurité que le ciel l'eût fait naître,
Le monde, en le voyant, eût reconnu son maître.'"

Voltaire.

2107. *Lebrun and Vandermeulen*: The Defeat of the Spanish army at Bruges, Aug. 3, 1667.

2108. *Girard*: Philippe de France, Comte d'Anjou (second grandson of Louis XIV.), declared King of Spain, as Philippe V.

The portraits are—

2113. Mme de Maintenon.

2115. Louis Alexandre de Bourbon, Comte de Toulouse, second son of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan.

“He was very short, but he possessed honor, virtue, uprightness, truth, even dignity, a manner of receiving as gracious as a natural but icy coldness permitted; a desire and capacity for action, but by fair means, while his just and direct sense, usually, supplied the place of intelligence.”—*St. Simon*.

2110. Anne de Chabot-Rohan, Comtesse de Soubise.

2114. Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV. and Mlle de la Vallière.

By the door which the Garde du Corps was murdered while defending, October 6, 1789, and which the bed-chamber women bolted on the inside, we enter *La Salle des Gardes de la Reine* invaded by the torrent of revolutionists armed with pikes and sabres, shrieking for the blood of Marie Antoinette.

2116. *After Mignard*: Louis de France, le Grand Dauphin, and his family.

2117. *Santerre*: Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne, afterwards Dauphine. A lovely picture.

“Everything the Dauphiness says is just and well turned; it leaves nothing to be desired in wit or in humor, and this is such a gift that the rest is forgotten.”—*Mme de Sévigné*.

Now, for a moment, we quit the historic recollections of the old régime to enter upon *La Salle du Sacre*, furnished à *l'Empire*, and adorned with busts of Josephine, Marie Louise, and the parents of Napoleon. In the centre is “*Gli Ultimi Giorni di Napoleone primo*,” a noble work of *Vela*, 1860. On the walls are—

2277. *David*: Coronation of Napoleon I.—an immense picture, containing one hundred figures. The painter at first represented Pius VII. with his hands upon his knees. The Emperor forced him to alter this, say-

ing, "Je ne l'ai pas fait venir de si loin pour ne rien faire." When the Emperor went to the artist's studio to see the picture—

"The courtiers reproached the painter for having made the Empress the heroine of the picture, by representing her coronation rather than Napoleon's. The objection is certainly not without foundation. It might have been thought that the new sovereign had foreseen, calculated, arranged everything in advance with his first painter. . . . When all the court was drawn up before the picture, Napoleon, with his head covered, walked for more than half an hour before the large canvas, examining all the details with the most scrupulous attention, while David and the spectators remained silent and motionless. . . . At last he spoke: 'It is well, David, very well; you have divined my thought; you have given me French chivalry. I thank you for having handed down to future ages this proof of the affection I wished to give to her who shares with me the toils of government.' Soon after Napoleon took two steps towards David, raised his hat, and, with a slight inclination of the head, said in raised voice, 'David, I salute you.'"—*Delescluse*.

The picture represents many persons not present, as Mme Mère, who was at Rome at the time of the coronation.

2278. *David*: Distribution of Eagles to the Army, Dec. 5, 1804.

2276. *Gros*: The Battle of Aboukir, July 25, 1799.

Between the windows are portraits of Napoleon at different times. That (No. 2279) representing him during the Italian campaigns is by *Rouillard*.

With the second of the two succeeding rooms we return to the times of Louis XIV., as it was the Grand Cabinet of Mme de Maintenon—"la toute-puissante," as the Duchesse d'Orléans calls her in her letters.

"The apartments of Mme de Maintenon were on the first floor, opposite the hall of the king's guards. The antechamber was rather a long narrow passage to another antechamber, exactly similar, in which only the captains of the guards entered, then a large, very deep chamber. Between the door, giving en-

trance from this second antechamber, and the chimney, was the king's armchair, backed up to the wall, a table before it and a stool for the minister who was working with him. On the other side of the chimney-piece, a niche of red damask, and an armchair, where Mme de Maintenon remained with a little table before her. Further on, her bed in a recess. Opposite the foot of the bed, a door with five steps to mount, then a large cabinet, opening on the first antechamber of the day-rooms of the Duke de Bourgogne, which this door enfiladed, and which is to-day the apartment of Cardinal Fleury. This first antechamber, having this room to the right and on the left the grand cabinet of Mme de Maintenon, descended, as it still does, by five steps into the marble saloon adjoining the landing of the great stairway at the end of the two galleries, upper and lower, called those of the Duchess of Orleans and of the princes. Every evening the Duchess de Bourgogne played cards in Mme de Maintenon's grand cabinet with the ladies to whom the entry was given, a favor not extensively accorded, and thence entered, as often as she liked, the adjoining room which was the chamber of Mme de Maintenon, where she was with the king, the fire-place between them. Monseigneur, after the comedy, went up to this grand cabinet, which the king never and Mme de Maintenon rarely entered.

“Before the king's supper, the servants of Mme de Maintenon brought her some soup and a plate and some other dish. She eat her supper, her women and one valet serving, the king always present and almost always a minister at work. Supper over—it was short—the table was removed ; her women remained and immediately undressed her in a minute, and put her in bed. When the king received word that his supper was ready, he passed for a moment into the dressing-room, and afterwards went to say a word to Mme de Maintenon, and then rang a bell which communicated with the grand cabinet. Then Monseigneur, if he was there, the Duke and Duchess de Bourgogne and her ladies, the Duke de Berry, filed into the room of Mme de Maintenon, merely traversing it, and preceded the king, who proceeded to take his place at table, followed by Mme the Duchess de Bourgogne and her ladies. Those who were not in her service, either went away, or, if they were dressed to go to the supper (for the privilege of entering this cabinet was to form a court there for the Duchess de Bourgogne without it being one), made a tour through the grand guard-room without entering Mme

de Maintenon's room. No man, save the three princes, ever entered the grand cabinet."—*St. Simon*, 1708.

Hence we enter—

La Salle de 1792, called *Salle des Cent-Suisses* under Louis XVI., decorated with portraits of the Consulate and Empire. The little rooms adjoining, now called *Salles des Aquarelles*, were the apartments of the Duc de Bourgogne, afterwards of Cardinal Fleury and the Duc de Penthièvre. Returning to the *Salle de 1792*, and crossing a landing which has statues of Louis XIV. by *Marin*, Napoleon I. by *Cartellier*, and Louis Philippe by *Dumont*, we reach—

(The south wing) *La Galerie des Batailles*, formed under Louis Philippe from the suite of apartments inhabited under Louis XIV. by Monsieur (Duc d'Orléans) and his children. We may notice—

2672. *Ary Scheffer* : Charlemagne at Paderborn.

2676. *Eugène Delacroix* : Battle of Taillebourg.

2715. *Gérard* : Henry IV. entering Paris.

2765. *Gérard* : Battle of Austerlitz.

2674.	} <i>Horace Vernet</i> :	{	Battle of Bovines.
2743.			Battle of Fontenoy.
2768.			Battle of Jena.
2772.			Battle of Friedland.
2776.			Battle of Wagram.

The gallery ends in the *Salon de 1830* (in the ancient Pavillon de la Surintendance), containing pictures of events in the reign of Louis Philippe.

Hence we must return to the little rooms belonging to the apartment of M^{me} de Maintenon, which now form a passage to a staircase—*L'Escalier de Marbre*, leading to the upper floor of the south wing. Here, turning left, we enter—

Salle I. (time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.), beginning on the right—

4799. *Gérard* : Caroline Duchesse de Berry and her children. (Daughter of Ferdinand I., King of the two Sicilies, and sister of Christina of Spain ; the heroine of the civil war in La Vendée, where she was found concealed in a chimney, Nov. 7, 1832, and imprisoned at Blaye. She married as her second husband Count Lucchesi Palli, of Venice, by whom she had several children.)

4795. *Gérard* : Charles X.

“ All the royal qualities of his soul were written in his countenance ; nobleness, frankness, majesty, goodness, honor, candor, all revealed a man to love and be beloved. Depth and solidity alone were wanting in the face ; in looking at it, one felt attracted to the man, but doubtful about the king.”—*Lamartine*.

4798. *Gérard* : Charles Ferdinand d'Artois, Duc de Berry, 1778–1820, murdered at the door of the Opera house.

4831. Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet, Mme Campan, superintendent of the College of Ecoeu.

“ Mme Campan, to whom Louis XVI., in 1792, confided the most secret and dangerous papers, for whom Louis XVI. in his cell at Les Feuillants, August 10, 1792, cut off two locks of his hair, giving one to her, the other to his sister, while the queen, throwing her arms alternately round their necks, exclaimed, ‘ Unhappy women ; you are so only on my account ; I am more so than you.’ ”—*De Lally*.

4833. Stéphanie St. Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis.

4797. *Gros* : Marie Thérèse, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Dauphine.

4830. *Lawrence* : Gérard.

4835. *Delaroche* : Gregory XVI.

4803. *Delaroche* : The Duc d'Angoulême at the taking of Trocadero.

4796. *Gérard* : Louis Antoine d'Artois, Duc d'Angoulême.

4794. *Gérard* : Le Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.

Salle II.—

4789. *David* : Pius VII.—a replica of the portrait in the Louvre.

4786. *Gros* : His own portrait.

4715. *Meynier* : Joseph Fesch, Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, uncle of Napoleon I.

“The gentlest and most imperturbable man of society.”—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

(Unn.) *Guérin* (after Gérard): Marie Louise.

“Her height was ordinary; what she was utterly devoid of was grace. Very fresh complexion, pretty hair, these were the charms that seduced Napoleon.”—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

4785. *Godefroid*: Mme Campan.

4700. *Le Thièrre*: The Empress Josephine.

“Without being precisely pretty, her whole person was peculiarly charming. There were delicacy and harmony in her features; her look was gentle; a small mouth skilfully concealed bad teeth; her complexion, rather dark, was aided by the red and white she habitually employed; her figure was perfect, all her limbs supple and delicate; her slightest movements were easy and elegant. To no one more fully could be applied the verse of La Fontaine:

“Et la grâce plus belle encor que la beauté.”

Mme de Rémusat.

4705. *Menjard*: Napoleon I., with Marie Louise and the King of Rome.

(Unn.) *Rouget*: Napoleon presenting the King of Rome to the great dignitaries of the Empire.

Salle III.—

Pictures of Royal Palaces.

Salle IV.—

English Portraits.

Galerie.—The historic pictures here are terribly injured by coarse “restoration;” they are also all stripped of their original frames.

Right Wall.—

4558. *Gérard*: Laetitia Ramolino, mother of Napoléon—
“Mme Mère.”

“A woman of moderate intelligence, who, in spite of the rank to which events raised her, presents nothing to praise.”—*Mme de Rémusat.*

"Mme Bonaparte, the mother, had a high and remarkable character ; good at bottom, with a cold exterior, and possessing great sense."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

(Unn.) *Jeanron* : Honoré Gabriel de Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau.

4616. *Girodet* : Belley, a ransomed black slave, who was a deputy at the Convention.

4610. *Rouillard* : Camille Desmoulins.

4613. *Haner* : Charlotte Corday, painted a few minutes before she was taken to execution. When the executioner entered, she took the scissors from his hands, and, cutting off a long tress of her hair, gave it to the painter as a remembrance.

4614. Mme Roland.

4531. *Mauzaisse* : Mme de Genlis, with Eugénie Adélaïde d'Orléans, and Pamela, afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

"Mme de Genlis died three months after the Revolution of July. She lived just long enough to see her pupil king. Louis Philippe was most truly a little of her making ; she had educated him, like a man, not like a woman."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Choses Vues*."

4523. *Risault* : Marie Thérèse Louise de Savoie Carignan, Princesse de Lamballe.

4458. *Nattier* : "Madame Sophie," called "Graille" by her father, Louis XV. A very pretty picture, though we read—

"Madame Sophie was very plain ; I never saw anybody with such an uncouth air ; she walked very quick, and in order to recognize, without staring, the people who drew up to let her pass, she had acquired the habit of looking from side to side like a hare. This princess was so timid that you might see her every day for years and never hear her utter a word. It is said, however, that she displayed intelligence, and even amiability, in the society of some favorite ladies ; she studied much, but read alone ; the presence of a reader annoyed her infinitely."—*Mme Campan*.

4442. Elizabeth d'Orléans, Mlle de Beaujolais.

4423. *Nattier* : Marie Louise de France, "Madame Louise."

4386. *Alexis Belle* : Louis XV. as a boy.

4329. *Rigaud*: Gaston Armand de Rohan, Cardinal de Rohan.
 5065. *Escot*: Jean Jacques Rousseau.
 4476. *Vanloo*: Louis Phéliepeaux, Comte de St. Florentin,
 Secretary of State.
 4302. *Largillière*: The Régent d'Orléans.
 4275. Jean de la Fontaine.

"La Fontaine, so well known for his Fables and Tales, and always so heavy in conversation."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*," 1695.

- *2196. Françoise d'Aubigné, Mme de Maintenon, and Françoise Charlotte d'Aubigné, afterwards Duchesse de Noailles.
 4074. Catherine de Medicis.
 4120. *Ary Scheffer*: Henri IV.—"sa majesté à la barbe grise," as Gabrielle d'Estrées used to call him.
 4117. Henri IV., aged thirty-eight. XVII. c.

Left Wall (returning).

- *4270. *Philippe de Champaigne*: Catherine Agnes d'Arnauld, Abbess of Port-Royal, who at six years old became Abbess of St. Cyr, and at nine could repeat the whole of the Psalms by heart.
 4276. *Rigaud*: Nicolas Boileau.
 4374. *Greuze*: Bernard le Borier de Fontenelle.
 4421. *Largillière*: Nicolas Coustou.
 4416. *Largillière*: The Painter and his Family.
 4405. Chancellor Maupeou.
 4510. *Nattier*: Louise Elizabeth de France, "Madame l'Infante," eldest daughter of Louis XV.

"Madame Infante, who was singularly fat, loved very rich dress, and possessed great good nature that, without injuring her dignity, penetrated every action."—*Mémoires du Comte Duport de Cheverny*.

4455. *Nattier*: Anne Henriette de France, "Madame Henriette," second daughter of Louis XV.

"Henriette lived like the queen. All called her a saint, and called her just what we saw she was. When compelled to go to the Comedy, she said her prayers."—*Journal of Mme Louise de France*.

4441. Marie Leczińska.

“ Marie Leczinska brought nothing, as a portion, on the day of her nuptials, except modesty, virtue, and goodness of heart.”—*Wraxall's "Hist. Memoirs."*

4485. *Roslin* : François Boucher.

4448. *After Drouais* : Mme du Barry and her black page Zamore (who afterwards betrayed her to death).

*4520. *Mme Lebrun* : Marie Antoinette and her three children. The artist relates in her Memoirs that the queen always passed this picture on her way to and from mass in the chapel. After the first Dauphin died in 1789 it recalled her loss so vividly that she had it moved, sending at the same time to tell Mme Lebrun the reason, for fear her feelings should be hurt.

“ The only good portraits of the queen, in existence, are that by Werthmuller, first painter to the king of Sweden, and that by Mme Lebrun, saved from the fury of the revolution by the commissaires of the wardrobe at Versailles. There reigns in the composition of this picture, a striking analogy with that of Henriette of France, wife of the unfortunate Charles I., painted by Van Dyck ; like Marie Antoniette, she is seated surrounded by her children, and this resemblance adds much to the melancholy interest which this beautiful work inspires.”—*Mme Campan.*

“ Le ciel mit dans ses traits cet éclat qu'on admire
France, il la couronna pour ta félicité :
Un sceptre est inutile avec tant de beauté ;
Mais à tant de vertu il fallait un empire.”

La Harpe.

4556. *Lebrun* : Grétry, the famous dramatic composer, 1741–1813.

4561. George Washington.

4526. *Mme Lebrun* : Louise Marie Adélaïde de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Orléans.

4551. *Boilly* : Marmontel.

4529. Antoine Philippe d'Orléans, Duc de Montpensier.

4607. *David* : Barère.

4538. *Schillz* : Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien.

4550. *Danloux* : Jacques Delille.

*4630. *Greuze* : Napoleon Bonaparte, as First Consul.

Returning to Salle I. we find a little cabinet containing a number of sketches for pictures by *Gérard*.

Beyond the head of the *Escalier de Marbre* are four rooms filled with modern pictures. The second room contains portraits of Louis Philippe, Marie Amélie, Madame Adélaïde, and all the princes and princesses of the House of Orleans, mostly by Winterhalter.

"The king's error was in not despairing soon enough. He was accustomed to good fortune, and the good fortune of his long life betrayed him in the last days of his reign."—*Lamartine*.

"The queen Marie Amélie had an exquisite and charming dignity, and represented grace and distinction in the somewhat *bourgeois* circles of the court."—*Paul Vassili*.

"Madame Adélaïde was an intelligent woman and of good advice, which was freely bestowed in harmony with the king, but never in excess. Madame Adélaïde had something manly and cordial, and much tact."—*Victor Hugo*.

2nd Room.—

Bonnet: M. Thiers.

3rd Room.—The Bonaparte family,¹ including—

1561. *David:* Napoleon I. crossing the Great St. Bernard.

5134. *Lefèvre:* Napoleon I. in his imperial robes.

"Bonaparte is short, not well proportioned, because the length of his bust makes the rest of his person seem short. He has thin, chestnut hair, grey-blue eyes, a yellow complexion, while he was thin, which, later, became of a dull colorless white. The line of his brow, the setting of his eye, the outline of the nose, were all beautiful and recalled ancient medals. His mouth, rather flat, becomes agreeable when he laughs; his teeth are regular; his chin a trifle short, and the jaw square and heavy; he has pretty hands and feet; I note this because he is very proud of them."—*Mme de Rémusat*.

"For those who often approached Napoleon, there remains one recollection which is inseparable from his presence; that is the light which spread over all his features when he smiled, but with the consciousness of smiling; then his eyes, that really were beautiful, and his incomparable look, grew gentle, and however

¹ The Bonapartes descend from Bonaparte di Cianfardo, who (when expelled from Florence during the civic broils) settled with his family at Sarzana in the middle of the XIII. c. Hence Francesco di Giovanni Bonaparte was sent by the Republic of Genoa to Corsica, c. 1512.

little the smile might be provoked by a noble sentiment, his countenance then assumed a divine expression. In such moments the man was more than man."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

"The only eulogy worthy of his Majesty is the most simple history of his reign."—*Muraire, Premier Président de la Cour de Cassation*.

Gérard: Josephine.

4702. Marie Louise and Napoleon II.

"Napoleon loved Marie Louise for rank and pride. She was the blazon of his affiliation to the great families. She was the mother of his son, the perpetuation of his ambition. . . . She was a pretty Tyrolese girl, with blue eyes, light hair, and a slender, supple figure."—*Lamartine*.

5132. *Gérard*: Madame Mère.

Benoist: Marie Pauline, Princess Borghese.

Lefèvre: Mme Clary, Queen of Naples.

4412. *Mme Lebrun*: Caroline, Mme Murat, Grande-Duchesse de Berg, afterwards Queen of Naples.

"The Grand Duchess of Berg (Caroline) was the youngest and prettiest princess of the imperial family; I say the prettiest because she was as fresh as a bunch of roses."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

Plundered of all her fortune by Ferdinand I., she lived, after the fall of the empire, at different places in Austria with her sister Elise.

4714. Marie Julie, Queen of Spain.

4635. *Lefèvre*: Lucien, Prince of Canino.

Le Thière: Marianne-Elise, Mme Baciocchi, Princess of Piombino, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, called, for her wise government and efforts for the amelioration of her country, "La Sémiramis de Lucques."

"I never knew a woman with such disagreeable points as hers."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

Flandrin: Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, and the Princesses Mathilde and Clotilde.

A corridor contains pictures of events in the reign of Louis Philippe.

We may now descend the *Escalier de Marbre*, the

famous staircase where Louis XIV. waited for the Grand Condé, weak from age and wounds, saying, "Mon cousin, ne vous pressez pas, on ne peut monter très-vite quand on est chargé comme vous de tant de lauriers." After descending, at the foot of the Escalier de Marbre, we find ourselves on the ground floor of the palace, and may finish exploring the south wing, by traversing several vestibules leading to a series of halls which formed the apartments of the Duc and Duchesse de Bourbon under Louis XIV. (as far as the Vestibule Napoléon), and which now are the *Galerics de l'Empire*. The pictures in these rooms, of the modern French school, illustrating the glories of the past Empire, are of no great interest. The last hall—*Salle de Marengo*—contains :

1567. *David*: The First Consul crossing the Great St. Bernard.

Hence, descending a few steps of the Escalier de Monsieur, we find—

Les Salles des Marincs, called *Le Pavillon de Monsieur* from having been inhabited, under Louis XVI., by his second brother, the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.). The pictures are by modern French artists, many of them by *Gudin*. From these halls we cross the *Vestibule de l'Escalier de Provence* to the *Salles des Tombeaux* under the ground floor, because the level of the ground is so much lower on the garden side of the palace. Mounting L'Escalier de Monsieur on the right (parallel with the *Galerics de l'Empire*) we find—

La quatrième Galerie de Sculptures, containing busts and statues of celebrated persons from the Great Revolution to 1814.

This completes the tour of the south wing. Descend—

ing *L'Escalier des Princes*, and crossing the vestibule leading to the gardens, we may enter the halls on the *ground floor of the central part of the palace*. Three vestibules filled with sculpture lead to a number of rooms which formed the apartment of "Monseigneur" (Le grand Dauphin), son of Louis XIV., and, after his death, of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry; then, later, of the Dauphin, son of Louis XV. Of these, the—

Salle des Amiraux contains portraits of French admirals from Florent de Varennes in 1270, admiral under St. Louis, to the Duc d'Angoulême, son of Charles X.

Salle des Connétables.—There were thirty-nine constables under the old monarchy, the most illustrious being Duguesclin, Olivier de Clisson—"le boucher des Anglais," and Anne de Montmorency. The last was Lesdiguières, under Louis XIII.

Salles des Maréchaux.—The portraits of the Marshals of France, more than 300 in number, fill thirteen halls. We should turn aside at the seventh hall if we wish to enter the—

Salle des Rois de France, containing a collection of portraits of sovereigns.

Les Salles des Résidences royales contain a number of pictures of interest, especially those of palaces which have been destroyed—Marly, the old Louvre, the Tour de Nesle, &c., as well as of Versailles at many different periods.

Returning to the *Salle des Rois de France*, and crossing the *Vestibule de Louis XIII.*, opening upon the *Cour de Marbre*, we reach the—

Salles des Tableaux-Plans, containing plans of battles from 1627 to 1844. The salle which forms the angle of one of the pavilions of the château of Louis XIII. was part of the *Salle des Gardes pour l'Appartement particulier du*

Roi, with the staircase called *L'Escalier du Roi*. Louis XV. was descending this staircase, when he was attacked by Damiens, who was seized in the hall below.

“The 5th of January, in the evening, as the king was descending into the marble court, to go from Versailles to Trianon, a man glided between the guards and him, and gave him a blow in the side. Louis carried his hand to the spot struck, and drew it back stained with blood. With some presence of mind, he recognized the assassin by his having his hat on alone, and had him seized—ordered that no violence be done him. There was nothing found on him but a knife with two blades, the smaller, a kind of penknife; it was with this that he had struck, and, thanks to the thick redingote in which the king was wrapped, the point only entered four lines.

“Damiens had no accomplices, and was not, speaking strictly, an assassin. He was a lackey out of place, with a brain bewildered and excited by remarks heard in the Great Hall of the Palais, or in the ante-chambers of some councillors of the parliament and some pious Jansenists. He did not wish to kill the king, but only to *give him a warning*, in order that he should cease persecuting the parliament, and punish the archbishop, the *cause of all the ill*. He ought to have been sent to Bicêtre; he was condemned to the frightful punishment borne by Ravallac: he was torn by pincers, melted lead was poured on him, and he was then quartered by four horses (28th March, 1757).”—*Martin*, “*Hist. de France*.”

Returning hence, we cross the vestibule, to the *Galerie de Louis XIII.*, containing his statue, that of Anne of Austria, and—

Charles Lebrun: The Meeting of Louis XIV. and Philippe IV. at the Isle of Pheasants.

Several of the last six *Salles des Maréchaux* formed part of the *Appartement des Bains*, inhabited by “*Mesdames*,” daughters of Louis XV. The last *salle* was the bedchamber of Mme de Pompadour.

Les Salles des Guerriers célèbres contain the portraits of famous warriors (not constables or marshals). These

rooms were the cabinet and antechamber of Mme de Pompadour.

The garden front of the palace has not yet experienced the soothing power of age. It looks almost new ; two hundred years hence it will be magnificent. The long lines of the building, with its two vast wings, are only broken by the top of the chapel rising above the wing on the left.

“Here all is the work of Louis XIV., all is new and completely symmetrical. The immense development of the horizontal lines compensates for the want of height in the buildings. It displays none of the happy irregularities of the old national architecture. The monotony of this absolute uniformity is interrupted only by the projection of the central body before the two wings, a projection that announces the portion of the palace consecrated by the Master's presence. This central body is dominant on all sides, whether one looks at it from the middle of the garden, or whether, from the wooded slopes of Satory, one has a side view of it, towering above its immense terrace, between the double Giant Stairs, to which there is nothing comparable. From all sides you must mount up to arrive at the spot where the supreme majesty is enthroned.”—*Martin, “Hist. de France.”*

The rich masses of green formed by the clipped yews at the sides of the gardens have the happiest effect, and contrast vividly with the dark background of chestnuts, of which the lower part is trimmed, but the upper falls in masses of heavy shade, above the brilliant gardens with their population of statues. These grounds are the masterpiece of Lenôtre, and of geometrical gardening, decorated with vases, fountains, and orange-trees. Lovers of the natural may find great fault with these artificial gardens, but there is much that is grandiose and noble in them ; and, as Voltaire says : “Il est plus facile de critiquer Versailles que de le refaire.”

“Thanks to Lenotre, Louis, from the window of his incomparable *Galerie des Glaces*, sees nothing but his own creation. The

entire horizon is his work, for the garden fills the horizon. It is at once the masterwork of the great artist who covered France with his monuments of verdure, and the masterwork of that singular art which must be judged, not by itself, but in reference to the edifices to whose lines its lines are united, an architecture of vegetation which frames and completes the architecture of stone and marble. Whole groves were brought, full grown, from the depths of the fairest forests of France, and the art of animating marble, and the art of moving water, filled them with all the prodigies of which fancy could dream. An innumerable population of statues animates the woods and lawns, is reflected in the waters or rises from the bosom of the wave. All the deities of the forests, the rivers and the sea, all the dreams of ancient poetry seem to have gathered at the feet of the great king. Neptune seems to spout from all points the waters of Versailles that cross in the air in sparkling arches, Neptune is the servant of Louis; Diana, the solitary goddess of the woods, becomes his lover under the lineaments of the chaste La Vallière. Apollo, his favorite symbol, presides over all this enchanted world. At the two extremities of the view is seen the mythologic sun, transparent emblem of Louis, rising from the floods on his car to illuminate and rule the world, and plunging into them to cast off the burden of celestial government in the voluptuous shade of the *Grotto of Thetis*."—*Henri Martin*.

“ Depuis qu'Adam, ce cruel homme,
A perdu son fameux jardin,
Où sa femme, autour d'une pomme,
Gambadait sans vertugadin,
Je ne crois pas que sur la terre
Il soit un lieu d'arbres planté,
Mieux exercé dans l'art de plaire,
Plus examiné, plus vanté,
Plus décrit, plus lu, plus chanté,
Que l'ennuyeux parc de Versailles.”

Alfred de Musset.

The gardens need the enlivenment of the figures, for which they were intended as a background, in the gay Courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. as represented in the pictures of Watteau; but the Memoirs of the time enable us to repeople them with a thousand forms which

have long been dust, centring around the great king, "Se promenant dans ses jardins de Versailles, dans son fauteuil à roues."

"If you wish to find once more this vanished world, look for it in the works which have preserved its outward forms or accent, at first in the paintings and engravings of Watteau, Fragonard and the St. Aubins, then in the romances and comedies of Voltaire, Marivaux, even Collé and Crébillon the younger; there you see the figures and hear the voices. What refined countenances, engaging and gay, all brilliant with pleasure and desire to please! What ease in gait and bearing! What piquant grace in dress and smile, in the vivacious chatter, the management of the fluty voice, the coquetry of veiled allusions! How one involuntarily lingers to look and listen! Prettiness is everywhere, in the small spiritual heads, the waving hands, the beribboned attire, the doll-looks and the faces."—Taine, "*Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*."

The sight of the magnificent terraces in front of the palace will recall the nocturnal promenades of the Court, so much misrepresented by the enemies of Marie Antoinette.

"The summer of 1778 was extremely hot; July and August passed without a single storm refreshing the air. The queen, inconvenienced by her pregnancy, passed whole days in her own strictly closed apartments, and could not sleep till she had breathed the fresh night air, walking with the princesses and their brothers, on the terrace beneath her rooms. At first, these walks created no sensation, but the idea arose of enjoying, during these beautiful summer-nights, the effect of a concert of wind instruments. The musicians of the chapel were ordered to perform pieces of this kind, on a platform raised in the middle of the parterres. The queen, seated on a bench on the terrace, with all the royal family, except the king, who only appeared twice, as he did not wish to change his bedtime, enjoyed the effect of this beautiful music. Nothing could be more innocent than these walks, yet soon Paris, France, even Europe were occupied with them in a manner most injurious to the character of Marie Antoinette. It is true that all the inhabitants of Versailles wished to enjoy these serenades and that, very soon, there was a

crowd from eleven o'clock to two or three in the morning. The windows of the ground floor, occupied by Monsieur and Madame, remained open, and the terrace was perfectly lighted by numerous candles in these two apartments. Some *terrines*, placed in the parterres, and the lights on the platform of the musicians, lighted up the rest of the place where they were.

"I do not know if some thoughtless women ventured to go off and descend into the lower part of the park ; it may be so ; but the queen, Madame, and the Comtesse d'Artois, were arm in arm, and remained on the terrace. Dressed in robes of white percale, with large straw hats, and muslin veils (a costume generally adopted by the women), while the princesses were seated on the benches, they were difficult to distinguish ; but, when standing, their different stature made them always easy to recognize, and the others drew up to let them pass. It is true that, when they sat down on the benches, some private persons came and sat beside them, which amused them much."—*Mme Campan*, "*Mémoires*."

Very stately is the view down the main avenue—great fountains of many figures in the foreground ; then the brilliant *Tapis Vert*, between masses of rich wood ; then the *Bassin d'Apollon*, and the great canal extending to distant meadows, and lines of natural poplars.

One of the finest views of the palace, giving an impression of its immensity, is from the head of the steps which descend from the terrace of the *Parterre du Midi*, towards the water. Here visitors will be reminded of the poem of Alfred de Musset *Sur trois marches de marbre rose*. The lake is called the *Pièce d'Eau des Suisses*, and was made by the Swiss regiment in 1679. Beyond it is an equestrian statue by Bernini, executed at Rome, and intended for Louis XIV. ; but the king was so dissatisfied with it that he cut off its head and replaced it by one by Girardon, intended for Marcus Curtius. Beneath this terrace is the *Orangerie*, a stately arcaded building by Mansart, with noble orange and pomegranate trees.

"The beauty and number of the orange trees and other plants kept there, cannot be expressed. There are some of the trees which have resisted the attacks of a hundred winters."—*La Fontaine*, "*Amour de Psyché et Cupidon*."

It was in the Orangerie that Madame, mother of the Regent, was walking one day—thinking herself alone—singing the Lutheran canticles of her youth, when a painter (a refugee) at work there, flung himself at her feet, saying, "Est-il possible, madame, que vous vous souvenez encore de nos Psaumes?"

From the Parterre du Nord, the *Allée d'Eau*, formed by Claude Perrault, leads to the immense *Bassin de Neptune*. Louis XV. used to watch the progress of its decorations, attended by his dogs—Gredinet, Charlotte, and Petite Fille,¹—whilst Madame du Barry walked in the *Allée d'Eau*, followed by her little negro Zamore. The *Bassin de Neptune* is the great attraction at the time of the *grandes eaux*.

The great central *Allée du Tapis Vert* runs between bosquets adorned by statues and fountains. Of the bosquets on the left, that nearest the palace is the *Bosquet de la Cascade*, or *Salle de Bal*, where the Grand Dauphin used to give his hunting dinners.

The neighboring *Bosquet de la Reine* is that where Cardinal Rohan mistook Mlle Oliva for Marie Antoinette.

The *Allée d'Automne* and the *Quinconce du Midi* (where bands play in summer on Sundays and Thursdays from 3 to 4.30) lead to the *Jardin du Roi* (open after May 1 from 2 P.M.), formed by Louis XVIII. The neighboring *Bosquet de la Colonnade* owes its architectural designs to Hardouin Mansart.

At the end of the *Allée du Tapis Vert* is the vast

¹ Familiar to us from the admirable paintings of Oudry in the Louvre.

Bassin d'Apollon, decorated by a figuré of the god in his chariot (designed by Lebrun), who throws up magnificent jets of water on the days when the fountains play. The *Grand Canal*, which opens from this basin, was covered with boats in the time of Louis XIV.

Amongst the bosquets on the north, we need only especially notice, near the *Fontaine de Diane*, the *Bosquet d'Apollon*, adorned by a group of Apollo and the nymphs, by Girardon and Regnaudin, one of the many sculptures in which Louis XIV. is honored as a divinity.

This group originally stood in the Grotte de Thétis, destroyed when the north wing of the palace was built. It is described by La Fontaine :—

“ Ce Dieu, se reposant sous ces voûtes humides,
Est assis au milieu d'un chœur de Néréides ;
Toutes sont des Vénus, de qui l'air gracieux
N'entre point dans son cœur et s'arrête à ses yeux ;
Il n'aime que Thétis,¹ et Thétis les surpasse.”

The great difficulty in erecting the gardens of Versailles arose from the want of water, eventually overcome by bringing it (*les eaux hautes*) from Trappes, and (*les eaux basses*) from the plain of Saclay. It was at one time attempted to divert the whole river Eure, by an aqueduct from Maintenon, to the use of Versailles.

“ Nothing has pleased me so much as what you tell me of the great beauty that is to appear at Versailles, fresh, pure, and natural, and is to efface all other beauties. I assure you I was jealous, and expected some new beauty to arrive and be presented at the court. I find, all at once, that it is a river which has been led from its path, *précieuse* as it is, by an army of forty thousand men ; no fewer were required to make its bed. It seems it is a present that M^{me} de Maintenon makes to the king, of the thing which he desires most in the world.”—*M^{me} de Sévigné*, 1684.

¹ Marie Thérèse.

The *Trianons* may be reached in half an hour from the railway station, but the distance is considerable, and a carriage very desirable considering all the walking inside the palaces to be accomplished. Carriages take the straight avenue from the Bassin de Neptune. The pleasantest way for foot-passengers is to follow the gardens of Versailles as far as the Bassin d'Apollon, and then turn to the right. At the end of the right branch of the grand canal, staircases lead to the park of the Grand Trianon; but these staircases are railed in, and it is necessary to make a détour to the *Grille de la Grande Entrée*, whence an avenue leads directly to the Grand Trianon, while the Petit Trianon lies immediately to the right, behind the buildings of the Concierge and Corps de Garde.

The Trianons are open daily, but the apartments cannot be visited without a guide. *Salle des Voitures* (entered from the esplanade before the Grand Trianon) is only open on Sundays and Thursdays.

The original palace of the *Grand Trianon* was a little château built by Louis XIV. in 1670, as a refuge from the fatigues of the Court, on land bought from the monks of St. Geneviève, and belonging to the parish of Trianon. But in 1687 the humble château was pulled down, and the present palace erected by Mansart in its place.

“The king, who liked building, and had cast off his mistresses, had pulled down the little porcelain Trianon he had made for Mme de Montespan, and was rebuilding it in the form it still retains. Louvois was superintendent of the buildings. The king, who had an extremely accurate eye, perceived that one window was a trifle narrower than the others. He showed it to Louvois to be altered, which, as it was not finished, was easy to do; Louvois maintained the window was all right. The king insisted then and next day, too, but Louvois, pig-headed and inflated with his authority, would not yield.

“The next day the king saw Le Nôtre in the gallery. Although his trade was with gardens rather than houses, the king

consulted him on the matter. He asked him if he had been to Trianon. Le Nôtre replied that he had not. The king ordered him to go. On the morrow he saw Le Nôtre again ; same question, same answer. The king comprehended the reason of all this, and, a little annoyed, commanded him to be there that afternoon at a given time. Le Nôtre did not dare to disobey this time. The king arrived, and Louvois being present, they returned to the subject of the window which Louvois obstinately said was as broad as the rest. The king wished Le Nôtre to measure it, for he knew that, upright and true, he would say openly what he found. Louvois, piqued, grew angry. The king, no less so, let him say his say. Le Nôtre did not stir. At last the king made him go, Louvois still grumbling and maintaining his assertion with audacity and little measure. Le Nôtre measured the window and said that the king was right by several inches. Louvois still wished to argue, but the king silenced him, commanding him to have the window altered at once, and, contrary to his custom, abusing him roundly.

“ What annoyed Louvois most, was that this scene took place not only before all the officers of the buildings, but in presence of all who followed the king in his promenades, nobles, courtiers, officers of the guard and others, even the valets, because the building was just rising, all were on a level, a few steps off, and everything was open and everybody in attendance everywhere. The dressing given to Louvois was smart and long, with reflections on the fault of this window, which, if unnoticed, might have spoiled all the façade and compelled it to be rebuilt.

“ Louvois, not accustomed to such treatment, returned home in fury and like a man in despair. Saint Pouenge, and his constant familiars, were frightened, and, in their disquietude, sought to learn what had happened. At last he told them, said he was lost, and that for a few inches the king forgot all his services which had led to so many conquests ; but he would arrange it, he would bring about a war that would force him to be employed and quit the trowel. Then he burst out in reproaches and fury.

“ He kept his word. He caused a war to grow out of the affair of the double election in Cologne, of the Prince of Bavaria and Cardinal Furstemberg, and confirmed it by carrying the flames into the Palatinate.”—*St. Simon*, “ *Mémoires*,” 1709.

Louis XIV. constantly visited the Grand Trianon, with which for many years he was much delighted.

“The 10th July, 1699, Louis XIV. took his stand on the terrace of Trianon, looking on the canal, and watched the embarkation of Monseigneur, Mme the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and all the princesses. After supper, Monseigneur and the Duchesse de Bourgogne walked till two o'clock in the morning in the gardens, and then Monseigneur went to bed. The Duchesse de Bourgogne entered a gondola with some of her ladies, and Madame la Duchesse in another, and remained on the water till sunrise. Then Madame la Duchesse went to bed, but the Duchesse de Bourgogne watched till Mme de Maintenon left for Saint-Cyr. She saw her mount her carriage at half-past seven, and then she went to her bed.”—*Dangeau*, “*Mémoires*.”

But, after 1700, Louis XIV. never slept at Trianon, and, weary of his plaything here, turned all his attention to Marly. Under Louis XV., however, the palace was again frequently inhabited.

“At first a house of porcelain for a lunch, then enlarged to sleep in, finally a palace of marble and porphyry, with delightful gardens.”—*St. Simon*.

Being entirely on one floor, the Grand Trianon continued to be a most uncomfortable residence, till subterranean passages for service were added under Louis Philippe, who made great use of the palace.

The buildings are without character or distinction. Visitors have to wait in the vestibule till a large party is formed, and are then hurried full speed round the rooms, without being allowed to linger for an instant. Amongst the chambers thus scampered through are the *Salon des Glaces*, which was used for the council of ministers under Louis Philippe, and is furnished *à l'Empire*; the *Bedroom of Louis XIV.*, afterwards used by the Grand Dauphin, Josephine, and Louis Philippe; the *Study of Queen Marie Amélie*; the *Salon de Famille* of the time of Louis Philippe; the *Antechamber of Louis XIV.*, containing the extraordinary picture by *Mignard*, representing him as the sun—

“le roi soleil” ; the *Gallery*, containing a group of sculpture by *Vela*, given by the ladies of Milan to the Empress Eugénie after the Italian campaign ; the *Salon Circulaire* ; the *Salle de Billard*, with portraits of Louis XV. and Marie Leczinska by *Vanloo* ; the *Salle de Malachite*, with portraits of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the Grand Dauphin and Louis XVI., the Duc de Bourbon and Duc d’Enghien ; and the rooms prepared by Louis Philippe for the visit of Victoria of England. The chapel, which is not shown, was built by Louis Philippe, and his daughter Marie was married there to Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg.

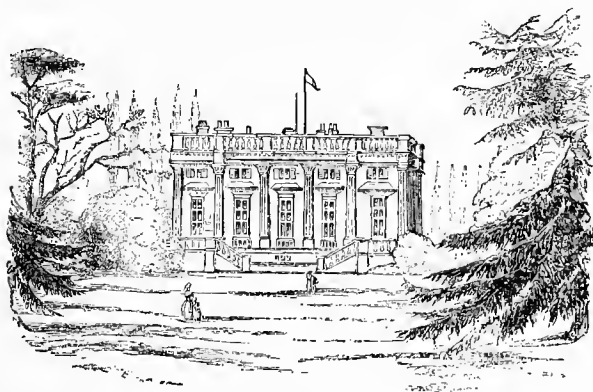
On emerging from the Grand Trianon, we should turn to the left. A door on the left of the avenue is the entrance to the *Musée des Voitures*—a blaze of crimson and gold—containing—

1. The gorgeous coronation carriage of Charles X., built 1825, and used at the baptism of the Prince Imperial. 2. The carriage built 1821 for the baptism of the Comte de Chambord, and used for the marriage of Napoleon III. 3. *La Topaze*, built 1810 for the marriage of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise. 4. *La Turquoise*, built with (5) *La Victoire* and (6) *La Brillante*, for the coronation of Napoleon I. 7. *L’Opale*, which took Josephine to Malmaison after her divorce. Two Chaises à Porteurs belonged respectively to Mme de Maintenon and Mme du Barry. Of the four sledges, one, formed like a shell, belonged to Mme de Maintenon, another, also like a shell, was built in the time of Louis XV. for Mme du Barry, and restored for Marie Antoinette. After the Revolution the citizen deputies of the people besported themselves, and their wives went to market, in the royal carriages.¹

On reaching the grille of the *Cour d’Honneur* of the Petit Trianon, visitors should enter on the left and ask for the concierge for the interior of the palace. But if they only wish to visit the gardens, they may enter freely from a door out of the court on the right of the grille.

¹ During the seventy-five days of his reign, Ledru Rollin had at his orders four carriages, eighteen draught and saddle horses, and ten servants.

The *Petit Trianon* was built by Gabriel for Louis XV. in the botanical garden which Louis XIV. had formed at the instigation of the Duc d'Ayen. It was intended as a miniature of the Grand Trianon, as that palace had been a miniature of Versailles. The palace was often used by Louis XV., who was here first attacked by the smallpox, of which he died. Louis XVI. gave it to Marie Antoinette, who made its gardens, and whose happiest days were spent here. Mme Campan describes "Marie Antoi-



LE PETIT TRIANON.

nette, vêtue en blanc, avec un simple chapeau de paille, une légère badine à la main, marchant à pied, suivie d'un seul valet, dans les allées qui conduisent au Petit-Trianon."

"The king gave her the Little Trianon. From that time she occupied herself in embellishing the gardens, without permitting any alteration in the building or any change in the furniture, which had become very shabby, and which remained, in 1789, just as it was in the reign of Louis XV. Everything, without exception, was preserved, and the queen slept in a faded bed, which had served the Comtesse du Barry. The reproach of extravagance, generally made to the queen, is the most inconceiv-

able of the popular errors which have been established in the world respecting her character. She had the very opposite fault, and I can prove that she often carried economy as far as real shabbiness, especially in a sovereign. She took a great fancy to her retreat at Trianon; she used to go there alone, followed by a footman, but found there attendants to receive her, a concierge and his wife, who took the place of a maid, wardrobe-women, pages, &c.

“The queen sometimes remained an entire month at the Little Trianon, and established there all the usages of its etiquette. When she entered her saloon, the ladies did not quit the piano or their tapestry work, and the men did not interrupt their games of billiards or backgammon. There was little accommodation in the Trianon. Mme Elizabeth used to accompany the queen there, but the ladies of honor and the ladies of the palace had no establishment; according to the invitations sent out by the queen, guests came from Versailles at dinner-time. The king and the princes went regularly to supper. A robe of white percale, a gauze *fichu*, a straw hat, formed the attire of the princesses; the pleasure of running about the buildings of the village, of seeing the cows milked, of fishing in the lake, delighted the queen, and every year she displayed more aversion for the stately journeys to Marly.

“The idea of playing comedy, as was done then in almost all country houses, followed the idea the queen had had of living at Trianon without pageantry. It was agreed that, excepting M. the Comte d'Artois, no young man should be admitted into the troupe, and that there should be no spectators but the king, Monsieur, and the princesses not in the play, but that, to animate the actors a little, the first boxes might be occupied by the queen's readers and maids, with their children and sisters. This formed about two score persons.”—*Mme Campan*, “*Mémoires*.”

The Petit Trianon is a very small and very unassuming country house. Mme de Maintenon describes it in June as “un palais enchanté et parfumé.” Its pretty simple rooms are only interesting from their associations. The furniture is mostly of the time of Louis XVI. The stone stair has a handsome iron balustrade; the salons are panelled in white. Here Marie Antoinette sat to Mme

Lebrun for the picture in which she is represented with her children. In the *Salle à manger* is a secrétaire given to Louis XVI. by the States of Burgundy, and portraits of the king and Marie Antoinette. The *Cabinet de Travail* of the queen has a cabinet given to her on her marriage by the town of Paris; in the *Salle de Réception* are four pictures by *Watteau*; the *Boudoir* has a Sèvres bust of the queen; in the *Chambre à coucher* is the queen's bed, and a portrait of the Dauphin by Lebrun. These simple rooms are a standing defence of the queen from the false accusations brought against her at the Revolution as to her extravagance in the furnishing of the Petit Trianon. Speaking of her happy domestic life here, Mme Lebrun says, "I do not believe Queen Marie Antoinette ever allowed an occasion to pass by without saying an agreeable thing to those who had the honor of being near her."

In the *Chapel* (only shown on special application) is a picture by *Vien* of St. Louis and Marguerite de Provence visiting St. Thibault. In the early years of Bonaparte's consulship, the Petit Trianon was turned into an inn. After the Restoration, Louis XVIII. often came here for the day from Paris, and the gouty king would order himself to be carried through the rooms of many associations.

"The Little Trianon, a caprice of the queen, still filled with her games, her idyls, her beauty, her voice, and the pleasures in which Louis XVIII. had mingled in his youth, drew tears from him. He recalled to mind the spectacles, concerts, and illuminations, the loves of these delightful gardens, whose trees had spread their first shadows over the steps of the young court. He discovered in this royal cottage, the whole soul of a princess who longed for obscurity to hide her happiness, even to the bed of simple muslin of the Queen of France, where she dreamed of romantic felicity on the eve of the scaffold."—*Lamartine*.

In the pleasant gardens, *Le Temple d'Amour*, surrounded

by water, contains a statue by *Bouchardon*. A little further on, several cottages compose the *Hameau* where the queen kept her cows and poultry, and near which she planted a weeping willow in the year in which she left Versailles for ever. The buildings retain the names she gave them—the *Maison du Meunier*, once inhabited by the Comte de Provence; the *Bergerie*; the *Maison du Seigneur* (Louis XVI.); the *Maison du Bailli* (Comte de Polignac); *Le Presbytère* (Cardinal de Rohan); the *Maison du Garde* (Comte d'Artois). Close to the lake is the *Laiterie* joined to the *Tour de Marlborough*. Near another little lake is the *Salon de Musique*, an octagonal building with four doors and windows.

One of the prettiest fêtes given by Marie Antoinette at the Petit Trianon was the illumination of the gardens during the visit of her brother, the Emperor Joseph II.

“The art with which the English garden was not illuminated but lighted, produced a charming effect; the *terrines*, hidden by planks painted green, lighted up all the clumps of shrubs or flowers, bringing out their various tints in the most varied and agreeable manner; some hundreds of fagots, kindled in the moat, behind the Temple of Love, diffused a brightness which rendered that point the most brilliant in the garden. Besides, these evenings had nothing remarkable but what they owed to the good taste of the artists; still it was much talked of. The grounds did not permit the admission of a great part of the court; those not invited were discontented, and the people, which pardons only fêtes which it shares, had a great part in the malevolent exaggerations of the cost of this little fête, which was put at such a ridiculous price, that the fagots burned in the moat seemed to have required the destruction of a whole forest. The queen, hearing these reports, desired to know precisely how much wood was burned; it was found that fifteen hundred fagots had sufficed to keep the fire burning till four in the morning.”—*Mme Campan*.

Near the Salon de Musique is the *Salle de Spectacle* in

which Marie Antoinette acted in the *Devin du Village* and the *Barbier de Séville*.

“Madame, the Comtesse de Provence, refused to play in the comedy, at the theatre of the Little Trianon; she said it would be a breach of etiquette.

“‘But I play; I, myself,’ said the queen, ‘and the king has no objection.’

“‘Madame,’ replied her sister-in-law, ‘it is here just as Bossuet said it was in the case of theatres, great examples for, good reasons against. A princess of Savoy must never shrink from great examples in default of good reasons.’



FARM OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

“‘Brother,’ said the queen with animation, calling the Comte d’Artois, as it were, to her aid, ‘come and take the side of Madame, and let us prostrate ourselves before the eternal grandeur of the house of Savoy. I thought, up till now, that the house of Austria was the first. . . .’

“‘Ladies,’ broke in the Comte d’Artois, ‘I believed just the contrary; I believed, for example, that you had a serious dispute, but as I see it turning to jest, I think I had better not meddle in it.’”—*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui*.

The Duchesse d’Abrantès gives us a pretty picture of Napoleon I. playing with the one-year-old King of Rome

on the lawn at Trianon, giving him his sword to ride upon.

There is not much of importance in the town of Versailles—*La Cité du Grand Roi*. If the visitor leaves the gardens by the gate of the Orangerie at the foot of the *Escalier des Cent Marches*, he will find himself facing the Rue de l'Orangerie, which will lead him to (right) the *Cathedral of St. Louis*, containing a monument by *Pradier*, erected by the town of Versailles to the Duc de Berry.

Returning to the Rue de l'Orangerie, and turning left, then following (right) the Rue de Satory to the Rue du Vieux-Versailles, we find, on the right, the Rue du Jeu de Paume, on the right of which is the entrance of the famous *Salle du Jeu de Paume*. Over the entrance is inscribed: "Dans ce Jeu de paume le xx juin MDCCLXXXIX, les députés du peuple repoussés du lieu ordinaire de leurs séances, jurèrent de ne point se séparer qu'ils n'eussent donné une constitution à la France. Ils ont tenu parole." The famous oath of the Jeu de Paume is engraved under a portico behind a statue of Bailly, and round the hall are inscribed the names of the 700 who signed the *procès verbal* of the meeting of June 20, 1789. In 1883 the hall was turned into a *Musée de la Révolution Française*.

"Memories of the monarchy and the aristocracy throb in the long streets of the parishes of St. Louis and of Notre Dame, where every step recalls a famous name, evokes an original figure or revives a strange anecdote. No town in France, except Paris, offers, in the same degree, the attraction of a journey in the past, and among things of the past."—*Barron*, "*Les environs de Paris*."

The ever-extending limits of the town have now embraced the villa of *Clagny*, which Louis XIV. gave to Mme de Montespan. It was thither that she retired, and watched the "conversion" of Louis XIV. taking place

under the influence of Mme de Maintenon, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue.

“ Mon père, dit un jour Louis XIV. à Bourdaloue, vous devez être content de moi : Mme de Montespan est à Clagny.

“ — Oui, sire, répondit Bourdaloue ; mais Dieu serait plus satisfait si Clagny était à soixante-dix lieues de Versailles.”—
Hequet,

VIII.

ST. GERMAIN.

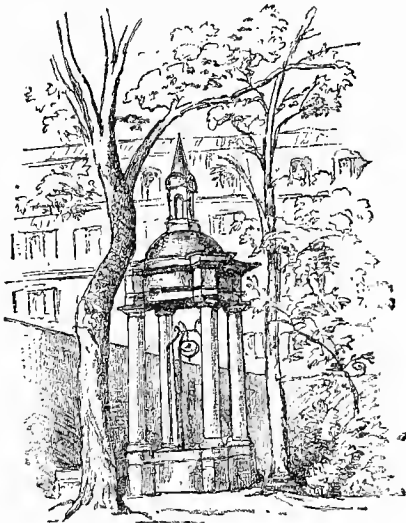
THERE are two ways of reaching St. Germain. 1. By rail from the *Gare St. Lazare*. Express, 30 min.; slow trains, 50 min. Trains every hour, at 25 min. before the hour. (*Single*—First, 1 f. 65 c.; second, 1 f. 35 c.; *Return*—First, 3 f. 30 c.; second, 2 f. 70 c.) 2. By the steamer *Le Touriste*, on the Seine; carriages at the landing-place.

The train passes—

5 *k. Asnières*.—Its XVIII. c. château was transformed into a restaurant in 1848.

12 *k. Nanterre*—a large village celebrated because St. Germain of Auxerre, passing on his way to England with St. Loup, Bishop of Troyes (c. 429), remarked the shepherdess Geneviève amongst the crowd assembled to see him, and called her to a life of perpetual virginity, consecrating her to the service of God, and giving her a copper cross to wear. Here, while she was yet a child, her mother is said to have been smitten with blindness, for giving her a box on the ear in a passion, but to have been restored by her prayers. Then St. Geneviève, having drawn water from the well of Nanterre, bathed her mother's eyes with it, upon which she saw as clearly as before. From this time the well is said to have preserved its miraculous powers, and 20,000 pilgrims come to it annually. Queen Anne of Austria, in despair at not be-

coming a mother, came to drink of its waters, and the result was Louis XIV. The well is in the *Garden of the Presbytery*, which can be entered through the *Church of St. Maurice*, dating from XIII. c., but spoilt by restorations. The chapel of St. Geneviève is covered with ex-votos. A monument commemorates Charles Le Roy, "horloger du roi," 1771. The *Gâteaux de Nanterre* are celebrated, and



WELL OF ST. GENEVIÈVE, NANTERRE.

have an immense sale to the pilgrims. The fête of the *Rosière*, when the girl who is esteemed the most virtuous in the town is led in procession, publicly eulogized, and crowned with roses, is still observed every Whit-Monday in this church.

13 *k. Rueil*.—A tramway to the village, and to Malmaison and Marly. (See Ch. IV.)

15 *k.* *Chatou*—where Soufflot built a château, which still exists, for Bertin, minister of Louis XV. Hither, to another château (now destroyed), near the Avenue de Croissy, the hated Chancellor Maupeou retired after the king's death, and the people sang under his windows—

“ Sur la route de Chatou
 En foule on s'achemine,
 Et c'est pour voir la mine
 Du Chancelier Maupeou
 Sur la rou-
 Sur la rou-
 Sur la route de Chatou.”

At the Revolution, Chatou belonged to the Comte d'Artois, and was sold as national property. It was at Chatou that Louis XIV. met the exiled Queen Mary Beatrice, on her arrival from England. There are pretty views upon the river.

“ C'est près du pont de Chatou
 Qu'on verrait, sans peine,
 Couler ses jours jusqu'au bout
 Au gré de la Seine.”

Dcsnoyers.

19 *k.* *Le Vésinet*—possessing a race-course, and the *Asile de Vésinet*, a succursale of the Paris hospitals for female convalescents.

In the forest of Vésinet or Echauffour, Louis XIV. used to go hawking with black falcons.

“ The king went to fly falcons at the plain of Vésinet. The King of England and the Prince of Wales were there, but the queen was not visible; she had been unwell for some days. Madame and Mme la Duchesse were on horseback. A black hawk was taken, and the king ordered a gratuity of 600 livres to the master of the falcons; he gives as much every year for the first black hawk taken in his presence; otherwise, he gives the horse on which he rides and his dressing-gown.”—*Dangeau*, “*Mémoires*,” 24 April, 1698.

18 *k.* *Le Pecq* (once *Alpicum*, then *Aupec*)—where *l'Orme de Sully* near the Seine, is the only tree remaining of many planted by the minister of Henry IV. A house is inscribed “*Pavillon Sully, 1603.*”

The *Villa of Monte Cristo* was built by Alexander Dumas; its gate is inscribed “*Monte Cristo, propriété historique,*” but it has long since been sold. There is an atmospheric railway from *Le Pecq* up the wooded hill to—

21 *k.* *St. Germain-en-Laye.*

Hotels: *du Pavillon Henri IV.*, in a delightful situation on the terrace, and with a most beautiful view; *du Pavillon Louis XIV.*, Place Pontoise; *de l'Ange-Gardien*, Rue de Paris; *du Prince Galles*, Rue de la Paroisse. *Restaurant Grenier*, close to the station; very dear: many other restaurants.

The first royal château of St. Germain was built by Louis le Gros in the XII. c., near a monastery belonging to St. Germain des Prés at Paris. Both palace and monastery were burnt by the Black Prince. Charles V. began to rebuild the palace in 1367, and it was continued by François I. Within its walls Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis received the six-year-old Mary Stuart from the hands of the Comte de Brézé, who had been sent to Scotland to fetch her, as the bride of their son, afterwards François II.

The old palace was like a fortress, and Henri IV., wishing for a more luxurious residence, built a vast palace which occupied the site of the existing terrace. Beneath it a beautiful garden, adorned with grottoes, statues, and fountains in the Italian style, descended in an amphitheatre as far as the bank of the Seine. The palace and garden of Henri IV. have entirely disappeared. The for-

mer was destroyed by the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. In the older château Louis XIV. was born, and in the second château Louis XIII. died, after a lingering illness, May 14, 1643.

"He spoke of death with most Christian resignation; he was so well prepared that at the sight of St. Denis from the windows of the new château of St. Germain, where he was, so as to be in better air than in the old one, he pointed out the road to St. Denis, by which his body was to be conveyed; he indicated a place where the road was bad, and advised that it be avoided, for fear the carriage should stick in the mud. I heard say, even, that during his illness he set to music the *De profundis* which was sung in his room immediately after his death, as is the custom as soon as the kings are dead."—*Mémoires de Mlle de Montpensier*.

Here, six years later, Anne of Austria, flying from Paris with her two sons, before the rising of the Fronde, took refuge with all the royal family except the Duchesse de Longueville, bivouacking upon straw in the unfurnished palace, whilst waiting for troops to come from the army in Flanders.

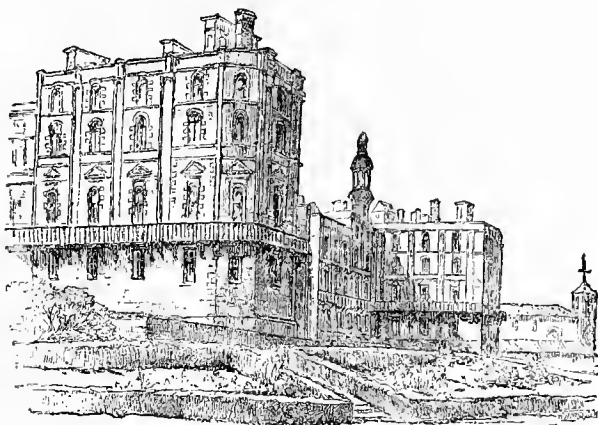
"The king often wanted necessaries. The pages of the chamber were dismissed because he could not support them. At the same time the aunt of Louis XIV., the daughter of Henry the Great, wife of the King of England, a fugitive in Paris, was reduced to extreme poverty; and her daughter, since married to the brother of Louis XIV., remained in bed, not being able to have a fire, without the people of Paris, drunk with fury, paying any attention to the afflictions of so many royal personages."—*Voltaire*, "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*"

Louis XIV., who added the five pavilions at the angles of the older and still existing palace, at one time thought of rebuilding the whole on a much more magnificent scale; one fatal obstacle prevented him: from its lofty site he could see St. Denis, his future burial-place!

"Saint Germain, unique in combining the marvels of a wide view, the immense level of a continuous forest, unique, too, by

the beauty of its trees, soil, situation, the advantages of spring water at that elevation, the admirable gardens, heights and terraces which, one above another, conducted one with ease over the widest expanse that one could wish, the charms and convenience of the Seine, finally a town quite complete which its position itself created, all was abandoned for Versailles, the dullest and most ungrateful of all spots."—*St. Simon*.

After the English Revolution of 1688, James II. found at St. Germain the generous hospitality of Louis XIV.



CHÂTEAU OF ST. GERMAIN.

He lived here for thirteen years as the guest of the King of France, wearing always a penitential chain round his waist (like James IV. of Scotland) and daily praying God to pardon the ingratitude of his daughters, Mary and Anne. Here his youngest child Louisa—"la Consolatrice"—was born, and here, as the choir in the Chapel Royal were singing the anthem, "Lord, remember what is come upon us, consider and behold our reproach" (Sep-

tember 2, 1701), he sank into the Queen's arms in the swoon from which he never recovered.

"10th Jan., 1689.—The king acted divinely towards their English Majesties ; for is it not to be the image of the Almighty, to sustain a king expelled, betrayed and abandoned? The noble soul of the king was delighted to play this part. He met the queen with all his household and a hundred six-horse coaches. When he perceived the carriage of the Prince of Wales, he descended and embraced him tenderly; then he ran to meet the queen, who had left her carriage ; he saluted her, conversed some time, placed her at his right in his carriage, presented to her Monseigneur and Monsieur, who were also in the carriage, and took her to St. Germain, where she was provided like the queen with all sorts of requisites, among them being a very rich cash-box with 6,000 *livres d'or*. The next day there was the arrival of the King of England at St. Germain, where the king waited for him ; he was late in arriving ; the king went to the end of the guard-room to meet him ; the King of England kissed him heartily as if he would have embraced his knees ; the king stopped him, and embraced him cordially three or four times. They conversed in a low tone for a quarter of an hour ; the king presented to him Monseigneur, Monsieur, the Princes of the blood, and Cardinal de Bonzi ; he led him to the apartment of the queen, who could scarce retain her tears. After a conversation of some minutes, his Majesty conducted them to the Prince of Wales, where they conversed for some time, and left them there, refusing to be escorted back, and saying to the king : 'Here is your house ; when I shall come here, you will do me the honors, and I shall do them when you come to Versailles.' Next day, which was yesterday, M^{me} the Dauphiness went there, and all the court. I do not know how they regulated the seats of the princesses, for they had them arranged as at the court of Spain ; and the queen-mother of England was treated as a daughter of France. The king sent 10,000 *livres d'or* to the King of England ; the latter seemed aged and tired ; the queen was there ; her eyes, that had been shedding tears, were beautiful and black ; her complexion good, but her mouth rather large ; her teeth good, her figure good, and she had a deal of wit ; all this rendered her pleasing. Here is matter for you to subsist on in public conversation.

"17th January, 1689. The court of England is quite estab-

lished at St. Germain; they only wish for 50,000 francs a month, and their court is on that footing. The queen pleases much, the king converses pleasantly with her; she has a just, unaffected disposition. The king desired M^{me} the Dauphiness to pay the first visit; she kept saying *she was sick*, and this queen went to see her, three days ago, dressed to perfection, a robe of black velvet, a handsome skirt, head well dressed; a figure like the Princess de Conti, much majesty; the king went to receive her at her carriage; she went first to his apartments, where she had a *fauteuil* above the king's; she was there half an hour, then he escorted her to the Dauphiness, who was up; this caused some surprise. The queen said to her, 'Madame, I thought you were in bed.' 'Madame,' replied the Dauphiness, 'I resolved to rise to receive the honor your Majesty has paid me.' The king left them, because the Dauphiness has no *fauteuil* in his presence. The queen took a good place in a *fauteuil*, Madame on her left, three other *fauteuils* for the three little princes; they talked away for half an hour; there were a good many duchesses, the court very large; at last, she departed; the king was notified and led her to her carriage. He returned and praised the queen highly; he said, 'This is as a queen should be both in mind and body, holding her court with dignity.' He admired her courage in adversity, and her passion for her husband, for she did, in truth, love him.

"2nd February, 1689. The Queen of England has all the look, if God pleased, of preferring to reign in the good kingdom of England, where the court is large and noble, than to be at St. Germain, although laden with the king's heroic goodness. As for the King of England, he seems content; and it is for that, that he is here.

"28th February, 1689. It is a fact that the King of England departed this morning to go to Ireland, where he is impatiently expected; he will be better there than here. The king gave him arms for ten thousand men; when his English Majesty said farewell, he concluded by saying, with a laugh, that his own personal arms were the only things forgotten; the king gave him his; our heroes of romance could not have shown more gallantry. What will not this brave and unfortunate king do with arms that are always victorious? He has then the casque and cuirass of Renaud, of Amadis, and of all our paladins of fame; I will not say of Hector, for he was unfortunate. There is not a single thing that the king did not offer him, generosity and magnanimity

can go no farther. . . . The queen has gone into retirement at Poissi with her son ; she will be near the king, and all news ; she is overcome with grief . . . this princess excites great pity.

“2nd March, 1689. The king said to the King of England, at parting : ‘Monsieur, I am sorry to see you go ; still, I hope never to see you again ; but if you do return, be assured that you will find me just the same as you leave me.’ Could one say anything better ? The king heaped on him everything, great and small ; two millions, ships, frigates, troops, officers. . . . I come to small things, toilet sets, camp beds, services of silver and plate, arms for himself, which were the king’s own, arms for the troops in Ireland ; the arms that go with him are considerable ; lastly, generosity, magnificence, and magnanimity have been never so displayed as on this occasion. The king did not wish the queen to go to Poissi ; she will see few people ; there will be tears, cries, sobs, fainting-fits ; that is easy to understand. He is now where he ought to be, he has a good cause, he protects our holy religion, he must conquer or die, for he has courage.”

After the king’s death his widow, Mary Beatrice, continued for seventeen years to reside at St. Germain. Here she witnessed the death of her darling daughter, Louisa, April 18, 1712 ; and here, in the thirtieth year of her exile, the queen herself passed away in the presence of thirty Jacobite exiles, of whom she was the best friend and protectress.

“The Queen of England died May 7, after ten or twelve days’ illness. Her life, from her coming to France till the end of 1688, was nothing but a series of misfortunes, heroically borne to the end, in submission to God, contempt of the world, penitence, prayer, and continual good works, and all the virtues that make a saint. With much natural sensibility, she blended much wit and natural pride, which she knew how to restrain and keep down constantly ; she had the grandest air in the world, at once majestic and imposing, and with all was gentle and modest. Her death was as saintly as her life. Of the 600,000 livres which the king gave her yearly, she saved all to support the poor English who filled St. Germain. Her corpse was carried, two days afterwards, to the Filles de St. Marie of Chaillot, where it was deposited, and where she often went into retreat.”—*St. Simon*.

“8th May, 1718. Yesterday-morning at seven o'clock, the good, pious, virtuous Queen of England died at St. Germain. She is, for sure, in heaven; she did not keep a penny for herself, she gave all to the poor, and maintained whole families. She never in all her life spoke ill of any one, and when they wished to tell her anything about this person or that person, she was wont to say, ‘If it is any ill about any one, I pray you, do not tell it to me. I do not like stories that attack reputations.’ She bore her misfortunes with the greatest patience in the world, not from want of spirit; she was very intelligent, polished and winning. . . . She always made the highest eulogies on the Princess of Wales.”—*Correspondance de Madame.*

In accordance with the last wish of the queen, the Régent d'Orléans allowed her ladies and many other noble British emigrants to continue in the palace, where they and their descendants remained till the Revolution drove them from their shelter. Till then, the room in which Mary Beatrice died was kept as it was in her life-time—her toilette table, with its plate, the gift of Louis XIV., set out, with four wax candles ready to light, as if the queen's return was constantly expected.

Under the Reign of Terror the name of St. Germain was changed to *La Montagne du Bel-Air*, and it was intended to turn the château into a prison, and to establish a guillotine *en permanence* in its courtyard, when the fall of Robespierre intervened.

In the interior of the château the decorations and chimney-pieces are of brick. The rooms are now occupied by a *Musée des Antiquités Nationales*, chiefly of very early date, of great interest to archæologists, and intended as a prelude to the collections of the Hôtel de Cluny. The museum is only open (free) on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 11.30 to 5 in summer, and 11 to 4 in winter.

In one of the rooms on the ground floor the primitive

boats (pirogues) hewn out of the trunk of a tree, and found in the Seine and Saone, are especially remarkable. Other halls are devoted to casts from the Roman buildings in France (at Orange, St. Remy, &c.); relics of the Roman legions in Gaul; funeral urns and tombs in brick and lead; bronzes and pottery. On the upper floor are flint weapons, fossils found in the caverns of France, and models of cromlechs, menhirs, &c.

Opposite the palace is the parish *Church*, containing (1st chapel, right) the monument erected by Queen Victoria to James II. of England, "magnus prosperis, adversis major," and inscribed "Regio cineri pietas regia."

"Some Irish Jesuits pretended that miracles were wrought at his tomb. There was even a talk of his being canonized at Rome after his death, the Rome that had abandoned him during his life.

"Few princes were more unfortunate than he; and history gives no example of a house so long unfortunate. The first of the Scotch kings, his ancestors, who bore the name of James, after being prisoner in England for eighteen years, was, with his wife, murdered by his subjects; James II., his son, was killed at twenty-nine, in combat with the English; James III., imprisoned by his people, was killed by the insurgents, in battle; James IV. perished in a battle he lost; Marie Stuart, his granddaughter, driven from her throne, a fugitive in England, after languishing eighteen years in prison, was condemned to death by English judges, and beheaded; Charles I., Mary's grandson, King of Scotland and England, was sold by the Scotch, condemned to death by the English, and died on the scaffold in public; James, his son, seventh of the name, and second of England, of whom we are speaking, was driven from the three kingdoms, and, as a climax of misfortune, the legitimacy of his son was disputed. This son attempted to mount the throne of his fathers, only to cause his friends to die by the executioner's hands; and we have seen the prince, Charles Edward, in vain uniting the virtues of his fathers and the courage of John Sobieski, his maternal ancestor, perform exploits and meet misfortunes most incredible. If anything justifies those who believe

in a fatality which nothing can escape, it is this unbroken series of misfortunes that persecutes the house of Stuart for over three hundred years."—*Voltaire*, "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*"

Soon after the death of James II. Mme de Maintenon wrote to Mme de Perou :—

"I have not yet been able to get any relics of the King of England ; the queen was in her bed, out of condition to look for any. When the body of this sainted king was opened, the guards dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and touched his body with their rosaries. I reverence God's dispensation ; he permitted this prince to be contemned in life in order to make him feel humiliation, and he glorifies him when he can no longer misuse glory."

Passing in front of the palace, by the gardens planned by Lenôtre, we reach the *Terrace*, constructed by Lenôtre in 1676, and one of the finest promenades in Europe. The view is most beautiful over the windings of the Seine and the rich green plain : on the right are the heights of Marly and Louveciennes ; on the left the hills of Montmorency, and Mont Valérien and Montmartre in the distance ; above Vésinet, the cathedral of St. Denis is visible—"ce doigt silencieux levé vers le ciel." James II. declared that the view from the terrace of St. Germain reminded him of that from Richmond, and he used to walk here daily, leaning upon the arm of Mary Beatrice. The terrace extends from the *Pavillon Henri IV.*—which was the chapel of Henri IV.'s palace, and in which Louis XIV. was baptized—to the *Grille Royale*, leading to the forest.

A number of drives and straight alleys pierce the forest of St. Germain, which is sandy, and, for the most part, beautiful. The *Château du Val* to the right of the Grille Royale, built at enormous cost by Mansart for Louis XIV., on the site of a pavilion of Henri IV., is now the property of M. Fould. The *Pavillon de la Muette* was built by

Louis XIV. and Louis XVI. on the ruins of a château of François I. *Les Loges* are a succursale to the college for the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor at St. Denis. Near this was a hermitage to which one of Henri IV.'s courtiers retired under Louis XIII., with a chapel dedicated to St. Fiacre. The pilgrimage to this chapel has given rise to the annual *Fête des Loges*, celebrated on the first Sunday after the day of St. Fiacre (August 30)—the most popular and crowded of all fêtes in the neighborhood of Paris. *Le Chêne des Loges* is one of the finest oaks in France.

In the neighborhood of St. Germain are (3 *k.*) *Marci Marly*, which has pleasant views, and (4 *k.*) *Chambourcy*, supposed to possess the relics of St. Clotilde, wife of Clovis, whose fête, July 3, attracts great crowds. It is a pleasant drive of 13 *k.* from St. Germain to Versailles. Public carriages leave at 10.30, 2.30, and 7.30, passing through *Rocquencourt*, where M. Fould has a château.

IV.

RUEIL, MALMAISON, AND MARLY.

IT is only a pleasant afternoon's drive through the Bois de Boulogne to Rueil and Malmaison. If Marly be visited on the same day, it will be better to take a ticket from the *Gare St. Lazare* to Rueil Ville, or tickets can be taken direct to Marly.

13 *k. Rueil.* Below the station carriages are waiting on a tramway to take passengers to—

14 *k. Rueil Ville.* This large village was of no importance till Cardinal de Richelieu built here a château like a fortress, whither he often retired, and where he condemned the Maréchal de Marillac, convicted of public peculation, to be executed in the Place de Grève. Père Joseph died here, December 18, 1638, when Richelieu said, “Je perds ma consolation et mon secours, mon confident et mon ami.” The cardinal bequeathed his château de Rueil to his niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, who made it so attractive that Louis XIV. coveted it and commanded Colbert to ask her to sell it to him. She proudly replied:—

“I can never testify my obedience on an occasion which marks more my infinite respect for the wishes of his Majesty than in the matter in question, having never thought of selling Rueil, nor having ever thought it would be sold. I confess that it is dear to me for many considerations; the excessive expenses I have incurred there evidence the attachment and affection I have always had for it; but the sacrifice that I shall make will be the

greater ; I hope that, presented by your hands, you will cause its merit to be felt.

“The king is master ; and he who gave me Rueil taught so well to all France the obedience she owes to him, that his Majesty ought not to doubt of mine.”

Louis XIV., however, found Rueil too small, and turned to the building of Versailles, only sending Lenôte to study the beautiful gardens of Richelieu. The grounds of Rueil were cut up by the heirs of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and the château was destroyed in the Revolution.

On descending from the tramway it is only two minutes' walk (right, then left) through the court of the Hôtel de Ville to the *Church of Rueil*, rebuilt by Napoleon III. To the right of the altar is the tomb of Josephine (by Gilet and Dubuc), bearing the figure of the empress (by Cartellier), dressed as in the coronation picture of David, kneeling at a prie-dieu, and inscribed : “A Joséphine, Eugène et Hortense, 1825.” Close by is the simple sarcophagus tomb of Count Tascher de la Pagerie, governor of Martinique, uncle of the Empress. On the left of the altar is the tomb erected by Napoleon III. to his mother, with the figure of Queen Hortense (by Bartolini) kneeling, and crowned by an angel.¹ She died October 5, 1837, at Arenenberg on the lake of Constance, desiring with her last breath to be buried by her mother at Rueil. The tomb is inscribed : “A la Reine Hortense, le Prince Louis Bonaparte.”

The street opposite the church door leads from Rueil to Malmaison, passing, to the left, the property called *Boispreau*, which, under the first empire, belonged to an old maiden lady, who refused to sell it to Josephine, in

¹ The vault beneath may be seen on application at 15 Place de l'Eglise.

spite of her entreaties. On September 23, 1809, the emperor wrote to the empress at Malmaison :—

“ I have received your letter of the 16th ; I see you are well. The *old maid's* house is worth only 120,000 francs. They will never get more for it. Still, I leave you mistress to do as you like, since it amuses you ; but, once bought, do not pull it down to make some rocks. *Adieu, mon amie.*—NAPOLEON.”

Taking the convenient tram again, which runs direct along the road, we may descend at—

15 *k. La Malmaison.*—The station is opposite a short avenue, at the end of which, on the right, is the principal entrance to Malmaison. A little higher up the road (right) is a gate leading to the park and gardens, freely open to the public, and being sold (1887) in lots by the State. There is melancholy charm in the old house of many recollections—grim, empty, and desolate ; approached on this side by a bridge over the dry moat. A short distance off (rather to the left, as you look from the house) is a very pretty little temple—the Temple of Love—with a front of columns of red Givet marble brought from the château of Richelieu, and a clear stream bursting from the rocks beneath it.

Malmaison is supposed to derive its name from having been inhabited in the XI. c. by the Norman brigand Odon, and afterwards by evil spirits, exorcised by the monks of St. Denis. Josephine bought the villa with its gardens, which had been much praised by Delille, from M. Lecouteux de Canteleu for 160,000 francs. The Duchesse d'Abrantès describes the life here under the Consulate—

“ The life led at Malmaison resembled the life led in all country houses where much company is assembled. In the morning we rise when we like, and, till eleven, the hour fixed for breakfast, one is one's own mistress. At eleven we meet in a little, very low saloon, looking on the court, on the first floor, and

in the right wing; no men are present, just as at breakfast in Paris, unless Joseph or perhaps Louis or Fesch, or some of the family. The exceptions were so rare that I do not recall ever having seen a man at the breakfasts at Malmaison. After breakfast, conversation, or reading the papers, some one was always coming from Paris for an audience, for Mme Bonaparte already granted audience.

"The first consul was never seen before dinner. He came down at five or six in the morning into his private cabinet; he worked with Bourrienne, or the ministers, generals, or councillors of state; and this continued till the dinner hour, which always took place at six o'clock. It was rare that somebody was not invited.

"On Wednesdays he gave a dinner, almost of ceremony, at Malmaison. The second consul was present, the councillors of state, the ministers, some generals particularly esteemed, and women of unsoiled reputation. When it was fine, the first consul would order dinner to be served in the park. The table was placed on the left of the lawn before the château, a little in advance of the right avenue. A short time was spent at table; the first consul thought the dinner long if it lasted a half-hour.

"When he was in good humor, the weather fine, and he had at his disposition some minutes, snatched from the constant labor which was then killing him, he played with us at 'prisoner's bars.' He cheated as he did at reversis; he knocked us down, he came on us without crying, 'bar,' cheating in a way to provoke merry laughter. On these occasions, Napoleon took his coat off, and ran like a hare, or rather like the gazelle he made eat all the snuff in his box, telling it to run at us, and the accursed beast tore our gowns and pretty often our legs."—*Mémoires*.

Josephine retired to Malmaison at the time of her divorce, and seldom left it afterwards.

"Napoleon, moved and disturbed, weeping like them, told Josephine's children that their mother was neither repudiated nor disgraced, but sacrificed to a State necessity, and recompensed for her noble sacrifice by the greatness of her children, and the tender friendship of him who had been her husband. . . . The Senatus-consultum continued to Josephine the rank of empress, and assigned her a revenue of two millions, with a free gift of the châteaux of Navarre and Malmaison, and numerous precious objects."—*Thiers*, "*L'Empire*."

In 1814, the unhappy Josephine, whose heart was always with Napoleon, was forced to receive a visit from the allied sovereigns at Malmaison, and died of a chill which she caught in doing the honors of her grounds to the Emperor Alexander on May 26, by a water excursion on the pool of Cucufa. After his return from Elba, Napoleon revisited the place.

“He felt the need of revisiting the modest dwelling where he had passed the fairest years of his life, by the side of a wife



MALMAISON.

who had, assuredly, faults, but was a true friend; one of those souls that are never met twice, and are forever regretted when lost. He obliged Queen Hortense, who had not yet dared to enter a spot so full of poignant memories, to accompany him. In spite of his crushing preoccupations, he consecrated several hours to traversing the little chateau and the gardens, where Josephine cultivated the flowers she collected from all quarters of the globe. In seeing once more these dear and saddening objects, he fell into melancholy reveries.

“Napoleon, while walking in this spot, at once so attractive and so distressing, said to Queen Hortense, ‘Poor Josephine! by every turn in the walks, I fancy I see her. Her death, the

news of which surprised me at Elba, was one of the keenest sorrows of that fatal year 1814. She had weaknesses beyond doubt, but she at least would never have abandoned me!"—*Thiers*, "*L'Empire*."

After the loss of the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon once more retired to Malmaison, then the property of the children of Josephine, Eugène and Hortense. There he passed June 25, 1815, a day of terrible agitation.

"At times he demonstrated the necessity, for France and himself, of withdrawing his abdication and taking up the sword again; and then he was heard making plans of retirement, and arranging for a life of profound solitude and repose."—*A de Vaulabelle*.

That evening at five o'clock he put on a "costume de ville—un habit marron," tenderly embraced Queen Hortense and the other persons present, gave a long lingering look at the house and gardens connected with his happiest hours, and left them forever.

After the second Restoration Prince Eugène sold Malmaison, removing its gallery of pictures to Munich. There is now nothing remarkable in the desolate rooms, though the "Salle des Maréchaux," the bedroom of Josephine, and the grand salon (with a chimney-piece given by the Pope), are pointed out. In later years the house was for some time inhabited by Queen Christina of Spain. It will be a source of European regret if at least the building connected with so many historic souvenirs, and the immediate grounds, be not preserved.

Returning to the tram, we reach—

16 *k.* *La Fonchère*, where Louis Bonaparte had a villa.

17 *k.* *Bougival* (*Restaurant Pignon; de Madrid. Hotel de l'Union*). A rapidly increasing village, which, in its quieter days, was much frequented by artists of the Corot school, who appreciated the peaceful scenery of the Seine.

The inventor of the Machine de Marly died here in great destitution and is buried in the church with the inscription : “Cy gissent honorables personnes, Rennequin Sualem, seul inventeur de la machine de Marly, décédé le 29 juillet, 1708, âgé de 64 ans, et dame Marie Nouvelle, son épouse, décédée le 4 mai, 1714, âgée de 84 ans.” The church has a stone spire of the XII. c.

On the Route de Versailles is a monument to three natives of Bougival, shot for cutting the telegraph lines of Prussian investiture. It is inscribed with the last words of one of them : “Je suis Français. Je dois tout entreprendre contre vous. Si vous me rendez à la liberté, je recommencrai.”

The park of the neighboring *Château de Buzenval* was twice the scene of a bloody conflict between the French and Prussians. The painter, Henri Regnault, fell there, January 19, 1870. The château is a quaint low building, with a tower at either end.

14 *k.* is the village of *La Celle St. Cloud*. Its château, the central part of which dates from 1616 (when Joachim Saudras added it to a hospice belonging to the abbey of St. Germain des Prés), was bought in 1686 by Bachelier, first valet de chambre of Louis XIV., with money given him by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, on condition of his having it to inhabit whenever he pleased. The duke received Louis XIV. and Mme de Maintenon there in 1695. In 1748 Mme de Pompadour bought the château, but sold it two years after. The *Châtaignerie* is reached by the avenue which opens on the left at the entrance of the village.

18 *k.* *Marly-la-Machine*.—The famous *Machine de Marly* which lifted the waters of the Seine 643 mètres, to the height of the Aqueduct de Marly, by which they were carried to Versailles, passed for a long time as a chef-d'œuvre of mech-

anism. It was invented by Rennequin Sualem, carpenter of Liège, but was executed under the inspection of the Chevalier Deville, who appropriated both the honor and the reward. Since 1826 the original machine has been replaced by another of 64-horse power, worked by steam. It is fifteen minutes' walk from the machine to the first arches of the *Aqueduct*.

19 *k*. *Port-Marly*.—Here carriages are changed for the ascent of the hill. The tram passes under the railway viaduct to—

21½ *k*. *Marly-le-Roi*, called *Marlacum* in the charters of King Thierry, 678. The tram stops close to the *Abreuvoir*, a large artificial tank, surrounded by masonry for receiving the surplus water from the fountains in the palace gardens, of which it is now the only remnant. Ascending the avenue on the right, we shall find a road at the top which will lead us, to the left, through delightful woods to the site of the palace. Nothing remains but the walls supporting the wooded terrace. It is difficult to realize the place as it was, for the quincunces of limes which stood between the pavilions on either side the steep avenue leading to the royal residence, formerly clipped and kept close, are now huge trees, marking still the design of the grounds, but obscuring the views, and, by their great growth, making the main avenue very narrow. Here, seated under the trees, visitors may like to read the story of the place.

“The king, tired of splendor and bustle, persuaded himself that he should like something little and solitary. He searched all around Versailles for some place to satisfy this new taste. He examined several neighborhoods, he traversed the hills near St. Germain, and the vast plain which is at the bottom, where the Seine winds and bathes the feet of so many towns and so many treasures in quitting Paris. He was pressed to fix himself at Lucienne, where Cavoye afterwards had a house, the view

from which is enchanting ; but he replied that that fine situation would ruin him, and that, as he wished to go to no expense, so also he wished a situation which would not urge him to any. He found, behind Lucienne, a deep, narrow valley, completely shut in, inaccessible from its swamps and with no view, hills on all sides, and a wretched village, called Marly, on one of them. This closeness of the valley, without a view or the means of having any, was all its merit. He fancied he was choosing a minister, a favorite, a general. It was a great work to drain this sewer of all the neighborhood, which threw its garbage there, and to bring soil thither.

“At first, it was only for sleeping in, three nights, from Wednesday to Saturday, two or three times in the year, with a dozen or so of courtiers to fill the most indispensable posts.

“By degrees the hermitage was augmented, the hills cut down to give room for building, and the one at the end pared away to give at least a kind of imperfect view. In fine, with buildings, gardens, waterworks, aqueducts, with all that is so curious and so well known under the name of Marly ; with a park, an ornamental and enclosed forest, with statues and precious furniture, Marly became what we see. With whole forests, well grown and branching, which were brought in the form of huge trees, from Compiègne and further incessantly, three-fourths of which died and were immediately replaced ; with vast spaces of dense woods and obscure alleys, suddenly changing into immense pieces of water with gondolas on their bosom, then changed again into forests, impervious to light as soon as they were planted (I speak of what I saw in six weeks) ; with basins, changed a hundred times, and cascades similarly, with figures in succession all different ; with carp stews, adorned with the most exquisite gilding and painting, barely finished, changed and re-fashioned by the same masters an infinity of times ; with, in addition, that prodigious machine, just alluded to, with its immense aqueducts, monstrous conduits and reservoirs, devoted solely to Marly, without supplying water to Versailles—it may be almost said that Versailles, as it stands, did not cost as much as Marly.

“If there are added the expenses of the ceaseless journeys, which became, at last, at least equal to a residence at Versailles, and often as thronged, when, quite at the end of his life, this became the most customary residence, we will not say too much, if we estimate Marly by milliards. Such was the fortune of a den of snakes and carrion crows, of toads and frogs, chosen for

no other reason than to spend money there. Such was the bad taste of the king in everything, and his superb delight in forcing nature, which neither the most oppressive war nor devotion could diminish."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires."*

St. Simon exaggerates the extravagance of Louis XVI. at Marly, who spent there four and a half million francs between 1679 and 1690, and probably as much or more between 1690 and 1715, perhaps in all ten or twelve millions, which would represent fifty million francs at the present time. Nevertheless the expense of the *amusements* of Louis XIV. greatly exceeded the whole revenue of Henri IV. and those of the early years of Louis XIII.

"Louis chose the valley of Marly to build a *hermitage* there. Marly was to be for him a shelter where he could be freed from public life by a free private life. But Louis could no longer be simple; the pomp of his past followed him everywhere in spite of him, and the hermitage became a palace, in truth, a palace silent and concealed. Mansart built under the shades of Marly a splendid pavilion for the king, with twelve lesser pavilions for the courtiers admitted to the favor of following Louis into this privileged retreat; again there was the symbolic mythology of Versailles, the royal sun reappeared surrounded by the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Abysses of verdure, kept fresh by really unrivalled cascades, and fountains without number enveloped this fairy bower. A veiled sumptuousness reigned there, a sort of *chiaro-oscuro* in harmony with the secret, which, after the death of the queen (July 30, 1683), the court soon suspected between the king and Mme de Maintenon. Marly and Maintenon are two names inseparable in our memory; these two names recall to us, as it were, a half-light where one speaks in half-tones; something discreet, reposeful, cautious, a long twilight after the flaming splendor of the first years of the great reign."—*H. Martin, "Hist. de France."*

From the central pavilion in which the flattery of Mansart placed him as the sun, Louis XIV. emerged every morning to visit the occupiers of the twelve smaller pavilions (*Les Pavillons des Seigneurs*), the constellations, his

courtiers, who came out to meet him and swelled his train. These pavilions, arranged on each side of the gardens, stood in double avenues of clipped lime-trees looking upon the garden and its fountains, and leading up to the palace. The device of the sun was carried out in the palace itself, where all the smaller apartments circled round the grand salon, the king and queen having apartments to the back, the dauphin and dauphine to the front, each apartment consisting of an anteroom, bedroom, and sitting-room, and each set being connected with one of the four square saloons, which opened upon the great octagonal hall, of which four faces were occupied by chimney-pieces and four by the doors of the smaller saloons. The central hall occupied the whole height of the edifice, and was lighted from the upper story.

The great ambition of every courtier was "être des Marlys," and all curried favor with the king by asking to accompany him on his weekly "voyages de Marly."

"This was called presenting one's self for Marly. The men asked on the morning of the day, saying to the king merely, 'Sire, Marly!' In his last years the king grew tired of this. A page in blue in the gallery inscribed the names of those who asked, and put down their names. The ladies always continued to present themselves.

"At Marly, if the king was in residence, all who went there had full liberty to follow him to the gardens, to join him or to leave him; in one word, do just as they liked.

"All the ladies who went had the honor of eating, evening and morning, at the same hour in the same little saloon that separated the apartments of the king from those of Mme de Maintenon. The king kept a table where all the sons of France and the princesses of the blood were placed, except the Duke de Berry, the Duke of Orleans and the Princess de Conti, who were always placed at the table of Monseigneur, even when he was hunting. There was a third smaller table where sometimes one, sometimes others were placed, and all three were round, with

liberty for all to sit at whichever seemed good to them. The princesses of the blood were placed, right and left, according to rank ; the duchesses and other princesses as they happened, but next to the princesses of the blood without any mingling of any others ; then the non-titled ladies completed the round of the table, and Mme de Maintenon among them about the middle ; but for a long time she had not eaten there. . . . At the end of dinner the king went to the rooms of Mme de Maintenon, and sat in a *fautueil* near her in a niche formed by a sofa closed in on three sides, the princesses of the blood on stools near them, and, at a distance, some privileged ladies. There were several tables of tea and coffee, and any who liked took some. The king remained a longer or shorter time, according as the conversation of the princesses amused him, or business demanded ; then he passed before all these ladies, and went to his own rooms, and all left except some friends of Mme de Maintenon. After dinner no one entered where the king and Mme de Maintenon were except the Duchess de Bourgogne, and the minister who came on business. The door was closed, and the ladies in the other room only saw the king passing in to supper, and followed him ; after supper, in his rooms, the princesses, just as at Versailles."—*St. Simon*, 1707.

The Court used to arrive at Marly on a Wednesday and leave it on a Saturday ; this was an invariable rule. The king always passed his Sundays at Versailles, which was his parish.

"Louis XIV. had established for Marly a kind of etiquette different from that of Versailles, but still more wearisome. Cards and supper took place every day, and demanded much dressing ; Sundays and fête days the waters played, and the people were admitted into the garden, and there was always as many people as at the fêtes of St. Cloud.

"The ages have their colors, and assuredly Marly still more than Versailles carried one back to that of Louis XIV. ; all seemed to be constructed by the magic power of a fairy wand.

"The palace and the gardens of this house of pleasure, could also be compared to the theatrical setting of the fifth act of an opera. There no longer exists the slightest trace of so much magnificence ; the revolutionary demolishers tore from the bosom

of the earth even the cast-iron pipes that brought the waters. Perhaps a brief description of this palace and the usages established there by Louis XIV. may be of interest.

“The garden of Marly, long and very broad, ascended, by an imperceptible slope, to the pavilion of the sun, inhabited only by the king and his family. The pavilions of the twelve signs of the zodiac bordered the two sides of the parterre, and were united by charming arbors where the sun’s rays could not penetrate. The pavilions nearest that of the sun were reserved for princes of the blood, or persons invited to stay at Marly; all the pavilions were named after the fresco paintings which covered the walls, and had been executed by the most celebrated artists of the age of Louis XIV.

“On the line of the pavilion above were, on the left, the Chapel; on the right, a pavilion, styled *La Perspective*, which masked a large space in which were lodgings destined to persons attached to the service of the court, the kitchens and immense halls, where more than thirty tables were splendidly served.

“During half of Louis XV.’s reign, the ladies still wore the *Marly court dress*, so styled by Louis XIV., which differed from that adopted at Versailles; the French robe, with plaits at the back and large paniers, took the place of this dress, and was kept till the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

“The diamonds, the feathers, the rouge, the dress embroidered or covered with gold thread, took away the slightest appearance of a sojourn in the country; but the people loved to see the pomp of its sovereigns and of a brilliant court pass beneath its groves.

“After dinner, and before the time for play, the queen and princesses, with their ladies, wheeled, by men in the royal livery, in carriages, covered with gold-embroidered canopies, traversed the thickets of Marly, where the trees, planted by Louis XIV., were of prodigious height; in many places the height of these trees was surpassed by the fountains of the most limpid water; while in others, cascades of white marble, whose waters, smitten by some beams of the sun, seemed sheets of silver gauze, contrasted with the obscurity of the thickets.

“In the evening, to be admitted to the *jeu de la reine*, it was sufficient for any well-dressed man to be named and presented by an officer of the court to the usher of the play-room. The saloon, very large and octagonal in shape, rose up to the roof in the Italian style, and was terminated by a cupola ornamented by

balconies, where the ladies not presented could easily gain admittance to enjoy the sight of this brilliant gathering.

"The rich men and heavy players of Paris never missed one of the evenings at Marly, and the sums lost and won were always considerable.

"Louis XIV. hated high play, and often displayed temper when heavy losses were mentioned. The men had not yet introduced the fashion of wearing black while not in mourning, and the king gave some of his hardest raps to the knights of St. Louis thus dressed, who came to risk two or three louis in the hope that fortune would favor the pretty duchesses who were glad to place them on their cards.

"Strange contrasts are seen in the midst of the grandeur of courts; to play such great stakes at the queen's faro-table, there was required a banker provided with large sums of money, and this necessity gave a seat at the table, where etiquette admitted only persons of the highest title, not only to M. de Chalabre, who was the banker, but also to a simple retired captain of infantry, who was his second. A trivial expression was heard very often uttered, expressive of the manner in which court was paid to the king. The men, who had been presented but not invited to reside at Marly, went there just as to Versailles, and then returned to Paris, and thus the fashion came up of saying that one had only been to Marly *en polisson*; and nothing appeared to me more singular than to hear a charming marquis reply to one of his friends who asked him if he had been in the *voyage de Marly*: 'Non, je n'y suis qu'en polisson.' This simply meant, 'I was there like all those whose nobility does not date from 1400.' What great talents, what men of high merit, who soon, unhappily, began to attack the ancient monarchy, were found in the class designated by the word *polisson*!

"These '*voyages de Marly*' were very dear for the king. After the tables of honor, those of the chaplains, the equerries, the stewards, &c., were all so magnificently served, that strangers were invited to them, and almost every one who came from Paris was supported at the expense of the court."—"Mémoires."

The leading figure at Marly was Mme de Maintenon, who occupied the apartments intended for Queen Marie Thérèse, but who led the simplest of lives, bored almost to extinction. She used to compare the carp languishing

in the tanks of Marly to herself—"Comme moi, ils regrettent leur bourbe."

"Success, entire confidence, rare devotion, omnipotence, public and universal adoration, ministers, generals, the highest of the royal family, all, in a word, prostrate at her feet; everything well and good, by her, and faulty without her. Men, business, things, appointments, justice, mercy, religion, all without exception, in her hands; even the king and the fate of his victims. Who was this incredible fairy? how did she rule without a break, obstacle, or the slightest cloud for more than thirty years—aye, for thirty-two? This is the strange phenomenon which has to be retraced, and which was one to all Europe."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*."

"It was principally on points of morals and in questions of religion that the influence of Mme de Maintenon was powerful and almost irresistible. In this respect she believed she had a mission to accomplish; she regarded herself, in good faith, as chosen by Providence to bring Louis XIV. back to continence and piety, to guide him in the path of salvation, to sanctify a reign which hitherto had been only glorious, to fortify and extend the empire of religion and the authority of the Church. It was this which was repeated to her incessantly by men clothed with a sacred character, whose virtues she admired, who inspired her with boundless confidence, and whom she listened to with submissive docility. Fénelon wrote to her one day, 'The friendship which you have for the king ought to be purified by sorrow; it is a slight thing to have no interest; every consolation must be renounced, and the most humiliating things endured. You will never become too small beneath your cross, and you will never have so much liberty, authority, or power in your words as when you shall be humbled and made lowly by renouncing all your sensibility.'"—*Hcquet*, "*Hist. de Mme de Maintenon*."

At first Mme de Maintenon dined, in the midst of the other ladies, in the square salon which separated her apartment from that of the king; but soon she had a special table, to which a very few other ladies, her intimates, came by invitation.

"Queen in private, as displayed by her tone, her seat and place in presence of the king, Monseigneur, Monsieur, the court

of England, and of all present, she was a very simple private gentlewoman externally, always taking the lowest place. I have often seen her at the king's dinners at Marly, eating with him and the ladies, and at Fontainebleau, in full dress, with the Queen of England, as I have remarked elsewhere, absolutely yielding her place and retiring always for titled ladies, even for distinguished ladies of quality, never being forced by those of title, but by those of ordinary quality, with an air of careful civility, and everywhere polished, affable, speaking like a person who makes no claims or demonstrations, but who was resolved only to consider what was about her.

"Always dressed well, nobly, neatly, tastefully, but very modestly, and in a style older than her age required. After she ceased to appear in public, she wore caps and a black scarf when she happened to be seen.

"She never visited the king but when he was sick, or in the mornings when he had taken medicine; and so, too, with the Duchess de Bourgogne; never otherwise for any duty.

"In her own rooms with the king, they each sat in a fauteuil, a table before each at the corners of the fire-place; she next the bed, the king with his back to the wall on the side of the ante-room door, and two stools before the table, one for the minister, who came to transact business, the other for his bag. On business days, they were not long together before the minister entered, and often a still shorter time after he left.

"During the transaction of business Mme de Maintenon read or did tapestry. She heard all that passed between the king and the minister, for they spoke loud. She rarely interjected a word, still more rarely was it of any consequence. Often the king asked her advice. Then she replied with great discretion. Never, or almost never, did she seem to lay stress on anything, and still seldomer, to take interest in any one, but she was in accord with the minister, who did not dare to oppose her in private, or flinch in her presence. When some favor or some post was to be granted the matter was arranged between them beforehand, and this sometimes delayed business without the king or any one knowing the reason.

"About nine o'clock, two lady's maids came and undressed Mme de Maintenon; soon afterwards, her *maitre-d'hôtel*, and a *valet de chambre* brought her some soup and something light. When she had finished supper, her women put her into bed, and all this in presence of the king, and the minister (who continued

his work, and did not speak any lower), or if no minister were there, some ladies with whom she was intimate. All this brought it on to ten o'clock, when the king went to supper, and at the same time the curtains of Mme de Maintenon were drawn. . . . The king went to her bedside, where he remained standing a while, wishing her good night, and then went to take his place at table. Such was the routine of life in Mme de Maintenon's apartments.

"It has been said that Mme de Maintenon was a private gentlewoman in public; elsewhere, queen; sometimes queen even in public, as at the promenades of Marly, when out of complaisance she joined in them when the king wished to show her something newly completed.

"Queen in private, Mme de Maintenon always had a *fauteuil*, and in the most convenient place in her room, in presence of the king, all the royal family, even in presence of the Queen of England. At most she rose for Monseigneur and Monsieur, because they rarely visited her. For no other son of France, their wives, or the king's bastards, did she rise, nor for any one, except, a little, for ordinary persons with whom she was not intimate, and who had obtained an audience, for, polite and modest, she always attended to these points.

"What was a perpetual astonishment was the promenades just mentioned, which she took, out of excess of complaisance, with the king, in the gardens of Marly. He would have been a hundred times more at his ease with the queen, and shown less gallantry. His respect was most marked, although in the midst of the court, and in presence of all the inhabitants of Marly who chose to be there. The king believed himself to be there in private, because he was at Marly. Their carriages went, close side by side, for she almost never entered a chariot; the king alone in his, she in a sedan chair. If their suite contained the Dauphiness or the Duchesse de Berry, or the king's daughters, they followed or surrounded them on foot, or if they entered a chariot with some ladies, it was to follow at a distance, never to overtake. Often the king walked on foot beside the chair. At every moment he took off his hat, and lowered it to speak to Mme de Maintenon or to reply to her if she spoke to him, which she did less frequently than he, who had always something to say or point out. As she feared the air even in the finest and calmest weather, she pushed up the glass at the side, every time, with three fingers, and closed it immediately. When the chair was set down for her to see the

new fountain, there was the same behavior. At such times, the Dauphiness often used to perch on the front pole, and begin a conversation, but the front glass always remained closed. At the end of the promenade, the king escorted Mme de Maintenon to near the château, took his leave of her, and continued his promenade."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires,"* 1715.

In all royal palaces, even at the present day, society is probably drearier than anywhere else, but it was never duller than at Marly. "On apprend à se taire à Marly," we find the lively Duchesse d'Orléans writing to her family; "souvent, la plupart du temps même, on est seize ou dix-sept à table, et on n'entend pas un mot." On February 5, 1711, "Madame" writes from Marly:—

"On no side is there any conversation; at Meudon we speak under our breath; Monseigneur talks very little, so does the king. I believe the former counts his words, and is resolved never to pass a certain number. At St. Cloud no more talk than elsewhere. All the ladies have such a dread of saying anything that can displease here, and prevent them going to Marly, that they only speak of cards and dress, which seems to me tiresome enough."

Mme de Maintenon wrote:—

"Why cannot I give you all my experience! Why cannot I make you see the ennui that devours the great, and the trouble which they have to fill their time!"—*Lettres*, iii. 152.

Marly was the scene of several of the most tragic events in the life of Louis XIV. "Tout est mort ici, la vie en est ôtée," wrote the Comtesse de Caylus (niece of Mme de Maintenon) from Marly to the Princesse des Ursins, after the death of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. And, in a few days afterwards, Marly was the scene of the sudden death of the Dauphin (Duc de Bourgogne), the beloved pupil of Fénelon. Early in the morning after the death of his wife, he was persuaded, "malade et navré de la plus intime et de la plus amère douleur," to follow the

king to Marly, where he entered his own room by a window on the ground floor.

“ Mme de Maintenon came soon ; judge what was the anguish of this interview ; she could not remain long and departed. . . . A few moments afterwards he was told that the king was awake ; the tears he had checked swelled in his eyes. I approached and signed to him to go, and then proposed it to him in a low voice. Seeing that he did not move and was silent, I ventured to take his arm, and represent that sooner or later he must see the king, who was expecting him. . . . He gave a heartrending glance and went.

“ Every one who was then at Marly, a very small number, was in the grand saloon. Princes, princesses, *grandes entrées*, were in the little saloon, between the apartments of the king and Mme de Maintenon ; she was in her chamber, but, informed of the king's waking, entered alone his apartments, crossing the little saloon, and all there entered soon afterwards. The Dauphin, who came in by the cabinets, found everybody in the king's chamber, who, when he saw him, called him to him to embrace him tenderly and repeatedly. These first moments of emotion passed in words, broken by tears and sobs.

“ The king, soon after, looked at the Dauphin, and was alarmed. All present were so too, the physicians more than the others. . . . The king ordered him to go to bed ; he obeyed, and never rose again. . . . Inquietude respecting the Dauphin increased. He did not conceal his belief that he would never rise. He even expressed himself so more than once, with a resignation, contempt of the world, and all that is great therein, submission and love of God that were beyond compare. No expression can convey the general consternation. . . .

“ Friday morning, February 18, 1712, I heard very early that the Dauphin, who had waited impatiently for midnight, had heard mass soon after, had received the communion, and passed two hours after in solemn communion with God ; that then he received extreme unction, finally, that he died at half-past eight.

“ He knew the king perfectly, he respected him, and, at the end of his life, loved him as a son, paying him the attentive court of a subject who knew, however, what he was. He cultivated Mme de Maintenon with all the attentions her situation demanded. He loved the princes, his brothers, with tenderness, and his wife most passionately. The grief for her loss penetrated

his inmost vitals. His piety survived by prodigious efforts. The sacrifice was entire but not bloodless. In this terrible affliction, he displayed nothing mean, small, or indecent. We saw a man, beside himself, who forced himself to bear a calm exterior and succumbed to the effort.

“The days of this affliction were soon abridged. . . . But, great God! what a spectacle you gave in him, that cannot be revealed in all its secret sublimity, which you alone can give, and the price of which you alone can tell! What an imitation of Christ on the cross! I speak not merely in regard to death and sufferings; it rose far above that. What tender, calm views! What excess of resignation, what eager thanksgivings for being preserved from the throne and the account he would have to give! what ardent love of God! what a piercing insight into his own nothingness and sins! what a grand idea of infinite mercy! what religious and holy fear! what modest confidence! what sage peace, what readings, what ceaseless prayers! what ardent desire for the last sacraments! what profound composure, what invincible patience, what sweetness, what constant goodness to all who drew near! what pure charity that urged him to go to God! France fell, finally, under this last chastisement; God showed her a prince she did not merit. The world was not worthy of him, he was already ripe for a blessed eternity.”—*St. Simon*, “*Mémoires*.”

It was also at Marly—“la funeste Marly”—that the Duc de Berry, the younger grandson of Louis XIV., and husband of the profligate daughter of the Duc d’Orléans—afterwards Regent, died, with great suspicion of poison, in 1714. The MS. memorials of Mary Beatrice by a sister of Chaillot, describe how, when Louis XIV. was mourning his beloved grandchildren, and that queen, whom he had always liked and respected, had lost her darling daughter Louisa, she went to visit him at Marly, where “they laid aside all Court etiquette, weeping together in their common grief, because, as the Queen said, ‘We saw that the aged were left, and that Death had swept away the young.’” *St. Simon* depicts the last walk of the king in the gardens of Marly—“l’étrange ouvrage de ses mains”

—on August 10, 1715. He went away that evening to Versailles, where he died on September 1.

Marly was abandoned during the whole time of the Regency, and was only saved from total destruction in 1717, when the Régent Philippe d'Orléans had ordered its demolition, by the spirited remonstrance of St. Simon—

“ Let him consider how many millions have been thrown into that old sewer to make a fairy palace, unique in all Europe by its form, unique by the beauty of its fountains, unique, too, by the reputation that the late king gave it. Let him think that it was one of the objects of the curiosity of all strangers of every quality that came to France; that this demolition will echo through Europe with reproaches which mean reasons of economy would not change; that all France would be outraged by seeing itself deprived of so distinguished an ornament.”—*Mémoires.*”

The great pavilion itself only contained, as we have seen, a very small number of chambers. The querulous Smollett, who visited Marly in 1763, speaks of it as “ No more than a pigeon-house in respect to a palace.” But it was only intended as the residence of the king.

“ 6th Dec., 1687. At Marly there are no rooms except to sleep and dress in; that done, all the rest is for the public. In the king's apartment there is music; in that of the Dauphin meals at midday and in the evening; there, too, is the billiard-table, always filled. In the apartment of Monsieur is hazard, all the backgammon-tables and card-tables; in mine are the shopkeepers, and there a fair is held.”—*Correspondance de Madame.*

“ The thing that strikes me is the contrast between delicate art in the arbors and groves, and wild nature in a spreading mass of tall trees that dominate them and form the background. The pavilions, separated and half-buried in a forest, seem to be the abodes of different subaltern genii, whose master occupies the middle one. This gives the whole an air of fairyland that pleases me.”—*Diderot, “Lettres à Mlle Volland.”*

During the repairs necessary in the reign of Louis XV., who built Choisy, and never lived at Marly, the cascade which fell behind the great pavilion was removed. Mme

Campan describes the later Marly of Louis XVI., under whom the "voyages" had become one of the great burdens and expenses of royal life. The Court of Louis XVI. was here for the last time on June 11, 1789, but in the latter years of Louis XVI. M. de Noailles, governor of St. Germain, was permitted to lend the smaller pavilions furnished to his friends for the summer months. Marly perished with the monarchy, and was sold at the Revolution, when the statues of its gardens were removed to the Tuileries. A cotton mill was for a time established in the royal pavilion; then all the buildings were pulled down and the gardens sold in lots!

Still, the site is worth visiting. The *Grille Royale*, now a simple wooden gate between two pillars with vases, opens on the road from St. Germain to Versailles, at the extremity of the aqueduct of Marly. Passing this, one finds one's self in an immense circular enclosure, the walls of which support the forest on every side.

"He seems to see a vast circus, cleared and fortified in the midst of the woods, where the work of man has come to add itself audaciously to those of nature. Pillars, here and there cut down, give an idea of the porticoes that ought to adorn this entrance; beyond them, by gaps that time has made, the eye plunges, right and left, into greater constructions, which are lost in the thick shade of the trees. Opposite the gate by which one enters is a view still more surprising; the road sinks into a gulf, where, from all points of the horizon, the forest seems to lower itself; the tall trees, which, even in the midst of their wild liberty, witness, by a certain regularity, half effaced, to the fact that they were one day subject to the axe, seem to hang, one over the other, from the height of the steps of a gigantic amphitheatre, and all to incline towards the power that had forced nature, as well as nations, to obey its commands.

"We hastened to penetrate into the depths of this abyss of verdure, the centre of all the grand landscape, made by man, by which it is surrounded. We descend between two walls that bear oaks and birches centuries old; we come to a second circular

enclosure, which we are tempted to take for the ruins of a palace, from the great undulations of verdure which hide its remains. The slightness of the opening which the view has at this spot warns you to descend farther; and, after having crossed halls of greenery left to chance, you arrive at a grander pile, from the top of which the eye embraces a vast horizon. The ruins on which you stand evidently trace a circular form, and as far as the eye can reach, beyond the slopes that tower above you, beyond the plains watered by the Seine, hidden at the foot of the hill, the mountains, following the prolonged line of the heights of St. Germain, round out their delicate lines that disappear towards the woods of Montmorency. This time you have beneath your feet the famous palace where Louis XIV. concealed, in the midst of fêtes, the sadness of his old age, and, in every line which seems to repeat at will the same harmonious curve, there is revealed the original plan which made Marly the king's delight, when, disgusted with the theatrical and too public pomp of Versailles, he sought, in the depths of a better defended retreat, pleasures more tranquil.

"You descend from the heap formed by the ruins of the palace of Louis XIV. ; in the midst of halls of verdure, which form pendants to those already traversed, you perceive, half erect, half lying in the grass, the remains of buildings corresponding to those of the second circular enclosure through which you have passed. Behind the palace, on the indented hill, you see, covered with moss, numerous steps over which a whole river of water ought to flow. On either side, roads, cut beneath the roots of the trees and bordered by great walls to sustain the earth, disclose views of a forest arranged on a plan in which the round line is always repeated. But you must go to the front of the palace itself to find the most beautiful spots in the gardens.

"You descend from terrace to terrace ; each terrace used to support a lawn, on the sides of which, to right and left, ran an avenue that made the whole circuit of the amphitheatre of the garden.

"The first terrace, crowned by the *château*, still displays its marvellous trees, once trimmed into arbors, of which their bases preserve the outline, flourishing, above these ancient vaults, with new trunks, free and vigorous, that seem a second forest grafted on the first.

"The second terrace distinctly indicates the two lateral basins which adorned it. In the midst of the huge birches, which

once covered with their shade elegant shells sculptured from marble or bronze, the water, whose conduits have been found impossible to destroy, rises naturally from the earth, which has kept the form of the ancient buildings; at the spot, where the jet of water darted up towards the dome of these groves, rushes are growing thickly; the pond lilies bloom and cover this tranquil lake, which is not agitated, except occasionally by the hands of the village washerwomen.

“The third and fourth terraces still present the remains of vast basins that occupied the greatest part of them; their forms are sharply outlined to the eye by the sinking of the ground, and also by the fresher green of the plants that grow more freely in places once enriched by the waters.”—*Magasin pittoresque XVI. Mars, 1884.*

The *Forest* of Marly has been greatly curtailed of late years. The parts worth visiting are perhaps best reached by the *Porte de l'Etang-la-Ville* (4 *k.* from St. Germain), which has a railway station, named thus from a neighboring village. If the forest be entered at *Fourqueux*, one soon reaches the *Désert de Retz*, the gardens of which are lauded by Delille.

As late as the time of Louis XIV. the forest of Marly abounded in wolves. “Madame” (Duchesse d’Orléans) describes in her letters going to hunt them with the Dauphin, and how (February, 1709) they devoured a courier and his horse.

The return from Marly may be varied by taking the railway by St. Cloud to Paris. The line passes at 2 *k.* (19 *k.* from Paris) *Louveciennes* (Mons Lupicinus), a pretty village, where Louis XV. built a delightful villa for Mme du Barry, which she was allowed to retain under Louis XVI., and where she always walked about dressed in white muslin in summer and percale in winter.

“The Comtesse du Barry never forgot the indulgent treatment she met at the court of Louis XIV.; she let the queen

know, during the most violent crises of the Revolution, that there was not in France a woman more stricken with grief than she for all that her queen had to suffer; that the honor she had enjoyed of living many years near the throne, and the infinite goodness of the king and queen had attached her so sincerely to the cause of royalty that she begged the queen to grant her the honor of disposing of all she possessed. Without accepting these offers, their Majesties were touched by her gratitude."—*Mme Campan*.

Mme du Barry escaped in the early days of the Revolution, but was persuaded to return to Louveciennes, not—as is usually said—to look for her jewels, as they were already sold in England, but to join her admirer, the Duc de Brissac, who was murdered by the people at Versailles, and his head exhibited on a pike under her window. She was herself betrayed by the negro boy Zamore, upon whom she had heaped innumerable benefits, and was guillotined with the final supplication, "Ne me faites pas du mal, monsieur le bourreau!" upon her lips. The beautiful pavilion of her villa, built by Ledoux, still exists, but the interior is much altered.

V.

POISSY AND MANTES, ARGENTEUIL.

ON the Chemin de Fer de Rouen ; by rail from the *Gare St. Lazare*. Poissy and Mantes form a most delightful day's excursion from Paris, though architects and artists will wish to stay longer at Mantes. Vigny requires a separate excursion.

The line passes—

17 *k.* *Maisons-Laffitte*.—The magnificent château of Maisons was built by François Mansart for René de Longueuil, Surintendant des Finances. Voltaire frequently staid there with the Président de Maisons, and nearly died there of the small-pox. On his recovery, he had scarcely left the château to set out on his return to Paris, when the room he had occupied and the adjoining chambers were destroyed by fire. In 1778 the château was bought by the Comte d'Artois, and an apartment was arranged there for each of the royal family. Maisons was sold as national property at the Revolution, and has since belonged to the Duc de Montebello, and to the banker Laffitte, by whom part of the park has been cut up for villas.

As Maisons is approached by the railway, there is a fine view (on right) of the stately château rising above the west bank of the Seine, with a highly picturesque mill of the same date striding across an arm of the river in the foreground.

“The château of Maisons, built by François Mansart about the year 1658, is one of those happy designs which seem to have linked together the style of Francis I. with that of Louis XIV. It combines the playfulness of outline which prevailed at an earlier age with a strict adherence to the proprieties of the Orders as then understood. The roof is enormous, but relieved by the chimneys and by being broken into masses; while the whole effect of the design is that it is the house of a nobleman, of singular elegance, neither affecting templar grandeur nor descending into littleness.”—*Fergusson*.

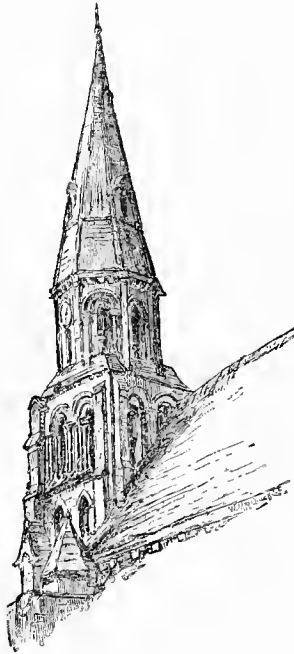
1½ *k.* is *Sartrouville*, where the church has a central romanesque octagon, with a stone spire of later date. The nave piers are cylindrical, the arches pointed transitional.

22 *k.* *Conflans-St.-Honorine*.—This place receives its first name from its situation at the confluence of the Seine and Oise; its second from the shrine of St. Honorine, brought hither by a native of Gravelle for protection from the Normans in 898: her relics are still carried in procession on Ascension Day. The parish church of *St. Maclou* has an admirable romanesque tower of the XII. c. In the choir is the tomb of Jean I., Seigneur de Montmorency, and near it the XIV. c. statue of Mathieu IV. de Montmorency, Admiral and High Chamberlain of France, 1304. A tower, called *La Baronnie*, marks the site of the priory of St. Honorine.

27 *k.* *Poissy* (*Hotel de Rouen*, right of station: very humble), on the left bank of the Seine, was the seat of a very ancient royal residence, destroyed by Charles V. If St. Louis was not born here he was certainly baptized here, and was wont to sign himself “Louis de Poissy.”

Close to the railway, in the centre of the tiny town, rises the noble *Church*. Late romanesque, with flamboyant additions, it has a most striking outline. The older portions—the nave, the apsidal choir with its two apses, and

the west and central towers, date from the XI. c., though the massive west tower, supporting a conical stone spire, and the two first bays of the nave, were rebuilt, on the old lines, in the XVII. c. The nave chapels are XV. c. The west tower formerly served as a porch, but this is now



WEST TOWER, POISSY.

blocked up, and the principal entrance is by a magnificent early XVI. c. porch on the south, with open arches on two sides : it has been injured externally by coarse restoration, but is untouched within.

“The spire of the central clock tower is of wood, like some spires of Norman belfries in an analogous situation, and there is no reason to suppose that it was originally designed in stone. The open story of the octagonal belfry is composed of coupled arcades on the larger, and of simple arcades on the smaller sides. The base of this clock tower does not support a cupola or lantern, like the central towers of the Rhine or of Normandy ; it is only the lower story of the belfry above the vaulting of the nave.”
—*Viollet-le-Duc*.

The interior is exceedingly beautiful and has been well restored. A number of early statues of saints are full of quaint character. The romanesque chapel on the north of the choir contains a fragment of the font in which St. Louis was baptized.

“C'est pourquoy, estant un jour en ce lieu depuis qu'il fut roy, il dit avec joye à ses amis que c'estoit là qu'il avoit receu le plus grand honneur qu'il eust jamais eu. C'est pourquoy lorsqu'il écrivoit en secret à ses amis particuliers, et qu'il vouloit supprimer sa qualité de roy, il se nommoit Louis de Poissy ou le seigneur de Poissi. On dit qu'il se plaisoit particulièrement en ce lieu.”—*Le Nain de Tillemont*.

A considerable part at least of the rest of the font has been taken as dust in glasses of water by the faithful as a cure for fever. In the same chapel is a tombstone, with a very curious epitaph, recording how Remy Hénault, 1630, was twice dead and twice alive, how, after having been consigned to the tomb, he was resuscitated by the devotion of his son, expressed in ardent prayer to St. Geneviève, and rose again a second Lazarus, to be called “Le ressuscité.” His son, a second Remy, who ordained special worship to St. Geneviève for her favor, now rests with him.

In the opposite chapel of St. Louis are relics of the sainted king. This chapel formerly had a stained-glass

window representing the birth of St. Louis, and beneath were the XVI. c. lines—

“ Sainte-Louis fut un enfant de Poissy,
Et baptisé en la présente église ;
Les fonts en sont gardés encore ici,
Et honorés comme relique exquisite.”

The apsidal chapel, filled with *ex-votos* to the Virgin, has modern stained-glass illustrative of the life of St. Louis.

A little behind the church is a fine old gateway, flanked by two round towers, the principal existing remnant of the famous *Abbey of Poissy*, which Philippe le Bel founded in 1304, in the place of an earlier Augustinian monastery founded by Constance of Normandy, wife of King Robert. In its refectory, Catherine de Medicis convoked the *Colloque de Poissy* in 1560, when thirty Protestants, with Théodore de Bèze at their head, disputed upon religious subjects with the papal legate, sixteen cardinals, forty bishops, and a number of other theologians. Nothing remains of the magnificent abbey church, a marvel of architectural beauty, begun by Philippe le Bel and finished by Philippe de Valois, which was pulled down in the beginning of the XIX. c. It contained the tombs of Queen Constance, Philippe le Bel, Agnès de Méranie, and of Philippe and Jean of France, children of Louis VIII. and Blanche of Castile. A pewter urn, containing the heart of the founder, Philippe le Bel, was found during some repairs in 1687. Reached by the abbey gate is the house occupied, for thirty years, by the famous artist Meissonier.

On the right of the station is the entrance to the *Bridge* (originally of thirty-seven arches) built by St. Louis, but all its character is destroyed by its being lowered and by the substitution of a cast-iron parapet for the original of stone.

The famous Cattle-market of Poissy, founded by St. Louis, is still held every Thursday.

The line passes (left) *Medan*, with a château dating from the XV. c., and in which pavilions of that date are connected by galleries of the time of Henri IV. In the XVII. c. church is the font of the famous royal church of St. Paul in Paris, inscribed—

“ A ces fons furent une fois
 Baptisez plusieurs ducs et rois,
 Princes, contes, barons, prelatz
 Et autres gens de tous estatz.
 Et afin que ce on cognoisse,
 Ils servoient en la paroisse
 Royal de Saint Pol de Paris,
 Où les Roys se tenoient jadis :
 Entre autres y fut notablement
 Baptisé honorablement
 Le sage roy Charles-le-Quint
 Et son fils qui aprez lui vint,
 Charles le large bie[n] [ai]mé
 Sixième de ce nom cla[m]é.”

35 *k.* *Triel*.—A considerable place under the hills, on the right. The village of *Vernouillet* (left of the station) has a steeple of good outline rising from a romanesque tower. A number of ruined *émigrés*, on their return to France after the Revolution, united to buy its château, and spent the rest of their lives there in happy harmony! The adjoining village of *Verneuil* has a central romanesque tower with late additions. The cruciform church of *Triel* itself is chiefly of the XIV. c., with a plain central tower: a street passes beneath the lofty choir. *Vaux* (1 *k.*) has a romanesque tower and transept, and an elegant semi-circular early pointed apse; the nave, which has aisles, but no clerestory, is XIV. c.

41 *k.* *Meulan-les-Mureaux*.—The station is at *Mureaux*,

where the modern church contains six curious XIII c. columns: of these, four, at the entrance, support a kind of triumphal arch of three openings. A stone bridge connects Mureaux with Meulan, once the chief town of a countship, which was united to the crown of France by Philippe Auguste in 1203. Louis XIII. established a convent of the Annunciation here for Charlotte du Puy de Jésus-Maria, whose prayers were believed to have removed the barrenness of Anne of Austria. The church of *Notre Dame*, in the lower town, is XIV. c. and XV. c.; that of *St. Nicolas*, on the hill (Le Haut Meulan), has a XII. c. ambulatory. Near Notre Dame is a good XIV c. house. On the island called *Le Fort*, are remains of a XV. c. chapel of St. Jacques, and of a castle of which Du Guesclin overthrew the *donjon*, when it was defended by the partisans of Charles le Mauvais.

5 *k.* to the north, occupying a square eminence, is the interesting *Château de Vigny*, built by Cardinal Georges d'Amboise.

"The Château of Vigny quite resembles those of the XV. c., only there may be remarked that the towers were applied to the walls as much for ornament as for a means of defence. The large windows, equally distributed in all parts of the exterior walls, prove how much attacks were dreaded.

"This beautiful château, built on a site cut square, presents the form of an oblong square. The longer side, which serves as a façade, is adorned by four towers at equal distances, surmounted by machicolations, and crowned by very tall and very elegant conical roofs. The gate of entrance is in the middle, between the two central towers, in a kind of advanced work or pavilion, which recalls, by its position, the donjons of certain châteaux of the XII. c.

"Many of the windows are surmounted by imitation arcades, and adorned with wreaths of foliage which proclaim sufficiently the last years of the XV. century, and the beginning of the XVI."
—*De Caumont*, "*Architecture militaire*."

49 *k.* *Epône*.—The château belonged to the family of Créqui. The church has an octagonal romanesque tower, containing an XI. c. portal: two other portals are XII. c. An omnibus runs from the station of Epône to that of *Villiers-Neauphle* on the line from Paris to Dreux, by the valley of the Mauldre, passing (12 *k.*) *Aulnay*, where the church contains an ancient tabernacle beautifully sculptured; and (20 *k.*) *Maulk*, where the church was built 1070–1118, has a tower of 1547, and covers an XI. c. crypt: a beautiful XV. c. chapel serves as a sacristy. The château dates from Louis XIII.

57 *k.* *Mantes*. (*Hotel du Grand Cerf*, a good old-fashioned inn: *du Soleil d'Or*.) “Mantes la jolie,” of the old topographers, is a charming and interesting old town. It was in 1087, after burning Mantes, which he had reclaimed from Philippe I. of France, that William the Conqueror, whilst riding proudly round the town, received the injury of which he died a few days after at Rouen.

“While he galloped across the ruins, his horse put both his feet on some burning materials covered by cinders, fell, and hurt him in the belly. The excitement he had put himself in by riding and shouting, the heat of the fire and of the season rendered a wound dangerous. He was carried, sick, to Rouen, and, thence, to a monastery beyond the walls of the city, as he could not bear the noise. He languished for six weeks, surrounded by physicians and priests, and, his illness still increasing, he sent some money to Mantes to rebuild the churches that he had burned.”—*Augustin Thierry*.

The noble church of *Notre Dame* was built with the money sent by William the Conqueror, and was again rebuilt at the end of the XII. c. at the same time as *Notre Dame de Paris*, to which it has a great resemblance. Its façade shows what that of Paris would have been if its completion had not been delayed till the middle of the

XIII. c. Of the three grand portals, two are admirable examples of the XII. c. ; that on the right was rebuilt in 1300, with a gable copied from the south portal of Rouen cathedral, which adds to the effect of the building by its variety. Above the three portals are seven arches, of which four light the first floors of the two towers. Higher, is a large window in each tower, and in the centre a beautiful rose-window. The graceful gallery above, of slender lancet arches, is comparatively modern. The upper story



MANTES.

of the towers, of open arches, is indescribably light and beautiful. The retired space, shaded by trees, in which the church stands, recalls an English cathedral close in the charm of its seclusion.

The church has no transept, and originally it had only a simple ambulatory, with no radiating chapels; the five chapels which surround the choir only having been added in the XIV. c. The clerestory is exceedingly light, and the triforium, covering the whole space of the aisles, of great width. Two leaden coffins recently discovered are

supposed to contain the heart and entrails of Philippe Auguste, who died at Mantes, July 14, 1223. Viollet-le-Duc mentions the Chapelle de Navarre on the south of the choir, with its four arches meeting at a central pillar, as one of the finest examples of the XIV. c. in the Ile de France. Its four great windows are beautiful in design, have grand fragments of stained glass, and are supported by a graceful arcade. Against the wall of the north aisle is the curious incised grave-stone of Robert Gueribeau (1644), founder of the Ursuline convent.

“The magnificent edifice rises on an inclined space, that might be described as bordered by ecclesiastical dwellings, but into which there has, nevertheless, glided like an intruder, a pretty, gallant, charming little theatre in Pompadour style, sculptured and *pomponée* like a bit of Sèvres china.”—Barron, “*Les environs de Paris.*”

An artist will find attractive subjects in the noble tower of 1340, which is all that remains of the great church of *St. Maclou*, destroyed in the Revolution, and in the gothic entrance (1344) of the old *Hôtel de Ville* (which has a stone staircase of the time of Charles VIII.), with a pretty renaissance fountain in front of it. Many picturesque fragments remain of the ancient walls and towers with which Mantes was surrounded by Charles le Mauvais and Charles le Sage, especially the *Tour de St. Martin* and an old postern gate on the *Quai des Cordeliers*. Of the other gates, the *Porte Chante l'Oie* still exists. There is a very picturesque, half-ruined bridge connecting the right bank with the island in the Seine, whence there is the best view of Notre Dame, rising in gray grandeur above the broken outline of the old houses, and the whole mirrored in the Seine.

Beyond the island, with its pleasant promenades, a

second bridge leads to the suburb of *Limay*, which has a modern mairie, of good design, and a church chiefly of the XIII. c. and XV. c., but possessing a very beautiful XII. c. tower and spire, with a romanesque chapel beneath. On the left of the west entrance is the tomb of Jean le Chenet, grand-écuyer to Charles V., and his wife, brought from the chapel of St. Antoine, which they founded at the Celestine Convent; behind it is a *Pietà* in colored relief, on either side of which are the founders presented by their patron saints. The low wide font is of the XIII. c.

On the hill above Limay is *Le Château des Célestins*, on the site of a convent founded in 1376 by Charles V.; and a little below the white walls of its vineyard terraces a path leads to the *Hermitage of St. Sauveur* (4 k. from Mantes). The way winds along the edge of the limestone hills, which, ugly in form, especially lend themselves to vineyards, and the views of the windings of the Seine are beautiful. A stone cross stands at a point where there is an exquisite view of Mantes—the noble towers of Notre Dame rising above rich woods and a graceful bend of the river, and the wavy hills, in soft succession of pink and blue distances, folding behind them. The present hermit is a woman with a number of children, but the place is very quaint and picturesque—a little establishment enclosed by walls, and a church of considerable size caverned out of the rock, and containing a curious old St. Sepulchre and a number of other figures full of character, brought from the Celestins; also the effigy of Thomas le Tourneur, secretary of Charles V., and canon of Mantes, who died in that convent.

Those who wish for a longer walk may cross the Seine by a ferry to the church of *Gassicourt* (3 k. from Mantes),

partly of the XI. c. and XIII. c., which belonged formerly to a Cluniac priory, and of which Bossuet always held the living. The portal is curious. The choir windows have remains of stained glass given by Blanche of Castile. A curious sculpture represents Jesus offering to the Queen, as the Virgin, the portrait of St. Louis as a child. There are considerable remains of mural paintings, and, in the Chapelle St. Eloi, a sculptured lavabo.

A road runs north-west from Mantes, evading a wide bend of the river, by the *Château de Mesnil* to (12 k.)



HERMITAGE OF ST. SAUVEUR.

Vetheuil, which has an important collegiate church, partly gothic and partly renaissance, to the ornamentation of which many kings and queens of France have contributed. The porch bears the monograms of François I. and Henri II. The south and west doors are sculptured with scenes from Scripture history. The west portal, surmounted by a triple gallery, has statues of royal benefactors; the central column bears a figure of Charity. The unfinished tower is of 1350. In the interior are considerable remains of mural paintings. The XII. c. choir has good stall-work.

At the end of the *Cour de l'Eglise* is a little crypt, a relic of the primitive church of Vétheuil.

At 19 *k.* from Mantes ($2\frac{1}{2}$ *k.* from the station of Gasny on the line from Vernon to Gisors), is the famous castle of *La Roche-Guyon*, founded by Guy de Guyon in 998 (though the existing buildings are of the XIII. c.), and taken by the English in 1418, after a gallant defence by Perette la Rivière, widow of Guy VI. de la Roche Guyon, who fell at Agincourt. Old ballads tell the story of a lord of the castle murdered in 1097 by his father-in-law, together with his wife, who vainly endeavored to protect him. The immense substructions are hewn out of the rock; the principal remaining building is the donjon. The later *Château* of the Duc de la Roche-Guyon, at the foot of the rock, has some traces of the XIII. c., and an entrance gate of the XV. c. The *Salle des Gardes*, inscribed with the family mottoes, *C'est mon plaisir : In Deo confido*, is filled with armor. The *Chambre de Henri IV.* contains the king's bed and bureau. The XV. c. *Church* contains the tomb of François de Silly, Duc de la Roche-Guyon, 1627, with his kneeling statue. A number of members of the families of La Rochefoucauld, De Rohan, and De Montmorency, repose in the vaults. A *Fountain*, between the church and the château, was erected by Duc Alexandre de la Rochefoucauld in 1717.

The first station west of Mantes is (6 *k.*) *Rosny*, with the XVI. c. *Château*, built by the famous Sully (Maximilien de Béthune), to replace an earlier château in which he was born, December 13, 1550. It was left unfinished in 1610, as he had no longer spirit to continue the work after the murder of his beloved master, Henri IV. The Duchesse de Berri, daughter-in-law of Charles X., inhabited it as a summer residence; and a funeral monu-

ment remains behind the altar of the church, which once supported the heart of the murdered Duc de Berri. The château of Rosny now belongs to Lebaudy, the sugar-refiner!

To the south of Mantes is *Rosay*, where the picturesque brick château of the Comtesse de Jobal dates from Henri III., and, between Rosay and Septeuil, the little village of *St. Corentin*, which possessed an abbey where Agnès de Méranie, wife of Philippe Auguste, was buried, with the heart and entrails of Blanche of Castile.

Argenteuil is reached in twenty minutes from the *Gare St. Lazare*, passing—

6 *k. Colombes*.—In this village, which belonged to the abbey of St. Denis, was the convent of the Visitation de Chaillot, founded by Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. of England—"la reine malheureuse." It was at Chaillot that Mme de Motteville, lady-in-waiting to Anne of Austria, wrote the description of the English Revolution in her *Mémoires* from the lips of the queen; and here her wise sister, known in the court as Socratine, took the veil. After the death of Henrietta Maria (August 31, 1669, aged sixty, at a château which she possessed at Colombes¹), her heart was given to Chaillot. Her body also lay in state in the convent before its removal to St. Denis: and here, forty days after her death, a magnificent commemoration service was performed in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. Bossuet then pronounced a discourse, in which he reviewed the varied historic episodes which had attended the life of "the

¹ The Rue de la Reine-Henriette commemorates the residence of the queen at Colombes.

queen incomparable, our great Henrietta," whose "griefs had made her learned in the science of salvation and the efficacy of the cross, whilst all Christendom united in sympathy for her unexampled sorrows—*Sa propre patrie lui fut un triste lieu d'exil.*"

Queen Mary Beatrice came to Chaillot from St. Germain to spend the time of James II.'s absence in Ireland, and made a great friendship with three of the nuns in the convent, her "three Angéliques." She frequently visited Chaillot afterwards, and kept up a constant correspondence with its inmates. Hither she retired immediately after the death of James II., and one of the nuns records¹ how, in her weeds, covered by a long black veil, and preceded by the nuns singing the "*De Profundis,*" she came to the chapel to visit the heart of her husband. "She bowed her head, clasped her hands together, knelt, and kissed the urn through the black crape which covered it, then, after a silent prayer, rose, and having asperged it with holy water, without sigh or tear, turned about silently, with great apparent firmness, but, before she had made four steps, fell in such a faint as caused fears for her life."

In her latter years Mary Beatrice lived much in the seclusion of Chaillot, taking refuge here when she had given all she possessed to the importunity of the English exiles; and she bequeathed her heart to rest for ever in the convent, and her body till the moment she always hoped for should arrive, when her remains should be transported to Westminster with those of the king her husband and their daughter Louisa.

It was to Chaillot that Mlle de la Vallière fled, when she first escaped from the Court and from the indiffer-

¹ Chaillot MS.

ence of Louis XIV., captivated by Mme de Montespan ; and hither Colbert came on the part of his master, to bring her back once more to the Court, whence she soon fled a second time, and for ever.

In the church of the Minims of Chaillot was the tomb of Françoise de Veyni d'Arbouse, wife of Antoine Duprat, afterwards Cardinal and Chancellor of France under François I., and that of the brave Maréchal Comte de Rantzau, inscribed :—

“Du corps du grand Rantzau tu n'as que des parts,
L'autre moitié resta dans les plaines de Mars :
Il dispersa partout ses membres et sa gloire.
Tout abattu qu'il fut, il demeura vainqueur :
Son sang fut en cent lieux le prix de sa victoire,
Et Mars ne lui laissa rien d'entier que le cœur.”

At *Bezons*, a little west of Colombes, near the Seine, are some remains of the château inhabited by the Maréchal de Bezons in the beginning of the XVIII. c.

9 *k. Argentueil*, famous for its wine and for its Benedictine monastery, of which the famous Héloïse was prioress in the beginning of the XII. c., before she went to the Paraclete. Its great relic was the seamless tunic of our Saviour, supposed to have been woven by the Virgin. Matthew of Westminster says that it grew with the growth of Jesus—*Mater ejus fecerat ei, et crevit ipso crescente*. Gregory of Tours says that, after the Crucifixion, the “Holy Tunic” was preserved in a hidden cellar in the town of Galatia, fifty leagues from Constantinople. This town was destroyed by the Persians in 590, but the tunic was saved, and carried to Jaffa, and thence, in 595, to Jerusalem. In 614 it is believed to have been carried off by Chosroes II. of Persia, when he sacked the holy city, but his son gave it up in 628 to Heraclius, who car-

ried it to Constantinople. Here it remained till the Empress Irene gave it to Charlemagne, who bestowed it upon his daughter Theodrada, abbess of Argenteuil. In the IX. c., when the convent was sacked by the barbarians of the north, the tunic was lost, but its existence is supposed to have been revealed by an angel to a monk in 1156, and henceforth it worked many miracles. The Huguenots, taking Argenteuil in 1567, made "a plaything" of the tunic; but Henri III., Louis XIII., Marie de Medicis and Anne of Austria made pilgrimages to it, and Mlle de Guise gave it a sumptuous shrine. At the Revolution the church was pillaged, and the shrine carried off, but the tunic was hidden in the presbytery garden, where it was found by the Bishop of Versailles in 1804, and restored to the church. A morsel was given, at his urgent request, to Pius IX. and another to the Jesuit convent at Fribourg. The Cathedral of Trèves possesses the robe of Christ, as distinguished from the tunic.

At the end of the long winding street of Argenteuil, is the very handsome modern romanesque church. The shrine is in the right transept, and, near it, a picture by *Bouterwek*, representing the reception of the relic by Charlemagne's daughter. The church bells still ring at 1 P.M., the hour at which the seamless tunic arrived in the VIII. c.

VI.

ST. DENIS, ENGHYEN, AND MONTMORENCY.

ST. DENIS may be reached by rail from the Chemin de Fer du Nord in fifteen minutes, but the station of St. Denis is a long way from the cathedral. A much better plan is to take the tramway (every half hour), from the Rue Taitbout or Boulevard Haussmann (an omnibus runs in connection from the Boulevard St. Denis), which sets visitors down close to the cathedral.

Hôtel de France ; du Grand Cerf.

The way to St. Denis lies through the manufacturing suburb of Paris, and is very ugly. The crosses (*Monjoies*, *Mons gaudii*) which once bordered the way, have long perished.

“In the way were faire crosses of stone carv'd with fleurs de lys at every furlong's end, where they affirme St. Denys rested and layd down his head after martyrdom.”—*John Evelyn.*

On the site of an oratory in which the pious Catulla placed the relics of St. Denis, with his companions Rusticus and Eleutherius, after their death at the *Mons martyrum* (Montmartre), and in the village which in the XII. c. was called from her Vicus Catholiacensis, rose the famous abbey of St. Denis. In the V. c. St. Geneviève rebuilt the chapel of St. Denis, and her work was four times reconstructed before the XIII. c., to which the present building is due, though, in the crypt, some arches remain from the church of Dagobert, 630. The Abbot

Suger, who governed France during the crusade of Louis VII., built greater part of the church which we now see, the church in which Jeanne Darc offered her sword and armor upon the altar, and in which Henri IV. abjured Protestantism. The western façade, of 1140, has three romanesque portals, richly decorated with sculpture, that in the centre with statues of the wise and foolish virgins. Only one of the two side towers remains; that on the north, pulled down in 1846, had a tall spire. The remaining tower contains the great bell of Charles V., recast in 1758, and called Louise, in honor of Louis XV. The stately aspect of the interior is greatly enhanced by the four staircases leading to the chevet. The choir, surrounded by radiating chapels, was consecrated in 1144. The stained-glass windows are mostly of the reign of Louis Philippe. Only one is ancient, that in the Chapel of the Virgin, with the genealogy of Christ.

In 1790, the decree which suppressed the religious orders put an end to the existence of the abbey of St. Denis, which had lasted more than eleven centuries and a half. The monks celebrated mass for the last time on September 14, 1792, after which their church became that of the parish. But in 1793 the church also was closed, and was only reopened in the following year, as a Temple of Reason. In 1800, when Chateaubriand saw St. Denis, the church was unroofed, the windows broken, and the tombs were gone.

“The people, in savage fury over the tombs, seemed to ex-hume its own history and cast it to the winds. The axe broke the bronze gates given by Charlemagne to the basilica of St. Denis. Railings, roof-pieces, statues, all crumbled into fragments beneath the hammer. Stones were torn up, tombs violated, coffins smashed in. A mocking curiosity examined under the bandages and shrouds the embalmed bodies, the consumed flesh,

the calcined bones, the empty skulls of kings, queens, princes, ministers, or bishops, whose names had echoed through the past history of France. Pepin, the founder of the Carolingian dynasty, and the father of Charlemagne, was only a pinch of grey dust, that the wind carried off. The mutilated heads of the Turennes, the Duguesclins, Louis XII., Francis I. rolled on the parvis. Every step was on piles of sceptres, crowns, pastoral staves, historic or religious attributes. An immense ditch, the sides of which were covered with quicklime, to destroy the bodies, was dug in one of the outer cemeteries, called the Cemetery of the Valois. Perfumes were burned in the vaults to purify the air. After every blow of the axe, the shouts of the diggers were heard as they discovered the remains of a king, and played with his bones.

“Under the choir were buried the princes and princesses of the first race and some of the third—Hugh Capet, Philippe le Hardi, Philippe le Bel. They were stripped of their silk bands and thrown into a bed of lime.

“Henri IV., skilfully embalmed by Italians, preserved his historic countenance. His chest, when exposed, still displayed the two wounds by which his life had fled. His beard, scented and spread out in fan-shape, as in his pictures, evidenced the care which this voluptuous king took about his appearance. His memory, dear to the people, protected him for a moment from profanation. The crowd defiled in silence for two days before this still popular corpse. Placed in the choir at the foot of the altar, he received in death the respectful homage of the mutilators of royalty. Javogues, a representative of the people, was indignant at such posthumous superstition. He endeavored to demonstrate in a few words to the people, that this king, brave and amorous, had been the seducer rather than the savior of his people. ‘He deceived,’ said Javogues, ‘God, his mistresses, and his people; let him not deceive posterity and your justice.’ The corpse of Henri IV. was flung into the common grave.

“His son and grandson, Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., followed him. Louis XIII. was only a mummy, Louis XIV. a black, amorphous mass of spices. The man was lost after death in perfumes, as during life in pride. The sepulchre of the Bourbons gave up its dead; queens, dauphines, princesses were carried in armfuls, by laborers, and thrown, with their entrails, into the pit. Louis XV. came last from the tomb. The infection of his reign seemed to rise from his sepulchre. A mass of powder had to be

burned to dissipate the mephitic odor of the corpse of this prince, whose scandals had degraded royalty.

"In the tomb of the Charleses, there was found by the side of Charles V. a hand of justice and a gold crown, and the spindle and nuptial ring to the coffin of Jeanne de Bourbon, his wife.

"The tomb of the Valois was empty. The just hatred of the people sought Louis XI. in vain. This king had himself buried in one of the sanctuaries of the Virgin, whom he so often invoked even to aid him in his crimes.

"The body of Turenne, injured by the cannon-ball, was venerated by the people. It was saved from re-interment, and preserved for nine years in the garrets of the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes, among the stuffed animals. The soldiers' tomb of the Invalides was granted to this hero by the hand of a soldier like him. Duguesclin, Suger, Vendôme, heroes, abbés, ministers of the monarchy, were hurled, pell-mell, into the earth which confounded recollections of glory with recollections of slavery.

"Dagobert I. and his wife Nantilde reposed in the same sepulchre for twelve centuries. There was no head to the skeleton of Nantilde as to the skeletons of many queens. King John closed this mournful procession of the dead. The tombs were emptied. One corpse, it was seen, was wanting, that of a young princess, daughter of Louis XV., who had fled into a convent from the scandals of the throne, and died in the robe of a Carmelite. The vengeance of the Revolution sought for the virgin's corpse even in the tomb of the cloister where she had fled all grandeur. The coffin was brought to St. Denis to undergo the punishment of exhumation and the garbage-pit. No corpse was spared. Nothing royal was deemed innocent. This brutal instinct revealed in the Revolution the desire to repudiate the long past of France. It would have liked to tear out all the pages of its history, to date all from the republic."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins*."

Englishmen are interested in the fact that the first coffin disinterred at St. Denis was that of Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. of England. The next was that of her daughter Henrietta, first wife of the Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV.

None of the monuments which existed in the abbey-

church before the Revolution were older than the time of St. Louis. It was that king who placed tombs upon the resting-places of his predecessors from the time of Dagobert to that of Louis VI., his great-great-grandfather. Very few princes and princesses of the first two dynasties were buried at St. Denis, but the house of Capet were almost all laid there. Of its thirty-two monarchs, only three desired to be buried elsewhere—Philippe I. at St. Benoît-sur-Loire; Louis VII. at the abbey of Barbeau; Louis XI. at Notre Dame de Cléry. The coffins up to the XIV. c. were in stone, after that in lead. The effigies placed here by St. Louis cannot be considered as portraits. The first statue which appears to aim at portraiture is that of Philippe le Hardi. After the time of Henri II. no royal monuments were erected, and two long lines of coffins of fifty-four members of the House of Bourbon were placed on iron trestles in the sanctuary of the crypt, without tombs. The Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XVI. (June, 1789), filled the last place which remained unoccupied; a new burial-place was in contemplation, when the Revolution cleared out all the vaults. Up to that time, besides the abbots of St. Denis, only twelve illustrious persons had received the honor of burial amongst the kings—Pierre de Nemours and Alphonse de Brienne, who died before Carthage in 1270, and whose remains were brought back with those of St. Louis; Du Guesclin, the liberator of France, and his brother in arms, Louis de Sancerre; Bureau de la Rivière, the faithful councillor of Charles V. and Charles VI.; Arnaud de Guilhem, killed at the battle of Bulguéville, 1431; Sédile de St. Croix, wife of Jean Pastourel, councillor of Charles V.; Guillaume de Chastel, killed at the battle of Pontoise, 1441; Louis de Pontoise, killed at the siege of Crotoy, 1475; the Duc de Chatillon,

killed at the taking of Charenton, 1649 ; and the Marquis de St. Maigrin, killed fighting in the Faubourg St. Antoine, 1652 ; lastly, Turenne, whose body was removed to the Invalides by order of the first consul.

Between August 6 and 8, 1793, fifty monuments were thrown down at St. Denis, but by the indefatigable energy of a single private citizen, Alexandre Lenoir, the greater part of the statues and several of the tombs in stone and marble were preserved, and removed to a Musée des Monuments Français at Paris. The monuments in metal were almost all melted down, though they included the precious recumbent statue of Charles le Chauve, the tomb of Marguerite de Provence, the mausoleum of Charles VIII., and the effigy of the Sire de Barbazan, signed by Jean Morant, founder at Paris. At the same time the royal coffins were rifled of silver-gilt crowns, sceptres, hands of justice, rings, brooches, the distaffs of two queens, and many precious stuffs.

A royal ordinance of December, 1816, ordered the closing of the historical museum, and the restoration to the churches of such fragments of tombs as were preserved. A number of monuments from the abbeys of St. Geneviève, St. Germain des Prés, and Royaumont ; from the convents of the Cordeliers, Jacobins, Celestins, and other religious orders, were then sent to St. Denis with those which had originally belonged to the church. Only such tombs as were too large to be placed in the crypt were left above ground ; the rest were arranged in the vaults, where they continued till the restoration of the monuments of St. Denis to their original site was begun by Viollet-le-Duc, and the effigies brought from other sites placed as near as possible to the tombs of those with whom they were connected.

According to present arrangements, the monumental treasures of St. Denis may be glanced at, but they cannot be seen. Every half-hour (except 1 P.M.) on week days, and between 3.30 and 5.30 on Sundays, parties of ten are formed and hurried full-gallop round the church under the guardianship of a jabbering custode, who is unable to answer any question out of the regular routine, allows no one to linger except over the XIX. c. monuments, which he greatly admires, and is chiefly occupied by the "Gentlemen and ladies, please remember your guide," at the end of the survey. Wooden barriers prevent any one from approaching the tombs, so little is gained beyond a consciousness that they are there. As the tombs are always shown from the left, we follow that course here.

At the end of the open part of the left aisle of the nave is the little *Chapelle de la Trinité*. It contains the tombs of *Charles de Valois, Comte d'Alençon*, 1346, and his wife *Marie d'Espagne*, 1379, brought hither from the great church of the Jacobins at Paris. Charles de Valois fell in the battle of Crécy: his shield, sword, and baldric were formerly covered with enamelled copper like those of the Earl of Cornwall in Westminster Abbey.

In the same chapel is the tomb of *Léon de Lusignan, King of Armenia*, 1393, who died at Paris and was buried with great magnificence by Charles VI. in the church of the Célestins, whence his monument was brought here. His statue lies on the spot where tradition says that Christ entered the church to consecrate it in person.

Passing the barrier, the *Chapelle de St. Hippolyte* on the left—open towards the aisle—is devoted to the family of Valois or of St. Louis. The first group of monuments in point of date is that of *Philippe, brother of St. Louis; Louis, eldest son of St. Louis*, 1260; *Louis and Philippe, sons of*

Pierre, Comte d'Alençon, and grandsons of St. Louis, XIII. c. All these were originally buried in the abbey which St. Louis founded at Royaumont, and were brought hither on its suppression in 1791. The figures of the brother and son of St. Louis rest on tombs surrounded by niches full of figures. Those on the tomb of Prince Louis represent the funeral procession which accompanied his remains to Royaumont. Henry III. of England, who was at that time at Paris, was amongst those who carried the coffin, and is thus represented in a relief at the foot of the tomb. The two Alençon children died in infancy, and lie on the same tomb, divided into two niches; but this tomb is a copy, the original, with that of a child of Philippe, Comte d'Artois, 1291, also from Royaumont, is in the "magasin" of the church! *Charles d'Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, 1285*, brother of St. Louis, is buried at Naples, with a magnificent monument, but his heart was brought to the church of the Jacobins at Paris, where his great-granddaughter, Queen Clémence de Hongrie, erected (1326) the tomb which we now see here; his right hand holds a sword, and his left a heart. *Blanche, third daughter of St. Louis, 1320*, married Ferdinand, eldest son of Alfonso X. of Castile, but returned to France after his death, and died in the convent of the Cordeliers in the Faubourg St. Marcel, which she had founded, whence her tomb was brought hither. She is represented in extreme youth. *Louis, Comte d'Evreux, 1319*, son of Philippe le Hardi, and his wife, *Marguerite d'Artois, 1311*, were buried in the church of the Jacobins at Paris, whence their monument was brought here. The figure of the Countess is one of the best mediæval statues known—both as to expression and costume: at her feet two little dogs play with some oak-leaves. *Charles, Comte de Valois, 1325*, third son of

Philippe le Hardi, and chief of the royal branch of Valois, was also brought hither from the church of the Jacobins, his second wife, *Catherine de Courtenay*, 1307 (daughter of Philippe, titular Emperor of Constantinople, from whom she inherited the title of empress), was brought to St. Denis from the monastery of Maubuisson: her statue has the peculiarity of being in black marble. *Clémence de Hongrie*, 1328, second wife of Louis X., and daughter of Charles Martel (d'Anjou), King of Hungary, was brought hither from the Jacobins. The effigies of *Blanche d'Evreux*, second queen of Philippe VI., 1398, and their daughter *Jeanne de France*, 1371, rest on the spot which their tomb formerly occupied in the centre of the Chapelle St. Hippolyte, but the original black-marble tomb surrounded by twenty-four statuettes of the ancestors of Blanche d'Evreux is destroyed. The queen had formerly a metal crown. Jeanne de France died at Beziers on her way to marry Jean d'Aragon, Duc de Gironne, but was brought for burial to St. Denis. The statue erect against a pillar is that of a Prioress of Poissy, *Marie de Bourbon*, 1402, daughter of Pierre I., Duc de Bourbon, and sister-in-law of King Charles V. She received the veil in her fourth year. Her effigy remained till the last century in the conventual church of St. Louis de Poissy, attached to a pillar.

On the right of the aisle is the pillar in honor of *Cardinal Louis de Bourbon*, 1557 (son of François de Bourbon, Comte de Vendôme, and Marie de Luxembourg), archbishop of Sens and abbot of St. Denis. He is buried at Laon, which was one of his five bishoprics, but his heart was brought hither. The pillar formerly bore a kneeling statue of the cardinal.

Close to this, but inside the choir, is the red-marble twisted column in memory of *Henri III.*, 1589, assassin-

ated at St. Cloud, and first buried at the abbey of St. Corneille de Compeigne, whence his remains were brought hither in 1610, to be buried in the chapel of the Valois.

Now, on the right, we see, restored to their original position between the choir and the transept, four tombs bearing statues—*Robert le Picux*, 1031, and *Constance d'Arles*, 1032, daughter of Guillaume, Comte de Provence; *Henri I.*, 1060, founder of St. Martin les Champs, and *Louis VI.*, 1137; *Philipppe le Jeune*, eldest son of Louis VI., 1131 (who was crowned in the lifetime of his father, 1129, and was killed by a fall from his horse), and *Constance de Castille*, 1160, daughter of Alphonso VIII., who married Louis VII. after his divorce from Eleanor of Aquitaine; *Carloman*, 771, king of Austrasia, and brother of Charlemagne, who died at twenty-one, and *Ermentrude*, 869, first wife of Charles le Chauve. All this series belongs to the effigies erected by St. Louis to the memory of his ancestors in the XIII. c. Near these are the tombs of *Louis X., le Hutin*, 1316, who died at Vincennes; the charming little effigy of *Jean I.*, 1316, son of Louis X., who was born at the Louvre four months after his father's death, and only lived five days; and *Jeanne de France*, 1349, eldest daughter of Louis X. and Marguerite de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe le Bon, king of Navarre. Further inside the choir are tombs copied from those originally existing in the abbey of Royaumont, and supporting effigies brought from thence of *Jean Tristan and Blanche*, children of St. Louis, in enamelled copper. Blanche died 1243; Jean, who accompanied his father to the Crusades, died before him on the coast of Africa in 1247.

On the left, on either side of the entrance to the north transept, are statues brought from Notre Dame de Corbeil

—a king and queen, which have been long regarded, but with much uncertainty, as representing *Clovis* and *Clotilde*. Hard by is the splendid tomb of *Louis XII.*, 1515, and his second wife, *Anne de Bretagne*, 1514, executed at Tours by Jean Juste.¹ A large square base supports an edifice pierced by twelve arches, within which the royal pair are represented as skeletons, whilst above they kneel, as in life, with joined hands before a prie-dieu, in statues which are supposed to be portraits of the utmost fidelity. Statues of Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, and Temperance are seated at the angles; between the arches are statues of the apostles, and on the base are four bas-reliefs of wonderful workmanship, representing the campaigns of the king in Italy. In this monument, says Lübke, "French sculpture attained its classical perfection."

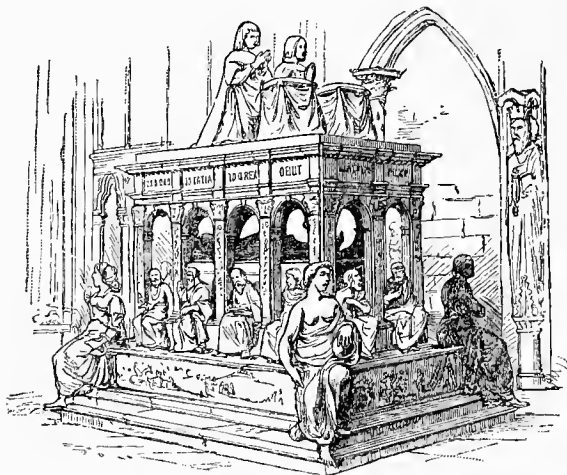
"On the burying-place of Louis XII. and Queen Anne, King Francis, their son-in-law and successor, erected a sumptuous mausoleum of fine white marble two stories high, which is one of the finest, not to say the finest, piece of work in Europe. There is a tomb in this mausoleum in which lie the bodies of the king and queen in leaden coffins, as sound and whole as when they were placed there. On that of the king, at the head, there is a crown of gilt copper, formed like an imperial crown, and on that of his wife a simple ducal crown. At the feet of the two coffins are their epitaphs engraved on plates of tin."—*Germain Millet, XVII. c.*

"Faithful to his promises, the first observer of the laws he gave, a foe to intrigue and quibbling, loving to take counsel of learned men, and rejecting that vanity which is common to so many sovereigns, which believes that omniscience is united to omnipotence, Louis was truly a good king."—*Touchard-Lafosse, "Hist. de Paris."*

The next great monument, of *Henri II.*, 1559, and *Catherine de Medicis*, 1589, is the masterpiece of Germain

¹ In 1531, Francis I. commissioned Cardinal Duprat to pay Jean Juste of Tours for the monument of the "feu roy Loys et royne Anne."

Pilon. It formerly occupied the centre of a magnificent chapel of its own, destroyed in 1719, when it was transferred to the north transept. The royal pair are again here represented twice—below, in the sleep of death, the queen beautiful as at the time of the death of her husband, whom she survived thirty years; above, kneeling in royal



TOMB OF LOUIS XII. ST. DENIS.

robes. The bas-reliefs of the stylobate represent Faith, Hope, Charity, and Good Works.

“The Cavaliero Bernini admired the tomb of the Valois, he who could find nothing passable in France.”—*Sauval*, “*Antiquités de Paris*.”

Near the tomb of Henri II. is that of *Guillaume du Chastel*, 1441, “panetier du roi,” killed at the siege of Pontoise, and buried here by Charles VII. on account of his great valor and services to the state. He is represented in complete armor.

Beyond this, in the *Chapelle Notre Dame la Blanche*, are three tombs. The first bears the effigies of *Philippe V., le Long*, 1322 ; his brother, *Charles IV., le Bel*, 1328, with his wife, *Jeanne d'Evreux*, 1371, long his survivor. The second is that of *Blanche de France*, 1392, daughter of Charles IV., and wife of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, fifth son of Philippe de Valois. The third effigy represents *Jean II., le Bon*, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, and died at the Savoy in London, 1364.¹ It was to this chapel that Queen Jeanne d'Evreux gave the image of the Virgin which is now at Paris, in the church of St. Germain des Prés.

On the right of the stairs ascending to the sanctuary, between them and the choir, are the cenotaph monuments of *Clovis I.*, 511, and his son Childebert I., 558. The statue of Clovis, of XII. c., comes from a tomb which occupied the centre of a (now destroyed) church which he founded under the name of the Saints-Apôtres, and which afterwards took that of St. Geneviève. The king has the long hair and beard of the Merovingian race. The statue of Childebert I. comes from his tomb in the centre of the choir of the church which he founded in honor of St. Vincent, afterwards St. Germain des Prés.²

Ascending the steps, we find, on the right, the tomb of a prince, supposed to be a *Comte de Dreux*, from the church of the Cordeliers: the epitaph was destroyed in a fire at the monastery in 1580. Close by is an *Unknown Princess*, supposed to represent Blanche, daughter of Charles IV.

On the left, in the *Chapelle St. Eustache*, the second

¹ An authentic portrait of Jean le Bon, on wood, was, till recently, preserved at the Sainte Chapelle.

² Three sculptured gravestones placed by the Benedictines of St. Germain des Prés over the graves of Clotaire II., his wife Bertrude, and Childeric II., have been left neglected in the "magasin" of St. Denis.

quadrangular chapel of the apse, we are surprised to find *Henri II.* and *Catherine de Medicis*, a second time, lying on a bronze bed. The statues are splendid works of Germain Pilon, and were only brought to St. Denis in 1589, after the death of Catherine de Medicis. Behind this tomb is the kneeling statue of *Marie de Bourbon*, 1538, which once existed, with that of her sister Catherine, in the abbey of Notre Dame de Soissons, of which the latter was abbess. They were daughters of Charles de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme, and sisters of Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henri IV. Marie was betrothed, in 1535, to James V. of Scotland, but died before her marriage could take place. On this spot formerly stood the monument of Turenne, now at the Invalides.

The seven semicircular chapels of the chevet are dedicated to St. Osmanne, St. Maurice, St. Pérégrin, the Virgin, St. Cucuphas, St. Eugène, and St. Hilaire. A number of ancient inscriptions, and some sepulchral stones of abbots of St. Denis, have been placed in these chapels.

On the south side of the Sanctuary, but behind the high-altar, inserted in a modern altar-tomb, is the curious mosaic tomb of *Frédégonde*, wife of Chilperic I., 597. The queen—who, amongst many others, murdered her brother-in-law, stepson, husband, and the bishop Pretextatus at the altar—is represented with crown and sceptre, and royal mantle. The tomb comes from St. Germain des Prés.

The *Sacristy* is adorned with modern paintings relating to the history of the abbey. In an adjoining room is the *Treasury*, now of little interest.

To the south of the high-altar, the side of the Epistle, has been restored the tomb of *Dagobert*, 638, long exiled to the porch of the nave. This king died in the Abbey of St. Denis. His gothic monument is probably due to St.

Louis. A modern statue has been copied from the fragments broken at the Revolution. At the sides of the arch are the statues of *Nantilde*, wife of Dagobert, and Clovis II., their son. The relief behind represents the legend that, when Dagobert was dying, St. Denis appeared on the shore of Sicily to a holy hermit named John, bidding him arise instantly and pray for the departing king. He had scarcely obeyed when he beheld, on the neighboring sea, a boat full of demons, who were flogging the king as he lay bound at the bottom of the vessel. The soul is represented as a naked figure crowned. Dagobert was crying for help to his three favorite saints—Denis, Maurice, and Martin. Forthwith the three saints appeared in the midst of a mighty tempest, and snatched their servant from the hands of his oppressors, and as they bore him, sustained on a sheet, to celestial spheres, the hermit heard them singing the words of Psalm lxx., “Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts.” Guillaume de Nangis, who narrates the vision of the hermit John, in his XIII. c. chronicle, adds :

“Et se ne me croyez, allez à Saint Denis en France, en l'église, et regardez devant l'autel où len chante tous les jours la grant messe, là où le roy Dagobet gist. Là verrez-vous au-dessus de luy ce que vous ay dit, pourtraict et de noble euvre richement enluminée.”

A seated wooden statue of the Virgin, near the tomb of Dagobert, comes from the church of St. Martin des Champs at Paris. Descending the steps of the sanctuary, we find on the left four tombs bearing statues to *Pepin*, 768, who was buried near the high-altar, with the good queen *Berthe*, 783; and to *Louis III.*, 883, and *Carloman*, 884, sons of Louis II. The latter was killed at eighteen, in hunting, by

the carelessness of one of his servants, and died refusing to give his name, that he might not be punished ; his admirable statue is full of youthful grace.

Here is the entrance to the *Crypt*, of which the walled-in central part, a relic of the XI. c., has served since the time of Henri IV. as a burial-place for the princes and princesses of the blood royal. It now contains the coffins of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Louis XVIII., Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire de France (brought from Trieste, where they died), Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berry, and two of his children, who died in infancy, Louis Joseph, Prince de Condé, and Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, father of the Duc d'Enghien. Here also are Louis VII., brought from the Abbey of Barbeau near Melun, and Louise de Lorraine, wife of Henri III., brought from the church of the Capucins at Paris. In a walled-up chapel at the end of the crypt aisle—Le Caveau de Turenne—have been placed all the remains of earlier kings and queens which were exhumed from the trench into which they were thrown at the Revolution. In the eastern chapel are kneeling figures by *Gaulle* and *Petitot* to *Louis XVI.* and *Marie Antoinette*. In another chapel is a monument to *Louis XVIII.* by *Valois*, and a relief to *Louis XVII.* In a third, a relief commemorates *Madame Louise*, daughter of Louis XV., who died a nun at St. Denis. In a fourth is a statue of Charlemagne by *Gois*, made by order of Napoleon I.; in a fifth a monumental statue to *Diane de France*, 1619, Duchesse d'Angoulême et de Montmorency, brought from the Minimes of the Place Royale. On the wall to the south is a bust of *Louis XI.* A passage containing four huge statues of Religion, Courage, France, and Paris, by *Cortot* and *Dupaty*, intended for the tomb of the *Duc de Berry*, murdered 1820, leads to an inner crypt. Here are

tombs to *Henri IV.*, *Louis XIII.* and *Anne of Austria*; *Louis XIV.*, and *Marie Thérèse*, and *Louis XV.* The reliefs placed over the burial-place of the heart of *Louis XIII.* were brought from the Grands-Jésuites (Sts. Paul et Louis) at Paris, and are the work of *Jacques Sarazin*. Here also a tomb bears medallions to *Mesdames Adélaïde and Victoire* and their niece, *Madame Elizabeth*, the brave and saintly sister of *Louis XVI.* The *Caveau Impérial*, which *Napoleon III.* made to receive his dynasty, is quite untenanted.

Returning to the upper church, we find on the left the *Chapelle de St. Jean-Baptiste* or *des Connétables*, which contains the very interesting tomb of *Bertrand Duguesclin*, Comte de Longueville and Constable of France, who died in 1380 before the walls of Châteauneuf de Rangon.

“ ‘ Messire Bertrand jura que jamais ne partiroit d'illec qu'il n'eût le châtel à son plaisir. Mais une maladie le prit, dont il accoucha au lit ; pour ce ne se défit mie du siège ; mais ses gens en furent plus aigres que devant ” (Froissart). The Maréchal de Sancerre informed the English governor, in the name of Du Guesclin, that all the garrison would be put to the sword if it was taken by assault. The hostile leader capitulated, and brought the keys of the castle to Messire Bertrand ; he found him stretched on his death-bed. The good constable collected the remains of his forces to receive this trophy of his conquest, and gave up the ghost a few moments afterwards, at the age of sixty-six.”—*Martin*, “*Hist. de France.*”

“ Decimam Gallorum ex gente figuram,
Militis insignis Claschina, prole Britanna
Nati, Bertrandi, quo nullus major in armis
Tempestate sua fuit, aut praestantior omni
Virtute, et toto fama praeclarior orbe.”

Antoine Astesan, 1451.

The funeral oration of *Bertrand Duguesclin* in 1580 is the first example of a funeral oration pronounced in a

church.¹ A white marble statue commemorates the Constable *Louis de Sancerre*, 1402, brother-in-arms of Bertrand Duguesclin and Olivier de Clisson. “‘Enfants,’ disait-il à ses gens lorsqu’ils allaient en guerre, ‘en quelque état qu’un homme se trouve, il doit toujours faire son honneur.’”

Near Duguesclin, two months later, was laid the king he served, *Charles V., le Sage*, 1380—whose characteristic statue reposes on a modern tomb of black marble, with that of his queen *Jeanne de Bourbon*, 1377, daughter of Pierre I., Duc de Bourbon, who was killed at Poitiers. The statue of the queen was brought from the church of the Célestins at Paris, where her entrails were buried, as is indicated in the figure, by the bag in its hands, which is supposed to contain them. From the same church were brought two niches containing statues of Charles V. and Jeanne, which formerly decorated the portal, destroyed in 1847.

Another modern tomb bears the remarkable effigies—apparently portraits—of *Charles VI.*, 1422, who died insane, and his wicked wife *Isabeau de Bavière*, 1435. Her crowned head bears a double veil, the upper fastened to the lower by long pins. This hated queen was brought to St. Denis in a boat by night, unattended—“ni plus ni moins qu’une simple demoiselle.”² A third tomb, almost similar to the two last, commemorates *Charles VII.*, 1461, and his wife, *Marie d’Anjou*, 1463, daughter of Louis II., king of Naples.

Against the wall of this chapel, the burial-place of Charles V., have been placed two curious sculptured slabs commemorating the *Battle of Bouvines*, 1214, brought from the church of St. Catherine du Val-des-Ecoliers, founded

¹ Saint-Foix, *Essais hist. sur Paris.*

² Brantôme.

by the sergeants-at-arms in thanksgiving for that victory, the Confraternity of Sergeants-at-arms owing its foundation to Charles V. The inscriptions on these curious monuments tell how St. Louis laid the first stone of the church of St. Catherine as a thank-offering for the victory of Bouvines. "Les sergents d'armes, qui gardaient le pont, avaient promis une église à Madame Sainte Catherine, si Dieu leur donnait victoire, et ainsi fut-il." The first of the slabs bears one of the earliest known representations of St. Louis.

To the wall of the transept is removed the beautiful canopied tomb erected, in the church of the Célestins at Paris, by Françoise d'Alençon, to her seven-years-old child, *Renée d'Orléans Longueville*, 1515, daughter of François II., Duc de Longueville, who died in the abbatial hotel of St. Geneviève. The crowned effigy of the child, holding a rosary, rests upon a slab of black marble supported on a sarcophagus, decorated with statuettes of virgin saints. Above are other virgin patronesses—the Madonna, Margaret, Catherine, Barbara, and Geneviève bearing a lighted taper, which a devil tries to extinguish and an angel to keep alight.

Descending the church, we now come on the right to another group of tombs. That of *Isabelle d'Aragon*, 1271, daughter of James I., king of Aragon, who died from a fall from her horse while crossing a river at Cosenza in Calabria, bears her white marble effigy with two little dogs at her feet. Around, in white-marble letters inlaid in the black, is the most ancient rhythmical inscription at St. Denis:—

"Dysabel lame ait paradys
 Dom li cors gist sovz ceste ymage
 Fame av roi philippe ia dis
 Fill lovis roi mort en cartage

Le jouvr de sainte agnes seconde
 Lan mil CC. dis et soisente
 A cvsance fv morte av monde
 Vie sanz fin dexli consente."

The tomb of *Philippe le Hardi*, 1285, who died at Perpignan, bears an effigy which is supposed to be the earliest authentic royal portrait-statue at St. Denis. Close by is the monument of *Philippe IV., le Bel*, 1314, with a well-preserved but mannered statue. Behind are the tombs of *Clovis II.*, 656, son of Dagobert I. and Nantilde, and husband of St. Bathilde (buried at Chelles); and *Charles Martel*, 741, son of Pepin d'Herstall, famous for his victories over the Saracens, who held the title of Maire in the palace of the Franks, or of "Duc des Français."

On the left side of the transept door is buried *Suger*, the great abbot of St. Denis, who built the greater part of the church, and governed France during the crusade of Louis VII.

We now reach, on the left, the magnificent tomb of *François I.*, 1547, and his wife *Claude de France*, 1521, one of the most perfect masterpieces of renaissance architecture and sculpture in France, designed by Philibert Delorme, with royal effigies by Jean Goujon, and exquisite sculptured details by Germain Pilon, Pierre Bontemps, Ambroise Perret, Jacques Chantrel, Bastien Galles, Pierre Bigoigne, and Jean de Bourges. The tomb is an edifice of white marble—of which the east and west façades are adorned, each with twenty-one reliefs representing the campaigns of the king, with the battles of Marignan and Cérisoles. Within the open arches, François—a sublime dead warrior—and Claude (who died at twenty-one), a gentle, melancholy girl, are seen lying in death. On the platform above they are represented a second time, kneel-

ing in life, with their children behind them—*Charlotte de France*, who died at eight years, the dauphin *François*, and *Charles*, Duc d'Orléans.

“They exhibit dignity, simplicity, and repose, and the greatest nobleness of conception; the wide and yet unpretending garments fall in a noble manner, and the finely-characterized heads display great depth of expression.”—*Lübke*.

Under one of the arches of the wall arcade is the figure, brought from the church of the Jacobins in Paris, of *Beatrix de Bourbon*, 1383, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of Louis I., Duc de Bourbon, and great-granddaughter of St. Louis, whose first husband was Jean de Luxembourg, King of Bohemia, killed upon the battle-field of Crécy, and who afterwards married Eudes, lord of Grancey in Burgundy,

Behind the tomb of François I. and Claude, in the chapel of St. Michel, is the exquisite urn, sculptured by Pierre Bontemps, to contain the heart of François I., which, after the death of the king at Rambouillet (March 31, 1547), was taken to the abbey of Notre Dame de Hautes-Bruyères. Close to the urn, on its ancient site, is the effigy of Princess *Marguerite*, 1382, daughter of Philippe le Long, and wife of Louis, Comte de Flandre, killed at the battle of Crécy. She died at the age of seventy-two, having endowed the chapel, where she was buried. Much more of the original tomb remains in the *magasin* of the church.

Near the aisle is the tomb of *Charles, Comte d'Etampes*, 1336, son of Louis, Comte d'Evreux, brought from the church of the Cordeliers at Paris, where it occupied a place behind the high-altar.

The group of monuments behind was originally erected by Louis XII., the son of Charles, Duc d'Orléans, to his

father, uncle, grandfather, and grandmother, in the church of the Célestins at Paris. The fragments were brought hither and restored. On a quadrangular base, surrounded by twenty-four niches, are the statues of *Charles, Duc d'Orléans*, 1465, and *Philippe, Comte de Vertus*, 1420. Between these figures rises a sarcophagus bearing the effigies—full of character—of their parents, Louis de France, *Duc d'Orléans*, 1407, second son of Charles V., and his wife *Valentine de Milan*, 1408, from whom both Louis XII. and François I. descended. Twenty of the statuettes which surround the tomb are ancient. It was Louis d'Orléans who built the châteaux of Pierrefonds and la Ferté-Milon, and who was murdered in the Rue Barbette. Charles d'Orléans was the poet-duke, who languished as a prisoner at Windsor for twenty-five years after the battle of Agincourt. With these monuments at the Célestins was the urn of the little Duc de Valois, 1656, with the touching inscription by his parents, the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans:—

“Blandulus, eximius, pulcher, dulcissimus infans,
Deliciæ matris, deliciæque patris,
Hic situs est teneris raptus Valesius annis,
Ut rosa quæ subitis imbribus icta cadit.”

The *Magasins* of the church still contain many precious historic fragments, and it is much to be regretted that they are not all replaced in the upper church. A mutilated effigy, if original, or a fragment of a sepulchral canopy, would always have an interest which no later, though perfect, work can inspire.

A modern copy near the high-altar commemorates the famous *Oriflammæ* (*auriflamma*—from its red and gold), the standard of St. Denis, which became the banner of the kings of France, and always accompanied them to the

battle-field: its last appearance was on the field of Agincourt. The other precious objects which once filled the treasury of St. Denis, and which included the chair of Dagobert, the hand of Justice of St. Louis, the sword of Jeanne Darc, and the coronation robes of Louis XIV., all perished at the Revolution. Waxen effigies of the French kings were formerly to be seen here, as still at Westminster.

‘In a certain loft or higher roome of the church I saw the images of many of the French kings, set in certain woden cupboards, whereof some were made onely to the middle with their crownes on their heads. But the image of the present king (Henri IV.) is made at length with his parliament roabes, his gowne lined with ermins, and his crowne on his head.’—*Coryat's "Crudities."*

The Abbey of St. Denis, ruled by a line of sixty-three abbots, several of whom were kings of France, has entirely disappeared. Mme de Maintenon appropriated its revenues for the institution of St. Cyr. A house of education for daughters of members of the Legion of Honor occupies the modern buildings.

In the church called *La Paroisse*, which was the chapel of the Carmelite convent, a grave is pointed out as that of Henriette d'Angleterre, youngest daughter of Charles I., and wife of Gaston d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV.; her body, however, was amongst those exhumed in the abbey church.

In the Carmelite convent, Louise Marie de France, "Madame Louise," third daughter of Louis XV., took the veil in 1770; there she was constantly visited by her nephew, Louis XVI., and there she died, before the troubles of the Revolution, December 23, 1787.

‘A moment before her death, she cried, ‘It is time, then,’

and a few instants afterwards, 'Come, let us rise, let us hasten to Paradise.' These were the last words pronounced by this saintly princess."—*Proyart*, "*Vie de Madame Louise*."

After a morning passed laboriously at St. Denis, a delightful afternoon may be spent in the forest of Montmorency, returning to Paris in the evening. There is, however, nothing especial to see, and the excursion is only worth while to those not pressed for time, who wish for a pleasant drive or walk in pretty country. Trains may be joined at St. Denis. They run every hour from the Gare du Nord to—

11½ *k.* *Enghien les Bains* (*Hôtel des Quatre Pavillons*), a village much frequented, since 1821, for its mineral waters, with an artificial lake. Here trains are changed. The line then passes—

Soisy, where James II. of England lived for a time, and planted a wood which bears his name.

14 *k.* *Montmorency* (*Hôtel de France; Cheval Blanc*), where numbers of carriages, horses, and donkeys are waiting for excursions in the forest. This pretty place, famous for its cherries, has, from the X. c., given a name to one of the most illustrious families in France. Its château, with halls decorated by Lebrun and gardens by Lenôtre, has perished, and most of the tombs of the Montmorency family in the *Church* were destroyed in the Revolution: that of the great Constable Anne—the brave warrior who served under five kings, fought in two hundred battles, and was unable to read—was broken up, and its fragments are now to be seen in the Musée of the Louvre, to which the portrait of Guillaume de Montmorency, which hung in the church, has also been removed. Between the Rue Notre

Dame and the Rue de Paris are some remains of an old convent of the Templars.

Turning to the left from the station, and following the boulevard to the end; we find, on the left, two groups of fine old chestnut trees. In front of the first of these, "*La Chataigneraie*," are several restaurants; in the second is a very ugly ruined house of three stories, with some doggerel verses on its face. This is the so-called "Hermitage" built for Jean-Jacques Rousseau by Mme d'Épinay, on a site where the hermit Leroy had built a cottage in 1659. Rousseau came to inhabit it April 9, 1756, and wrote his *Nouvelle Héloïse* there. He thus describes his retreat, to M. de Malesherbes:—

"What time, would you believe, sir, I recall most frequently and most willingly in my dreams? It is the pleasures of my retreat, it is my lonely walks, it is the quick passing yet delightful days, that I have passed with myself, with my good and simple housekeeper, with my beloved dog, with my old cat, with the birds of the fields and the fawns of the forests; with absolute nature and her author, who is beyond all conception. Rising before the sun, to go and see and contemplate his rising in my garden, when I saw a fine day begin, my first wish was that neither letters nor visits should come to break its charm. . . . I hurried through dinner to escape importunate guests. Before one o'clock, in even the most scorching days, I set out, in full sunshine, with my faithful Achates hurrying on, in the dread that some one might come and seize me before I had been able to get away; but, once that I had doubled a certain corner, with what thrills of joy did I begin to breathe as I found myself saved, saying to myself, 'Now I am my own master for the rest of the day!' I then went, with a mere tranquil step, to seek some wild spot in the forest . . . some asylum to which I could fancy I had been the first to penetrate, and where no importunate third person could come to interpose between nature and me. It was here that she seemed to unfold to my eyes a magnificence ever new. The gold of the broom and the purple of the heather struck my eyes with a luxuriance which touched my heart; the majesty of the trees that covered me with their shade, the deli-

cacy of the shrubs that engirt me, the astonishing variety of the trees and the flowers I trod beneath my feet, kept my spirit in a continual alternation of observation and admiration; the assemblage of so many interesting objects that disputed for my attention, attracting me ceaselessly from one to another, favored my dreamy, idle humor, and made me often repeat inwardly, 'No, Solomon, in all his glory, was never clad like one of these.' . . .

"So passed away, in a continual delirium, the most charming days that ever human creature has passed; and when the setting of the sun made me think of retiring, astonished at the quick flight of time, I believed I had not profited sufficiently by my day."

The hermitage, becoming national property at the Revolution, passed into the hands of Robespierre, who slept there only three days before his execution. In 1798, the house was bought by the musical composer Grétry, who wrote there his six volumes of *Réflexions d'un solitaire*, and died in 1813. His heart was buried in the garden, but afterwards removed.

One of the old chestnut trees in front of the house is especially shown as having been planted by Rousseau. When he left the hermitage in Dec. 15, 1757, he moved to the house called Le Petit St. Louis, where he finished the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and stayed till April 9, 1762. A stone table on its terrace bore a copper plate, inscribed—

" C'est ici qu'un grand homme a passé ses beaux jours ;
Vingt chefs-d'œuvre divers en ont marqué le cours ;
C'est ici que sont nés et Saint Preux et Julie,
Et cette simple pierre est l'autel du génie."

The first turn on the left of the boulevard after leaving the station, and then the first turn to the right, takes us into the *Forêt de Montmorency*. After emerging from the village, the main road follows a terrace on the hillside, with a beautiful view over Paris, the plain, and the low-

wooded hills. At 3 *k.* is *Andilly*, once the property of the famous Arnaud d'Andilly, who sold it when he retired to Port-Royal. Half an hour's walk from hence, through the forest, leads to the XIV. c. *Château de la Chasse*, once moated and surrounded by four towers, of which two remain. A little north-west of this is the valley of St. Radegonde, so called from a chapel belonging to the abbey of Chelles. It was here that the minister Roland took refuge in the Revolution, before he fled to Rouen. The village of *Grolay* ($1\frac{1}{2}$ *k.*), where the church has good stained glass, is another spot which may be visited from Montmorency.

VII.

ST. LEU TAVERNY, THE ABBAYE DU VAL, AND PONTOISE.

THIS is a delightful summer day's excursion from the Gare du Nord. Tickets must be taken to St. Leu Taverny, thence to Mériel, thence to Pontoise.

18. *k.* *St. Leu Taverny* (Hotel, *Croix Blanche*).—The modern church faces the station, at the end of a road lined by villas. (The sacristan is to be found at No. 12 Grande Rue.) Behind the altar is the stately tomb of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, who died at Leghorn, desiring to be brought hither to rest by the two sons who had died before him. Below the king's statue are busts of his father and his two sons; on either side are statues—Faith and Charity. In the crypt beneath are four huge sarcophagi, of equal size, though the elder boy, Napoleon, died at five years old. The death of the second boy, Louis, at Forli, was a terrible affliction to Napoleon I. and Josephine.

“This child would have been, had he lived, a very distinguished man. He was extraordinarily like his father, and consequently like the Emperor. He was a charming child, with a goodness and firmness of character that equally spoke of a moral resemblance with his uncle.”—“*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.”

Opposite the sarcophagus of King Louis is that of his father, Charles Bonaparte, who died at Montpellier.

A chapel, which belonged to an older church, contains the tomb of Mme le Broc, niece of the famous Mme Campan, who fell from a precipice whilst visiting a waterfall near Aix les Bains, in the presence of her sister, Maréchale Ney, and of Queen Hortense, to whom she was lady-in-waiting. The queen herself is buried with Josephine at Rueil.

St. Leu Taverny once possessed two famous châteaux. One of these belonged to the Duc d'Orléans, whose children were educated there by Mme de Genlis. The other had been inhabited by the Constable Mathieu de Montmorency. The grounds of the châteaux were united by Louis Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., and that of Montmorency pulled down. The other château became a palace and gave the title of Comte de St. Leu to King Louis after he abdicated the throne of Holland; after his separation from Queen Hortense, St. Leu was made a duchy for her. After the second Restoration, the Prince de Condé, Duc de Bourbon, bought St. Leu, and was found hanged to the cord of the window, August 28, 1830. He bequeathed St. Leu to his mistress, Mme de Feuchères, who sold it, and the château was pulled down in 1835.

Five minutes' walk from the church (turning to the left from the door, and again to the left by the Rue du Château) on the site of his château, is a garden with a cypress avenue and a cross in memory of the Duc de Bourbon.

“The Duke de Bourbon was hanging from the fastening of the north window, by two handkerchiefs passed one through the other; the first forming a flat elongated ring, the second, an oval, the lower part of which supported the lower jaw, and ended behind the head on the top. The handkerchief, intended to choke, had not a running noose, it did not press the artery, left the nape visible, and was so loose that between the folds and the head some of the spectators could easily insert their fingers. . . .

This arrangement and the appearance of the body, strongly refuted the hypothesis of suicide. They struck with surprise most of the witnesses."—*Louis Blanc, "Hist. de dix ans."*

Taverny, 2 *k.* from St. Leu, has a church, partly XIII. c. The line runs through cherry orchards to—

24 *k.* *Méry*. The church contains several spoils of the *Abbaye du Val*—a XV. c. pulpit, an XVIII. c. lectern, four stalls, and some tombs, especially those of Charles



ABBAYE DU VAL.

Villiers of l'Isle-Adam, Bishop of Beauvais, and of Charles de Montmorency and his third wife, Péronnelle du Villiers. The sanctuary is XIII. c., except the vaulting. Behind is a château built by Pierre d'Orgemont, Chancellor of France, at the end of the XIV. c.

28 *k.* *Mériel*, whence it is 2 *k.* to the *Abbaye du Val*. Turn to the left from the station, under the railway; then take the first turning to the left, where a tramway crosses the road. On reaching a cross in the cornfields, turn to the right, and, in the next wooded hollow, find the gate of the enclosure of the *Abbaye du Val*, which was founded

1125, and was a favorite resort of the kings of France. In 1646 it was united with the Monastery of the Feuillants at Paris. Sold at the Revolution, it has since been partially demolished for the sake of its materials. Still, there are huge remains. The existing buildings include the east corridor of the cloister, with several vaulted halls, of which the pillars are partially buried, on the ground floor, including the chapter-house and refectory of late XII. c. On the first floor is the ancient dormitory, a vast vaulted gothic hall, divided into two aisles by eight columns with sculptured capitals. The divisions of the cells are marked by the windows, each monk having one. Near the south gable of this dormitory stood the church, of which the walls of the apse and some pillars on the south have been unearthed. To the west of the cloister are several low vaulted gothic halls, a staircase of the XIII. c., and a vestibule rebuilt in the XVII. c. Opposite the farm stood the palace of the abbot, of which only the foundations remain. On the ground floor of an adjacent building, the lavatory of the monks remains, on the line of the stream Vieux-Moutier; on the first floor is a gallery of the XV. c.; under ground is a gallery communicating from the lavatory with the cellar and ice-house of XIII. c. The very picturesque *moulin d'en haut* (threatened with destruction, 1887) has perfectly-preserved buildings of the XV. c., on the brook Vieux-Moutier, of which the source is not far distant.

One of the high officials of the first empire, Comte Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, transformed the abbey into a château, and raised a colossal statue of Napoleon I. in the park; but all his works have already perished.

Pedestrians will walk across to the station of *Auvers*, on the opposite line, or one may go on from Mériel to the

next station of *Valmondois*, and there wait for a train going south to—

33 *k.* (from Paris), *Auvers*.—The noble cruciform church, situated on a height, has a picturesque gabled tower. The chapel at the end of the left aisle is XII. c. The choir was rebuilt in the XVI. c. The nave (XIII. c. or early XIV. c.) is surrounded by a gothic gallery.

29 *k.* *Pontoise* (*Hotels du Pontoise, de la Gare*; omnibus 20 c.).—A very picturesque little town on a height above the Oise, which is crossed by a stone bridge of five



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MILL (ABBAYE DU VAL).

arches. Pontoise existed in the time of the Gauls, who called it *Briva Isarae* (the bridge of the Oise): the Romans called it *Pons Isarae*. The early kings of France were often here. Philippe I. coined *moneta Pontisiensis*. St. Louis spent the early years of his married life here, in a castle in the upper tower, Mont Bélien,¹ and here, after recovering from a dangerous illness, in 1244, he took the vows of a crusader.

“La roine mère faisoit à la roine Marguerite de grandes rudesses ; elle ne vouloit souffrir que le roi hantat la roine sa

¹ Only destroyed in the XVIII. c.

femme, ni demeurat en sa compagnie ; et, quand le roi chevauchoit aucunes fois par sa royaume avec les deux roines, communément la roine Blanche faisoit séparer le roi et la roine Marguerite, et ils n'étoient jamais logis ensemblement. Et advint une fois qu'eux étant à Pontoise, le roi étoit logé au-dessus du logis de la roine sa femme et avait instruit ses huissiers de salle de telle façon, que quand il étoit avec ladite roine et que madame Blanche vouloit venir en la chambre du roi ou en celle de la roine, les huissiers battoient les chiens, afin de les faire crier, et, quand le roi entendoit cela, il se mussoit [se cachait] de sa mère."—*Joinville*.

In 1437 the town was taken by the English under Talbot, who covered his men with white sheets, and so enabled them to come close to the walls unobserved during a heavy snowstorm. Amongst the many historical events which have since occurred at Pontoise, we may notice the consecration of Bossuet, as Bishop of Meaux, in the church of the Cordeliers, which possessed a magnificent refectory, three times used for meetings of Parliament.

Winding streets lead up into the town, passing the church of *Notre Dame*, which is renaissance, though founded XIII. c. It has a very wide central aisle, on the right of which is the beautiful altar-tomb of St. Gautier, 1146, bearing his figure, with four little angels swinging censers at the extremities. Gautier was the first abbot of St. Martin of Pontoise. Disagreeing with his monks, he fled from them to Cluny, but was forced to return in 1072 : soon he left them again, to live in a cave, where he gave himself up to flagellation and penance, and finally he found a more complete seclusion on an island near Tours. He died in 1094, and, as he was censured by the Council of Paris for his opinions, imprisoned for contumacy, and frequently reprov'd for his wandering tendencies,¹ it is

¹ *Gallia Christiana*, x. 254.

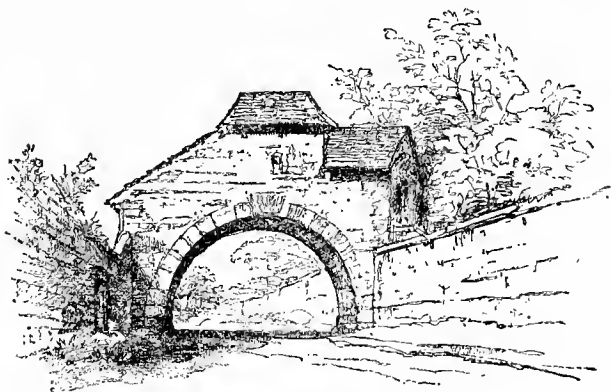
strange that he should have been enrolled amongst the saints.

Finely placed, at the highest point of the town, is the vast and stately church of *St. Maclou*, which has a noble tower and flamboyant west front. The choir and transept date from the XII. c., but have later vaulting. In the Chapelle de la Passion (first, left) is a splendid St. Sepulchre with eight statues: the Resurrection is represented above, and, on the side wall, the Maries hurrying to the tomb. The *Hôtel Dieu*, founded by St. Louis, was rebuilt 1823-27: its chapel contains the Healing of the Paralytic, a good work of *Philippe de Champaigne*. At the entrance of the town was a convent of English Benedictines, transferred to Boulogne in 1659. It contained the tomb of John Digby, brother of an Earl of Bristol, inscribed "Hic jacet umbra, et pulvis, et nihil."

The famous *Foire de St. Martin* is held at Pontoise on November 11, 12, and 13, and is the most important fair in the neighborhood of Paris.

Beyond the river, at 2 k., is *Aumône*, where the church of *St. Ouen*, founded in the X. c., has a romanesque XI. c. portal, and contains an image of the Virgin, given by Queen Blanche to the Abbey of Maubuisson. Returning from St. Ouen d'Aumône to the highway, we should cross the road, and then the railway by an iron bridge, to where the gate of the famous *Abbey of Maubuisson* still crosses a lane on the right, and supports a covered passage. The greater part of the abbey ruins are in the beautiful gardens of the adjoining château, but travellers are allowed to see them on applying to the concierge. When the abbey was founded, in 1236, by Queen Blanche of Castile for nuns of the order of Citeaux, it was at first called Notre Dame la Royale; but the name of Maubuisson, which is that of

a neighboring fief, has prevailed. As she felt the approach of death (1253), Queen Blanche summoned the abbess to her palace at Melun, and received the monastic habit from her hands, and, after her death, she was buried, with great pomp, in the church of Maubuisson. Here, in 1314, Blanche, daughter of Othelin, Comte de Bourgogne, and wife of Philippe de Poitiers, son of Philippe le Bel, accused, with her two young sisters-in-law, of adultery, was



GATEWAY (ABBAYE DE MAUBUISSON).

shut up for life. But the convent itself had a very scandalous reputation in later days, especially when Angélique d'Estrées, sister of the famous Gabrielle, obtained the appointment of abbess from Henri IV., and spent five-and-twenty years in corrupting the sisterhood.

“Without any hypocrisy, without any veil or subterfuge, she boldly organizes a worldly life. The abbey becomes that of Thelema; cards, tables, receptions, promenades, dainty collations, plenty of play acting, and dancing, all in company of gentle cavaliers, amuse the leisure of these recluses. This mirthful abode is the meeting-place of the young nobility of the neighbor-

hood. Even the religious of St. Martin took their share in the fête, and nuns and monks gave themselves the pleasure of a ball together."—*Barron*.

Angélique Arnauld was sent from Port Royal to spend five miserable years in the uphill work of reforming Maubuisson, where she had been educated in her early childhood, and Angélique d'Estrées, arrested by the general of her Order, was carried off to the Filles Pénitentes de St. Marie, at Paris, where, though she once contrived to escape and return to Maubuisson for a time, she ended her days. Succeeding abbesses were not, however, much more virtuous, certainly not Louise-Marie Hollandine, Princess Palatine (daughter of Frederick IV. of Bohemia and Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I.), and aunt of George I. of England, appointed abbess in 1664, who had had fourteen children, and used to swear "par ce ventre qui a porté quatorze enfants."¹ In her latter days, however, this abbess became perfectly respectable, and was very highly esteemed.

"I have again made a visit to my aunt, the Abbess of Maubuisson, and found her, thanks be to God, still more lively and gay than the time before. She has more gaiety, more vivacity, sight and hearing better than mine, although she is thirty years older, for on the 1st of April she was seventy-seven. She is painting a very pretty picture for Madame, her sister, our dear Electress of Brunswick; it is the Golden Calf after Pussin. She is adored in her convent, she leads a very rigid but tranquil life, never eats meat, unless seriously sick, sleeps on a mattress hard as a stone, has only straw chairs in her chamber, and rises at midnight to pray. She forgets English less than German, for every day some English come to see her, and besides she has English nuns in her convent."—*Correspondance de Madame*.

The ruins are of great extent, though the abbey church was so completely destroyed at the Revolution that noth-

¹ *Lettres d'Elizabeth-Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orléans*.

ing remains but bases of walls and pillars, and the altar, embedded in shrubs and flowers. Greatly to be regretted are the magnificent tombs, including those of Blanche of Castile; of Bona of Luxembourg; of Charles le Bel; of a brother of St. Louis; of Jean de Brienne, Prince of Acre; of Jeanne de France, daughter of Charles le Bel and Blanche de Bourgogne; of Catherine of France, daughter of Charles V.; of Jeanne, daughter of Charles VI.; and of Gabrielle d'Estrées, who was brought hither to be buried in the choir of her sister's abbey, in April, 1599. The centre of the choir was occupied by the tomb of the foundress, inscribed—

“ Ex te, Castella! radians ut in aethere Stella,
 Prodiit haec Bianca, quam luget natio Franca.
 Rex pater Alphonsus, Ludovicus Rex quoque sponsus.
 Quo viduata regens agit ut vigeat requiescens.
 Hinc peregrinante nato, bene rexit ut ante;
 Tandem se Christo coetu donavit in isto,
 Cujus, tuta malis, vigit gens Franca sub alis,
 Tanta prius, talis jacet hic Pauper Monialis.”

The two last words allude to the fact that the queen took the monastic vows five days before her death.

The magnificent refectory is entire, in which the prioress, Mme de Cleri, rebuked Henri IV. with profaning the temples of God, when he came with Gabrielle d'Estrées to the abbey. It has a vaulted roof, supported by four columns, but is subdivided into an orangerie and dairy. The gravestone of a bishop is preserved here. The dormitory above is destroyed, and replaced by a terrace, at the end of which some curious openings are seen, over a stream which runs below at a great depth. In the gardens, where the Mère Marie Angélique used to walk with St. François de Sales, there are some traces of the Palace

of St. Louis. "La Chapelle de Nuit de St. Louis," supported by two columns, remained entire till 1884, when the columns suddenly gave way, without a moment's warning, and all was instantaneously buried in ruin. A little XVII. c. pavilion of the abbess—a kind of summer-house—remains. There is a magnificent monastic barn, divided into three aisles by pillars; attached to the gable on the interior is a tourelle with a staircase to the roof. Tourelles of the XIV. c. remain at the angles of the park wall.

"In the plan of the Abbey of Maubuisson there is still found the primitive severity of the Cistercian arrangements, but, in the style of the architecture, concessions have been made to the prevailing taste of the epoch; sculpture is no longer excluded from the cloisters, the rigorousness of St. Bernard yields to the needs of art, which then made itself felt even in the most modest buildings. The Abbey of Maubuisson was at the same time an agricultural establishment and a school for young girls. We see, on examining the plan of the abbey, that this monastery did not differ from those adopted for communities of men."—*Viollet-le-Duc.*

VIII.

*ECOUCEN, ROYAUMONT, ST. LEU-D'ESSERENT,
CREIL, NOGENT-LES-VIERGES.*

REACHED from the Gare du Nord, Ecouen is on the line from Paris to Beauvais. Ecouen and Royau-
mont (*viâ* Viarmes) may be visited in one day's excursion ;
St. Leu d'Esserent and Nogent-les-Vierges in another.
The train which leaves Paris about 10.15 allows three
hours at St. Leu, which gives time for luncheon at the little
inn by the river. From Creil one can walk or drive to
Nogent-les-Vierges, and return to Paris by the express
trains in one hour.

The line to Ecouen follows the Chemin-de-fer du Nord
to St. Denis, whence we branch off on the left to—

* 13 *k.* *Groslay*.—The church, XIII. c. and renaissance,
has good XVI. c. windows.

15 *k.* *Sarcelles-St. Brice*.—*St. Brice* has a XIII. c.
steeple, and *Sarcelles* (1 *k.*, by omnibus) has a curious
church of the XII. c. and XVI. c., with a renaissance
portal and romanesque steeple.

18 *k.* *Ecouen*.—The town is 2 *k.* from the station. An
omnibus meets every train. Ecouen is a pretty wooded
spot. The little town clusters around a little square with
an old chestnut tree. The renaissance church with fine
vaulting and glass (attributed to Jean Cousin) in the

chancel and aisle, was built by Jean Bullant for the famous Anne de Montmorency, at the same time with the magnificent château, which rises above the houses. The gothic choir windows bear the device of the Montmorency, ἀπλανῶς, and the dates 1544, 1545. Bullant, who wrote his *Traité des cinq ordres ou manières* at Ecoeu, died here in 1578, and had a monument, which is now destroyed, in the church.

The château of Ecoeu was founded in the XI. c., by the Barons de Montmorency. The Connétable Anne demolished the ancient fortress, and replaced it by a magnificent renaissance palace by Bullant. Primaticcio furnished designs for the two chapel windows. It was here that Henri II. published his famous edict of 1559, pronouncing sentence of death against the Lutherans. Confiscated from the Montmorency under Louis XIII., Ecoeu was given to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and passed to the house of Condé, to whom it belonged till the Revolution, when its treasures were dispersed. Napoleon restored the fabric of the château, and made it a school for daughters of members of the Legion of Honor, under the famous Mme Campan. It was restored to the Prince de Condé at the Restoration, but returned to the State in 1852, and is now once more a school, for the daughters of officers. There is no admittance to the château or its pretty gardens; but the buildings are well seen from the gate.

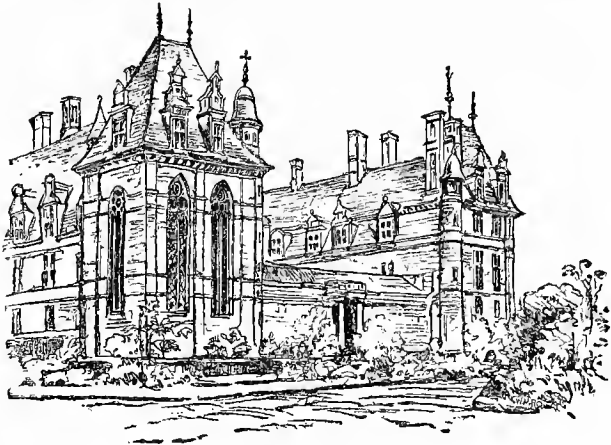
4 *k.* north of Ecoeu is *Le Mesnil-Aubry*, with a very handsome renaissance church; its side wall, of XV. c., has its ancient windows.

20½ *k.* *Domont*.—The choir of the church is XII. c.; in the nave and transept are curious XIII., XV., and XVI. c. gravestones.

25 k. *Monsoult*.—2 k. north-west is *Maffiers*, with a church partly due to Philibert Delorme.

A branch leads east to—

7 k. *Viarmes*.—3 k. north are the interesting remains of the still occupied *Abbey of Royaumont* (*Mons Regalis*), founded in 1230 by St. Louis, who often made it a retreat,



CHÂTEAU OF ÉCOUEN.

eating with the monks in the refectory, and sleeping in their dormitory. Five of his children were buried in the beautiful XIII. c. church, which is now a ruin. The effigies of Prince Jean Tristan and Princess Blanche are now at St. Denis. Amongst other tombs which once existed here, was that of Henri de Lorraine, Comte d'Harcourt, 1666, a chef-d'œuvre of Coysevox.

The cloister and the refectory, which resembles that of St. Martin des Champs at Paris, are preserved. In the

centre of the latter is an admirable reader's pulpit. Visitors are not admitted to the abbey.

12 *k.* *Luzarches* (Hotel, *St. Damien*).—The church is XII., XIII., and XIV. c. There are remains of a château, and of the priory of *St. Côme*, with a gate over a steep street. 3 *k.* south is the stately XVI. c. *Château de Champlâtreux*, belonging to the Duc d'Ayen. The abbey of *Rocquemont* was bought at the Revolution by Sophie Arnould and turned into a villa, whence she went to represent the Goddess of Liberty in the civic fêtes at Luzarches.

33 *k.* *Presles*.—The church is XIII., XVI., and XVIII. c. Raoul de Presles was an author well known in the XIV. c. 3 *k.* east, in the forest of *Carnelle*, is *La Pierre Turquoise*, a subterranean avenue of Druidical stones.

38 *k.* *Persan-Beaumont*.—The little town of *Beaumont-sur-Oise* gave a title of count to the family of Conti. It has a fine XIII. c. church, with a crocketed stone spire, and remains of a château of the same period. Behind the town is the *Forest of Carnelle*. Here we join the main-line from Paris to Creil *viâ* Pontoise, which has passed at—

40 *k.* *L'Isle-Adam*, where the Princes de Conti had a magnificent château,¹ destroyed at the Revolution, on an island in the Oise; nothing remains but a terrace. A modern villa replaces the château. The place owes its name to its island, upon which the Constable Adam built a château in 1019, under Philippe I. The church is of the XVI. c., but has a portal attributed to Philibert Delorme, and was built at the cost of Anne de Montmorency; in

¹ Armand de Conti inherited it as the second son of his mother, Charlotte de Montmorency, Princesse de Condé, sister and heiress of Henri II. de Montmorency, beheaded at Toulouse in 1633.

one of its modern stained windows the great seigneurs of l'Isle-Adam—Philippe de Villiers, Louis de Villiers, Anne de Montmorency, and François de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, are seen assisting at a mass celebrated by St. Martin of Tours. In a chapel to the left is the tomb, partially destroyed at the Revolution, of Louis François de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, exiled to his estates of Isle-Adam by the vengeance of Mme de Pompadour, whom he had treated with great disdain. To the north-east and south-east is the *Forest of l'Isle-Adam*.

After passing Beaumont the line reaches—

53 *k. Boran*.—A suspension bridge over the Oise leads (4 *k.* south-east) to the Abbey of Royaumont (see above). 6 *k.* east is the old château of *La Morlaye*, occupying the site of the Merovingian villa of Morlacum.

61 *k. St. Leu-d'Esserent*, famous for its quarries of *Pierre de St. Leu*. The noble and picturesque church stands finely on a terraced height. It is approached by a striking XII. c. porch with a chamber above it. The steeple, of 1160, has the singularity of detached hips only united by rings to the main spire. To the south and west the church is surrounded by buttresses and flying buttresses. At the east end is a romanesque tower on either side of the sanctuary, which is beautifully constructed.

“If it is desired to ascertain the extreme limit to which the architects of the end of the XII. c. attained in lightness of the internal points of support, and in stability, obtained by means of the equilibrium of opposing forces, it is necessary to see the sanctuary of the church of St. Leu-d'Esserent.”—*Viollet-le-Duc*.

There are considerable remains, near the west end of the church, of a priory, founded within the fortifications of his castle by Hugues d'Esserent, Comte de Dammartin, in the XI. c., in gratitude to the Benedictines of the Wood

of St. Michel, who paid his ransom when he was taken prisoner whilst on pilgrimage to Palestine. The most remarkable remnant of the priory is a machicolated gateway of the XIV. c., intended apparently as much for the entrance to a farm as for a fortified gate. There are beautiful later renaissance buildings.

67 k. Creil (*Buffet; Hotel de l'Epée, Léon d'Argent, des Chemins-de-fer*), the ancient Credulium, is a pretty town on the Oise. Its old turreted houses rise straight from



ST. LEU-D'ESSERENT.

the river by the bridge, with the church spire behind them. In the castle, pulled down by the Prince de Condé before the Revolution, was a chamber, with a balcony enclosed by an iron grille, where Charles VI. was shut up during his madness. The island, where the castle once stood, is now occupied by the remains of the *Abbey of St. Evremond*, of which the desecrated choir exists, and shows some friezes of great beauty. The *Church* has a tower and crocketed spire (1551); near the entrance (right) are

remains of a chimney for warming the water used in baptisms.

1 k. north-west of Creil is *Nogent-les-Vierges*, where Clovis is said to have had his camp when he drove out the Roman legions from Gaul, and where the earliest kings had a palace, in which Thierry III. was surprised by the rebel Ebroïn, maire du palais, in 673.



NOGENT-LES-VIERGES.

To the right is the *Church of Villers St. Paul*. Its nave and aisles are romanesque, with gothic arches resting upon its huge columns and capitals. The choir and tower, flanked by four tourelles, are gothic. The porch, in the façade, has curious sculptures.

A road turning to the left at the entrance of the village

of Nogent, past the front of the château of Villers, leads for 2 *k.* along the foot of the hills to the hamlet of Royau-mont, above which, strikingly placed on the steep rocky crest of a wooded hill, with an old château nestling under it, and a wide view over the plain, is the interesting *Church of Nogent-les-Vierges*, dedicated to the Assumption. The beautiful tower has three tiers of arcades, ornamented at the angles by columns, twisted or adorned with foliage, and with a gabled roof. The very ancient nave—with gothic additions—has stone roofs. Two bas-reliefs on the pillars under the tower come from the destroyed church of St. Marguerite at Beauvais. The gothic choir was added by St. Louis: it is lighted by seven lancet windows of three lights, with roses above them. The monument of Messire Jehan Bardeau is signed by Michel Bourdin. In front of this is a shrine with relics of Sts. Maura and Bridget, Irish virgins, who gave a name to the place, having been buried here after their martyrdom at *Baligny* 1 *k.* distant. Close by is the sepulchral chapel of Maréchal Gérard.

“It happened that, in the time of Pope Urban III. (who flourished in 1185), the servants of Messire Garnier, Chevalier de Senlis, lost one night a black-haired cow, and it passed the night in the cemetery of Nogent on the tomb of the virgins; the men, having found her lying down, forced her to get up, and found that she had become white on the side that had touched the tomb; marvelling as they did, one of them said to the other that it was not the cow they had lost; the other replied, that if it was the same, she would return to her place just as she was accustomed, and this she did; which caused the servants to repeat this marvel to all whom they met, showing the cow that had turned white on one side. After this, the place began to be honored and visited by those afflicted by various maladies, who, returning, in great joy and gladness, sound and whole, gave praise to God. Some time thereafter the same cow, being again astray and passing the night at the same spot, lying on the tomb of the holy virgins, the serv-

ants, not finding her, went to look in the same spot as they had previously, and there they found her lying down, and, forcing her to get up, they found *her entirely white*. The fame of the miracle being spread abroad through all France, people came in great abundance to Nogent, desiring to see this marvel, and many, affected by divers maladies and languors, returned home sound and whole. Henceforth the village of Nogent was christened *les Vierges*."—*Louvet, "Hist. de la ville Beauvais."*

Behind the church is a desecrated cemetery, overgrown with juniper. The gray walls and arches of the church, the old elm in front clustered with misletoe, the wide porch with its deep shadows, the broken tomb-stones, and the little encircling chapels, are well adapted for a picture.

At the spot called *La Croix des Vierges*, a XIV. c. column marks the spot where the oxen stopped which drew the chariot of Queen Bathilde, when she was attracted to Nogent, in 645, by the fame of the miracle-working virgins.

Passing in front of the château of Villers we may soon reach the *Church of Villers St. Paul*. The nave and its aisles are romanesque, with gothic arches resting upon its huge columns and capitals. The choir and the tower, flanked by four tourelles, are gothic. The porch, in the façade, has curious sculptures.

IX.

CHANTILLY AND SENLIS.

A DELIGHTFUL excursion of three days from Paris may be made by spending the first between Chantilly and Senlis, and sleeping at the latter; spending the second morning at the Abbaye de la Victoire, proceeding by rail to Pierrefonds, *viâ* Crépy-en-Valois, and sleeping at Compiègne; on the third day seeing Compiègne, and returning *viâ* Creil.

The direct line from Paris to Chantilly branches off from the main line at St. Denis. There is no beauty till it enters the forest of Chantilly. It passes—

31 *k.* *Survilliers*, where the château was bought by Joseph Bonaparte, who took the name of Comte de Survilliers when he went to America after the fall of the Empire. 4 *k.* east, near Plailly, is *Morfontaine*—where the treaty of peace between France and the United States was signed—the favorite residence of Joseph Bonaparte.

“At Morfontaine, sailing on the lakes, reading, billiards, literature, ghost stories, more or less well told, ease, and entire liberty, formed the life led there. Joseph Bonaparte was torn from his peaceful tastes to go and reign over the Parthenope of antiquity.

“‘Leave me *King of Morfontaine*,’ he said to his brother. ‘I am much more happy in this enclosure, the end of which I see, it is true, but where I can diffuse happiness around me.’”

“ His wife, Mme Joseph Bonaparte, also felt the same regret at quitting her quiet habits, but Napoleon had spoken, and nothing remained but to be silent and obey.”—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

After Joseph Bonaparte, Morfontaine was possessed by the Duc de Bourbon, who left it to his mistress, Mme de Feuchères.

40 *k.* *Chantilly* (*Hotels, du Cygne, d'Angleterre*) was the Versailles of the Princes de Condé. The famous Constable Anne de Montmorency inherited Chantilly through his grandmother, Marguerite d'Orgemont. He built the existing château in the style of the Renaissance, uniting it to the feudal castle, which had existed from the ninth century. Henri II., Duc de Montmorency, grandson and heir of the Constable, was beheaded at Toulouse for joining in the conspiracy of Gaston d'Orléans against Richelieu. His confiscated domains were given by Louis XIII. to his sister Charlotte, who married Henry II., Prince de Condé, and was the mother of the Grand Condé, of Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, and of the Duchesse de Longueville.¹ The magnificence of Chantilly dates from the Grand Condé, under whom the gardens were designed by Lenôtre, and the waters of the Nonette and the Thève pressed into service for magnificent cascades and fountains. The most celebrated of the fêtes given by the Grand Condé at Chantilly was that to Louis XIV., in April, 1671. When it was in prospect Mme de Sévigné wrote :

¹ The House of Condé descended from Louis I. de Bourbon, fifth and last son of Charles de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme, younger brother of Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre. He was first cousin of Henri IV. By his first wife, he was the father of Henri, Prince de Condé; by his second wife, of Charles de Bourbon, founder of the branch of Soissons. The Princes de Conti descended from Armand de Bourbon, son of Henri II. de Condé, and younger brother of le grand Condé.

“The king is to go to Chantilly on the 25th of this month ; he will be there a whole day. Never were such expenses incurred at the triumphs of the Emperors as will be there. Nothing is too dear ; all kinds of pretty fancies are entertained without regard to money. It is believed that the Prince will not get off under 40,000 crowns.”

It was at this fête that the famous cook Vatel killed himself because the fish was late.

“Vatel, the great Vatel, maître-d’hôtel of M. Fouquet, who was at this time, that of the Prince, this man of distinguished capacity, above all the others, whose good head was capable of holding the cares of a state, seeing at eight o’clock that the sea-fish had not arrived, could not endure the dishonor which he saw about to crush him, and, in a word, stabbed himself.

“The king arrived Thursday evening : the promenade, the collation in a spot carpeted with jonquils, all that, was perfection. Then supper ; at some of the tables there was no roast, on account of several dinners that had been overlooked. This hurt Vatel ; he said several times, ‘I have lost my honor, this is a disgrace I shall not support.’ He said to Gourville, ‘My head is turned ; for twelve nights I have not slept ; help me to give orders.’ Gourville consoled him as well as he could. The roast that was missing, not at the table of the king, but at that of the *Vingt Cinqùèmes*, always returned to his mind. Gourville told the Prince, the Prince went to Vatel’s room, and said, ‘Vatel, all is going on well ; nothing was so fine as the king’s supper.’ He replied, ‘Monseigneur, your goodness oppresses me. I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.’ ‘Not at all,’ replied the Prince ; ‘do not trouble yourself, all goes on well.’ Midnight came ; the fireworks were not a success, owing to clouds ; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four in the morning Vatel went through the place and found everybody asleep. He met a petty purveyor, who brought only two loads of sea-fish. He asks him, ‘Is this all ?’ ‘Yes, Monsieur.’ He did not know that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time ; the other purveyors do not arrive ; he becomes heated ; he fancied that there would be no more sea-fish. He sought out Gourville, and said, ‘Monsieur, I shall not survive this disgrace.’ Gourville laughed at him. Vatel went up to his room, placed his sword against the door, and passed it through his heart, but not

till the third attempt, for he had given himself two wounds that were not mortal ; he falls dead. The fish begins to arrive from all sides. Vatel is looked for to distribute it ; they go to his room, knock, force the door, and find him bathed in his blood ; they run to the Prince, who is in despair. The Prince told it to the king very sadly. They said it was because he had a sense of honor after his fashion, praised him highly, and praised and blamed his courage. . . . Meanwhile Gourville struggled to repair the loss of Vatel. It was repaired ; the dinner was very good. There was a collation, supper, a promenade, gambling, and hunting. Everything was perfumed with jonquils, everybody was enchanted."—*Mme de Sévigné*.

The Grand Condé spent his latter years in a literary seclusion at Chantilly. He died in 1686, and the last work of the great orator Bossuet was his funeral oration.

"The Great Condé at Chantilly was still, as if at the head of his armies, equally great in action and repose. He entertained his friends in those superb avenues, to the sound of those leaping waters, that were silent neither night nor day."

The son of the Grand Condé—Henri Jules de Bourbon, "M. le Prince," of whom St. Simon gives so curious an account, "qui alloit jusqu'à peser tout ce qui sortait de son corps"—was a terrible domestic tyrant, his Princess was his continual victim, and Mlle de Condé died of his harsh treatment.

"Chantilly was his delight. In his promenades he was always followed by several secretaries with writing cases and paper, who wrote down, bit by bit, whatever came into his mind as requiring to be repaired or embellished. He spent there prodigious sums, but mere trifles in comparison to the treasures which his grandson buried there and the marvels he created.

"In the fifteen or twenty last years of his life, some wandering of mind was noticed. . . . It was whispered, that at times he fancied himself a dog, at others some other animal, whose ways he imitated."—*St. Simon*.

Louis III. (1668–1710), the next Prince de Condé, known through life as "M. le Duc," was one of the

most prominent figures at Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV.

“He was a man considerably smaller than the smallest men ; without being fat, he was thick everywhere, his head surprisingly big, and a face to terrify you. It was said that a dwarf of the Princess was the cause of this. He was of a livid yellow, a look almost always of rage, but, at all times so proud and overbearing, that he could scarcely be endured. He had wit, was well read, retained something of an excellent education, politeness and grace when he liked, but he seldom did like ; he had neither the injustice, the avarice, nor the baseness of his fathers, but he had all their powers, and displayed application and intelligence to the art of war. His perversity seemed to him a virtue, and some strange vengeance, which he took more than once, and which a private individual would have been punished for, he deemed an appanage of his greatness. His brutality was extreme and displayed in everything. He was a mill, always whirling in the air, and made all fly before it, and even his friends were never safe, either from extreme insults or cruel pleasantries to their face.”—*St. Simon.*

It was to this strange personage that Louis XIV. had married one of his daughters by Mme de Montespan—Louise Françoise de Bourbon, known as Mlle de Nantes.

“The people who had the most reason to fear her, were enchanted by her, and those who had most cause to hate her, had to keep reminding themselves of the fact, in order to resist her charms. Never the least ill-humor at any time, joyous, gay, witty with the finest salt, unshaken by surprises or misadventures, free in her most restless and most restrained moments, she had passed her youth in frivolity and in pleasures which, in every style, and every time she could do so, led to debauchery. With these qualities, much wit, a head for intrigue and business, a pliability that cost nothing, but no ability for far-reaching affairs, contemptuous, mocking, pricking, incapable of friendship and very capable of hate, and then she was mischievous, haughty, and implacable.”—*St. Simon.*

The eldest of their nine children was Louis Henri, “M. le Duc,” chief of the council of regency after the death of

Louis XIV., and, after the death of the Duke of Orleans, first minister of Louis XV. He displayed in a greater degree the rapacity which had been a characteristic of his ancestors, was greatly compromised in the financial operations of Law, and enormously increased his hereditary fortune, living as a king at Chantilly and receiving Louis XV. and the Duchesse de Berry there with the utmost magnificence. In 1726 he was supplanted as first minister by Cardinal Fleury, who caused him to be exiled from the Court. He spent his latter years, entirely at Chantilly, devoted to natural history, and died there in 1740.

His son, Louis Joseph de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, was distinguished as a soldier.

“The field of battle was the place required for the men of this house, so poor and mean in civil life. There only was it given them to show what they were worth. It is reported that an officer, requesting this Prince of Condé to retire a few paces to avoid the fire of a battery, ‘I do not find,’ he replied, ‘any of these precautions in the history of the great Condé.’”—*Le Bas*.

This prince delighted to fill Chantilly with Buffon, Marmontel, D’Alembert, Diderot, and other clever men of the time. Originally a liberal in his views, he became vehemently conservative with the Revolution, and was the first of the princes to emigrate. On the banks of the Rhine he organized the emigrant army called “l’armée de Condé.” Meanwhile the old château of Chantilly was destroyed by the *Bande Noire*. The little château escaped, as its sale was not completed at the time of the Restoration. The Château d’Enghien, which had been built by Louis Joseph, was used as a barrack. Under the first empire Chantilly was given to Queen Hortense.

Louis Joseph Henri, the next owner of Chantilly, who had married his cousin, Louise d’Orléans, was the father

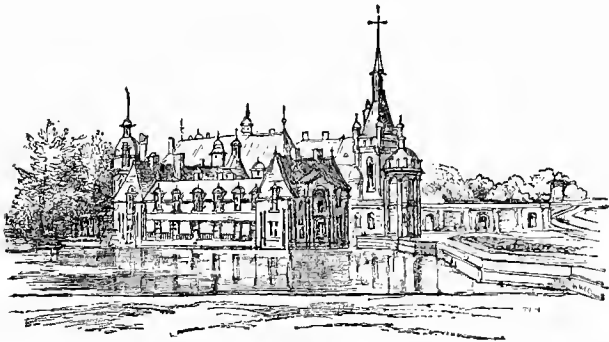
of the Duc d'Enghien, murdered by Napoleon I. He was the Duc de Bourbon found hanged to the window-blind at St. Leu, a few days before the revolution of 1830. He left the Duc d'Aumale, his great-nephew, his heir, with the exception of two millions, several châteaux, &c., which he bequeathed to his English mistress, Sophia Dawes, called Baronne de Feuchères.

Opposite the station of Chantilly is the entrance to a delightful footpath which leads through a wood to the famous *Race-course*, where the races, established 1832, take place every spring and autumn. On the third day of the spring races, which is always a Sunday, the "Prix du Jockey-Club" is contended for.¹ The handsome building beyond the race-course will be taken for the château, but is the magnificent *Stables*, built (1719-1735) by Louis Henri, seventh Prince de Condé. Behind the stables rises the *Church*, of 1672, where a monument, with an angel guarding a bronze door, encloses the hearts of the House of Condé, preserved, till the Revolution, in the church of the Jesuits at Paris. A stained window represents the death of St. Louis. Very near the church is the *Hôtel du Cygne*.

Through a stately gateway at the angle of the stables, we re-enter the park, and descend to the lake, out of which the *Château* rises, the earlier part abruptly from the water. The stone pavilion at the gate, the old pillars and terraces close to the water, the feathery trees, the tall gilt spire of the chapel, the brilliant flowers on the flat land beyond the lake, and the groups of people perpetually feeding the fish, form a charming picture.

¹ The races are in the second week in May; on the Sunday towards the end of September which precedes the Paris races, and on the Sunday in October which follows the Paris races.

An equestrian statue of the Connétable Anne de Montmorency, by *Paul Dubois*, has been replaced before the arcade of the Cour d'Honneur. Opposite the château is the *Pavillon d'Enghien*, which the last Prince de Condé but one built for the accommodation of his suite. The parterre is open from half-past twelve to eight. A bridge leads over a sunken garden to wooded glades, where numbers of peacocks strut up and down. The name of that part of the grounds known as *Parc de Sylvie* comes from the "Maison de Sylvie," a dull poem in honor of



CHANTILLY.

the Duchesse de Montmorency, composed here by Théophile de Viau, condemned to be burnt alive for sacrilege, and to whom the Duke (beheaded 1632) had given an asylum.

The noble domain of Chantilly was given in 1886 as a free gift to the France to which his life and heart were devoted, by the most distinguished and public-spirited of her sons, Henri d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale, immediately after his exile by the republican government. The art

treasures with which the palace is filled will be open to the public, under the superintendence of officers appointed by the Académie de France, and will form the most touching and lasting evidence of forbearance and forgiveness which Europe has ever seen.

The pictures at Chantilly include the glorious "Vierge de la Maison d'Orléans" of *Raffaële*, the "Venus and Ganymede" of *Raffaële*, the "Battle of Rocroi" of *Van der Meulen*, some of the best works of *Watteau* in existence, the "Ecole Turque" and "Réveil" of *Decamps*, the "Deux Foscari" of *Delacroix*, and the "Mort du Duc de Guise" of *Delaroche*. There is a glorious collection of portraits of the house of Condé. The library is valued at 200,000*l.*, and for a single chest of drawers, which belonged to Louis XIV., 20,000*l.* was refused by its late owner. In the splendid XVI. c. glass of the chapel windows, the children of the Connétable de Montmorency are represented.

In the *Forest of Chantilly* (1½ hour, following the Route du Connétable, opposite the château, as far as the Carrefour du Petit Couvert, and thence taking the third alley to the left) is the *Château de la Reine Blanche, or de la Loge*, a building erected in the ancient style by the Duc de Bourbon, on the supposed site of a little château built in 1227 by Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis.

The neighboring village of *St. Firmin* was the place where the Abbé Prévost, author of *Manon Lescaut*, fell down in a fit. He was carried, apparently dead, into the house of the curé, and the authorities ordered the body to be opened. As the surgeon plunged his knife into the body, a fearful scream showed that a swoon had been mistaken for death; but it was too late!

... The line from Chantilly to Crépy-en-Valois passes—

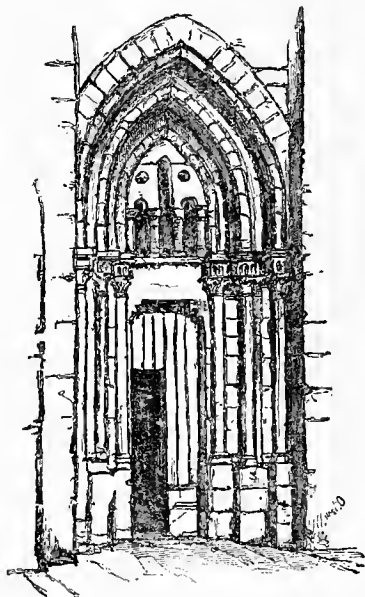
43 *k.* (from Paris) *Senlis* (Hotels, *du Grand Cerf*—good, clean, and reasonable; *des Arènes*).

The picturesque and attractive little city of Senlis is a treasure-house alike to the antiquary and artist. It retains its *Gallo-Roman fortifications* more perfectly than any town in France, except Bourges and St. Lizier, and its walls of cement, faced on both sides with cut stone, have preserved sixteen out of their twenty-eight ancient towers. The site of the residence of the Roman governor was afterwards occupied by a *Château of the Kings of France*, from Clovis to Henri IV., of which interesting ruins remain from the XI., XIII., and XIV. c. The ancient gothic entrance to this château is to be found at the end of the Rue du Château, but the modern approach is from the little Place St. Maurice. The towers of the royal château are well seen from the Rue de Chat-Huret. In 1863 some small remains of a Roman *Amphitheatre* were discovered.

The *Cathedral of Notre Dame*, to which time has given coloring of exquisite beauty, is a noble building of the XII., XIII., and XVI. c. The plan on which it was begun, in 1155, was of vast size, but want of funds compelled the curtailment of the length which it was intended to give to the nave, and the suppression of the triforium. The church was consecrated in 1191. In the XIII. c., one of the west steeples was completed, leaving the other unfinished, chapels were added on the right of the choir, and a transept was begun. The chapels of the nave and some of those of the choir date from the XIV. c. and XV. c. In 1502 the cathedral was struck by lightning, and it became necessary to renew the whole of the vaulting and the upper windows. The transept was finished and the façade restored at the same time. The central portal of the façade, formerly divided by a central pillar, has the Burial

and Coronation of the Virgin in its tympanum, one of the earliest and best representations of this subject. The transept portals bear the salamander of François I. : they are surrounded by a loggia under the principal windows.

“Each of the gables of these porches is surmounted by figures ; on the south porch the Trinity is represented under the



PORTAL, SENLIS.

figure of an Eternal Father seated and holding the cross on which Jesus Christ is extended ; a dove takes the place of his beard, and seems to designate the Holy Ghost. The statue, in the country, bears the name of *God the Father*. On the north porch is also an allegorical figure, named *God the Son* ; it represents a man with hands raised to heaven, in the attitude assumed by the early Christians for prayer.”—*Dulaure, “Environs de Paris.”*

The steeple on the right of the façade is one of the marvels of the XIII. c.

“One of the rare complete bell towers of the beginning of the XIII. century, is the one that flanks the façade of the cathedral of Senlis, on the south side. Built, without change or break of plan, during the early years of the XIII. century, in materials of excellent quality, this tower shows already the tendencies of the architects of the XIII. century to seek for surprising effects. Rising on a square base almost filled in, but under which there opens a charming door to the south aisle of the cathedral, this lateral belfry, contrary to the practice of previous architects, is no longer an isolated monument, but intimately connected with the plan of the church; its ground floor serves as a vestibule to one of the side vaults. . . . Great pinnacles of open work, resting on the angles of the square, serve for a transition between the square base and the octagonal story. The upper spire, with eight sides, like the tower that supports it, bears on each face a large light, the opening of which gives passage to the sound of the bells.”—*Viollet-le-Duc*.

In the interior, the pillars, side-aisles, and tribunes of the nave and choir belong to the construction of the XII. c. The nave has five bays, of which the first is a vestibule under the towers, and the last opens upon the transepts. In a chapel on the left, the keystone of the vaulting represents a large crown, with four angels extending their wings towards it. The rectangular part of the choir has six bays, of which the first is common to the transepts. The chapels are XIII. c. and XIV. c. The ambulatory of the apse is encircled by five chapels, of which four are XII. c. The final chapel is modern. In the chapel of St. Rieul are some fine incised monuments of bishops, their crosiers inlaid in white marble. In the wall of the left aisle is a XVII. c. relief of the Entombment.

The *Evêché*, to the south-east of the cathedral, dates from XII. c., but has lost all its characteristics.

Near the cathedral is the desecrated collegiate *Church of St. Frambourg*,¹ rebuilt in 1177, of striking and simple proportions, without aisles or transepts. In this part of the town are several curious old houses with tourelles, and other desecrated churches, one of them, *St. Aignan* (XIV. c. and XVI. c.), turned into a theatre. Another collegiate church, *St. Rieul*, is greatly dilapidated.

The fine *Church of St. Pierre* is now enclosed in a cavalry barrack. It is of the richest XVI. c. flamboyant, and has two towers, one crowned by a beautiful spire of 1431.

Approached by an avenue from the lower part of the town is the ancient *Abbey of St. Vincent*, founded by Queen Anne of Russia in 1065, now modernized, and occupied by an ecclesiastical college. The monastic church still exists, with its vaulting of 1130, and its graceful early pointed (XII. c.) tower and low steeple.

The *Hôtel de Ville* was rebuilt in 1495. Of the fine old houses, we may especially notice No. 53 *Vieille Rue de Paris*, with a XVI. c. polygonal tower, and No. 20 *Rue du Châtel*, with a curious gothic portal and vaulted halls.

We must take the *Rue Bellon* (first on left in descending the *Grande Rue*) and proceed in a direct line till we reach a crucifix, then follow a stony road (right) to a watermill, opposite which take a paved lane to reach (right), in the gardens of a château, the beautiful ruins of the *Abbaye de la Victoire*, founded by Philippe Auguste in honor of the victory of Bouvines. The architect was a monk named Menand. Louis XI. often used to stay at this abbey, and built a château close by (which was pulled

¹ To visit the interior apply at No. 6 *Rue St. Frambourg*.

down by the monks in 1599), where he signed a treaty of peace with François II. of Brittany. In 1783 the abbey was suppressed, and the greater part of its buildings were pulled down. The existing remains are those of three bays of the south aisle of the choir, which had been restored 1472-1519.

Very near the Abbaye de la Victoire, $3\frac{1}{2}$ k. from Senlis, is the ancient *Château of Mont l'Evêque*, which was the



ABBAYE DE LA VICTOIRE.

summer residence of the bishops of Senlis. $4\frac{1}{2}$ k. further (twenty minutes' walk from the station of Barbery, on the line from Senlis to Crépy-en-Valois) is the ruined castle of *Montépilloy* (Mons Speculatorum), built in the XII. c., partly rebuilt by Louis d'Orléans in 1400, and dismantled at the end of the XVI. c.

Ermenonville (13 k.) may be visited from Senlis. See Chap. XI.

The excursion to Chantilly and Senlis may be combined with that to Pierrefonds and Compiègne, by taking the railway to the former, changing at Crépy-en-Valois. The line passes—

60 *k.* (from Paris) *Barbery* (the nearest station to Mont-épilloy). The church was consecrated in 1586 by Guillaume Rose, Bishop of Senlis, famous in the League. Near this is the château of *Chamant*, which belonged to Lucien Bonaparte. There is a monument to his first wife, Eléonore Boyer. .

“Madame Lucien was interred in the park of her property at Plessis Chamant. Her husband built over her a monument of white marble surrounded by a railing. When he went to Plessis he took his daughters with him, that, young as they were, they might pray with him.”—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

69 *k.* *Auger-St. Vincent*. The church is XII., XIII., and XVI. c. with some windows of 1534. 2 *k.* east is the farm of *Parc-aux-Dames*, once a monastery: the XV. c. chapel remains.

76 *k.* *Crépy-en-Valois* (*Hotel, de la Bannière*). The former capital of the duchy of Valois has some remains of a château founded in the XI. c. The parish church of *St. Denis* dates from the same time, but the façade is XII. c., the choir XV. c. The collegiate church of *St. Thomas* was begun (1180) by Philippe d'Alsace, Comte de Flandre. The façade is XIII. c.; the tower, with a stone spire, XIV. c.

“The building was in course of erection when the famous Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, passed through the town of Crépy. As the count showed to him with pride the immense buildings of the church, ‘To what saint will it be consecrated?’ asked the archbishop. ‘To the first martyr,’ replied the count, who intended to dedicate to St. Stephen. ‘Do you speak,’ said the prelate, ‘of the first of past martyrs or the first of

future martyrs?' After the death of Thomas the count remembered these prophetic words, and placed the church under the invocation of the new martyr."—*Dulaure*, "*Environs de Paris*."

The town contains many houses of the XV. c. and XVI. c. and one of the XIV. c.

COMPIÈGNE AND PIERREFONDS

FROM the Gare du Nord. Compiègne and Pierrefonds may well form part of a three-days' excursion, embracing Chantilly and Senlis (see Chap. IX.), but they may easily be visited in the day from Paris. The line as far as Creil is described in Chap. VII. and Chap. VIII.

At Creil the line to Brussels and Compiègne diverges north-east by the right bank of the Oise, passing—

62 *k.* (from Paris) *Pont-St. Maxence*, which takes its name from an Irish martyr of the V. c. The church is XV. c. and XVII. c. A XIV. c. façade remains of the palace called *Yraine*, which belonged to the dukes of Burgundy. The *Hôtel de Ville* or *Maison du Roi*, in the Rue de Cavillé, is XV. c. In the Rue de la Ville is a XV. c. tower. The line passes, on the left, near Houdancourt, the ancient farm of *Lamotte*, of the Comtes de Lamotte-Houdancourt, and the ruined castle of *Longueil-St. Marie*. The forest of *Halatte* lies between the line and Senlis.

72 *k.* *Verberie*, where Clotaire and Chilperic had a residence, in which Charles Martel died, and where Pepin summoned a general council in 752. Charlemagne rebuilt the palace, in which several councils were afterwards held, and where Charles le Chauve celebrated the marriage of his daughter Judith with Ethelwulf, king of England.

The palace, restored by Charles V., existed till the XV. c., when it was pulled down for building materials.

Verberie was amongst the fortresses whose demolition was ordered by Charles VII. in 1431; but François I. again surrounded it with walls, and its five gates were entire in the XVIII. c. The church is XII., XIII., and XV. c. At the south extremity of the town is *Le Petit Ceppy*—a house of XIII. c. or XIV. c. 1 *k.* south-east is the church of *St. Waast-de-Longmont*, with a fine romanesque portal and apse, and a tower with a stone steeple of XII. c. The line passes on the left the church of *Rivecourt*, which has a curious portal. The interior was painted in fresco in the XVI. c.

84 *k.* *Compiègne* (Hotels, *de la Cloche*, very good; *de France; du Soleil d'Or*). The Latin name of Compiègne was *Compendium*. The first Merovingian kings had a palace here, and, ever since, the town has been a resort of royalty. Pepin le Bref received here, as a present from Constantine Copronymus, the first organ which had been seen in France. Louis le Bègue, son of Charles le Chauve, was crowned here in 877, and died here two years after. It was here that Eudes, Comte de Paris, was elected king of France in 888. It was in the forest of Compiègne that Philippe-Auguste lost his way whilst hunting, in his fourteenth year, and was brought back to the palace by a charcoal-burner, an adventure of which he so nearly died of fright, that his father, Louis VII., had to cross over into England to pray for his recovery at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Under the reign of St. Louis, 2,000 barons assembled at Compiègne for the marriage of the king's brother, Robert. It was here that, after the disasters which followed the battle of Poitiers, Charles V., in 1358, reunited the States-General, and provoked a

monarchical and feudal reaction against the rebellion of Paris, which was making its first attempt at representative government.

In the troublous times of Charles VII. Compiègne was frequently taken and retaken by the conflicting armies, but only one attack of the English is especially remembered, for on that day, so fatal for the honor of France and England, Jeanne Darc was taken prisoner.

“Jeanne returned to Compiègne; her heart was with this town and its people *si bounne françoise*, but the inner voice still spoke to her sadly. Nearly every day the prophecy of her approaching capture was renewed. According to a tradition preserved at Compiègne, ‘The maid, one early morning, had mass said at St. Jacques and confessed and received her Creator, and then retired near one of the pillars of the said church, and said to many folk of the town who were there (and there was there a hundred or six score of children that much desired to see her): “My children and dear friends, I say to you that I am sold and betrayed, and that, in brief time, I shall be delivered to death. So I beg you to pray God for me, for never shall I again have power to do service to the king or realm of France.”’

“Jeanne did down to the last moment all that she could do in the conviction of victory. She went to seek for succor, gathered at Crespi three or four hundred picked men, and hastened to bring them to her ‘good friends of Compiègne.’ She re-entered the town at sunrise, May 23, by the forest, which is still called the forest of Cuise. A sally was prepared by agreement between her and the governor, Guillaume de Flavi.

“Once in action, the warlike ardor, the fever of heroes, seized her and banished her sombre presentiments. That day she had no private warning, no dark presage.

“About five in the evening, Jeanne sallied from Compiègne at the head of five hundred picked men, partly horse, partly on foot, and attacked Marqui. The garrison of Marqui came out to meet her, but was driven back and hurled into the village, where Jeanne followed them. The Burgundians rallied. They soon became superior in number, but the dash of the assailants was such that they repulsed, in a second and third charge, this always increasing multitude.

“Five hundred English, however, were coming from the opposite side, from Venette. The companions of Jeanne saw them at a distance on their rear. They forgot that the English could not place themselves between them and the town without being shot down by the artillery of the fortifications. They thought they were cut off. The rear ranks disbanded. The fugitives rushed to the barrier of the fortification and masked the English, who, already sheltered from the fire of the place, charged them boldly and gained the road.

“The bravest and most devoted of Jeanne’s companions, who had never quitted her since her parting from the king, one of her brothers, her squire, Jean d’Aulon, and others still fought around her. When they saw what was passing behind them, ‘Endeavor to reach the city,’ they cried to her. ‘or you and we are lost!’

“But Jeanne was transported with that heroic ecstasy which danger inspired her with. ‘Silence!’ she cried. ‘It depends on you whether they are discomfited. Think only of smiting them.’

“For all that she could say her people would not believe it; they took the bridle of her horse and made her by force return to the town.

“It was too late. The streams of Burgundian and Picard horsemen were pursuing, head to tail; behind them, between them and the place, other Burgundians, mixed with English, were thrusting their swords into the first fugitives, and already attacking the barrier. The barrier had been closed and the drawbridge raised. The governor of Compiègne was afraid of seeing the rampart and the bridge over the Oise seized by the enemy. There remained some boats filled with archers; the most of the foot soldiers of Jeanne’s troop had already found refuge there, but Jeanne, who did not retire except step by step, fighting all the time, and who was resolved to enter last, could not gain the banks of the Oise. She was driven, with her friends, into the angle formed by the rampart and the slope of the road.

“All the enemy rushed upon her at once. The banner, consecrated far otherwise than the oriflamme, that had been the salvation of France, the banner of Orleans, of Patay and of Reims, was in vain waved to summon assistance. The faithful army of Jeanne was no longer there. The holy standard fell, overthrown by French hands. The last defenders of the maid were dead, captive or separated from her by the throng of assailants.

Jeanne still struggled. Five or six horsemen surrounded her, and, all at once, laid hands upon her and her horse. Each of them cried, 'Surrender to me! Pledge your word!' 'I have sworn,' she replied, 'and pledged my word to another than you; I will keep my oath to him.'

"An archer pulled her violently 'by her casaque of cloth of gold.' She fell from her horse.

"The archer and his master, the Bastard of Wandomme, a man-at-arms from Artois, in the service of Jean of Luxembourg, seized her. She was taken prisoner to Margny.

"The prediction of *her voices* was fulfilled. The period of the struggle was ended for her. The period of martyrdom commenced."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France*."

The Porte du Vieux-Pont, near which Jeanne Darc was taken, long bore the inscription—

"Cy fuct Jehanne d'Ark près de cestui passage
Par le nombre accablée et vendue à l'Anglais,
Qui brûla, le félon, elle tant brave et sage.
Tous ceux-là d'Albion n'ont fait le bien jamais."

All the later kings of France have from time to time inhabited Compiègne, which was the favorite residence of the Emperor Napoleon III., and the scene of his chief hospitalities.

The town is prettily situated on the Oise, and its streets are clean and handsome. In a central position is the picturesque *Hôtel de Ville* of 1502-1510. The figures of the Annunciation, which once decorated it, have been replaced by an equestrian statue of Louis XII., by Jacquemart. In the interior is a *Musée*, with the ordinary collection of second-rate pictures. The very fine church of *St. Antoine* dates from the XII. c., but retains little of that time. The rest is chiefly rich XVI. c. gothic, but the very lofty choir and chevet are due to Pierre Dailly, XIV. c. The tracery of its parapets is very rich. A curious XI. c. font was brought from St. Corneille, and a stained window from the church of Gilocourt. The church of *St. Jacques*,

so touchingly connected with the story of Jeanne Darc, was founded at the beginning of the XIII. c., but not finished till the XV. c. It was intended to have two towers, but only one was completed, and the portal which was to have connected them is also unfinished. The internal ornamentation is of XVIII. c. On the neighboring Place du Change is a house where Henri IV. often stayed with his mistress, the Duchesse de Beaufort, to whom it belonged. The *Church of St Nicholas*, attached to the Hôtel Dieu, contains a curious renaissance wooden altar-piece. In *St. Germain* is a beautiful *banc-d'œuvre* of 1587, which came from St. Jacques.

The *Château de Compiègne* is the fourth royal residence which has existed here. The first was that of Clovis and Charlemagne ; the second was built by Charles le Chauve on the banks of the Oise ; the third, on the present site, was that of Charles V. ; the existing château was built by Gabriel for Louis XV. The architectural effect of the principal part recalls that of the Palais Royal at Paris, on the side towards the Louvre. It is approached through a grille from the great square.

The château is open to foreigners daily from 10 to 1 ; the public are freely admitted on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at the same hours. On the ground floor is installed the *Musée Khmer*, of early Indian and Chinese monuments. The apartments, chiefly interesting from their association with Napoleon I. and III., are handsome, but have no especial importance. The *Galerie des Fêtes* has decorations in the style of the first empire, by Girodet, and statues of Napoleon I. and Madame Mère, by Canova. There is a large collection of indifferent pictures ; those of the story of Don Quixote, by *Charles Coypel*, are amusing.

The *Gardens* cannot be entered through the palace. Emerging from the Cour d'honneur, one must turn to the left, where an open gate will soon be found on the left of the avenue. These unkempt gardens have a much greater look of the country than those of Versailles, and a long grass avenue, made by Napoleon I. in 1810, stretches away from them through the forest. The terrace is very handsome, lined with orange and palm-trees in tubs. The great N of Napoleon is often repeated on the façade of the palace on



CHATEAU DE COMPIÈGNE.

this side. At the end of the terrace, on the left, passing a grille, we find ourselves above the *Porte Chapelle*, built by Philibert Delorme for Henri II., with a vaulted gallery under the terrace. It bears the monograms of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers. Hence, an avenue leads to the *Cours*, along the river. Here we may see the moat of Charles V. and remains of the towers which defended it. Returning to the middle of the façade, and taking the staircase which descends to the park, we find to the left the

berceau, 1,800 mètr. long, which Napoleon I. made to please Marie Louise, in imitation of that of Schöenbrunn.

The *Forest of Compiègne* (called, till 1346, *la forêt de Cuise*) was a favorite hunting-ground with the kings of France. Here a wild man, "vêtu comme un loup," was seized in the time of Charles IX. and brought to the king, and here Henri IV. narrowly escaped being carried off by Rieux, governor of Pierrefonds. An avenue, facing the château, leads to the heights called *Beaux-Monts*, from which and from the neighboring hill called *Mont du Tremble*, there are good points of view. A more distant point for an excursion is the *Mont St. Marc*. This may be combined with a visit to the royal *Abbey of St. Corneille*, at the foot of the *Beaux Monts*. In this abbey, founded by Charles le Chauve in 876, Henri III. was buried, in accordance with his own desire, but was moved to St. Denis by the Duc d'Épernon. The abbey was totally destroyed at the Revolution. A road now traverses the nave of the church. Only part of the cloister remains, and is used as a barrack.

"All the world knows the story of Grand-Ferré (1358), which the collectors of anecdotes have extracted from the interesting chronicle of the continuator of Nangis. The inhabitants of the village of Saint Corneille and the neighboring villages were entrenched in a little fort, near the Abbey of Saint Corneille, under the command of a farmer named Guillaume l'Alouette, a resolute fellow, much beloved in the country. Guillaume had with him his farm servant, who was called 'Grand-Ferré,' a kind of giant, of prodigious stature and strength; for the rest humble in heart and simple in mind. The adventurers of the garrison of Creil sent a detachment to take the fort of Saint Corneille; the bandits surprised it, and began by massacring l'Alouette. At this sight, Grand-Ferré takes a heavy axe, and, followed by the most daring of the peasants, flings himself on the English. At each blow he cut off an arm or split a head, and his comrades, imitating to the best they could, rained blows on the English as if they had

been threshing their corn on the floor. Grand-Ferré knocked down over forty himself; the others ran away. The peasants were so emboldened by their victory, that, a second detachment having come to avenge the first, they sallied out to meet the enemy in the open field. The English were treated as their predecessors had been. The peasants refused to admit to ransom, and slew all they could catch, 'to put them out of the way of doing harm.'

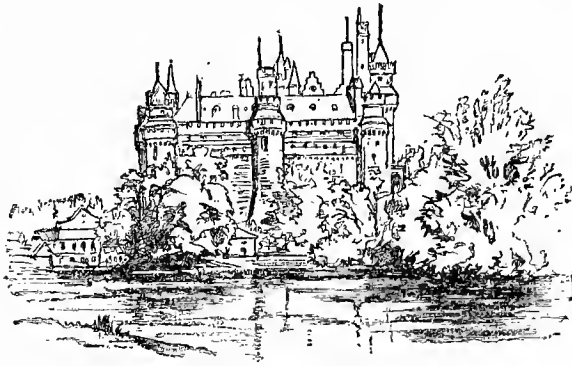
"Grand-Ferré, however, had been heated in this second fight; he drank a good deal of cold water and was seized with fever; he returned to the village and took to his bed. The men of Creil soon heard of his sickness and sent a dozen soldiers to kill him; but Grand-Ferré, warned by his wife, had time to grasp his good axe and to go out into the yard. 'Ah, robbers,' he cried to the English, 'you think to catch me abed, but you have not got me yet!' He put his back to the wall, raised his axe five times, and struck five English dead on the spot; the seven others ran as hard as they could. He returned to his bed and drank some more cold water; the fever redoubled; he received the sacraments and died, wept by all the peasants. His exploits have made him a popular hero."—*Henri Martin, "Hist. de France."*

A direct road leads from St. Corneille to *St. Pierre* (8 k. from Compiègne), with ruins of a priory founded by Charles le Chauve for Benedictines, replaced by Celestines in 1308. Below the ruins is *La Fontaine des Miracles*, supposed to remove barrenness.

From Compiègne most visitors will take the railway line to Villers-Cotterets, though there is a good road of 12 k. (omnibus) to—

96 k. *Pierrefonds* (Hotels, *des Bains*, prettily situated; *des Ruines*, good, less pretentious; *du Château*; *des Etrangers*). One may dine at the *Restaurant du Lac*, which has a lovely view of the lake and the opposite hill, with every variety of forest green, and pink houses emerging from it. Pierrefonds is much frequented for its mineral waters, useful for rheumatism and throat affections; but of world-wide celebrity from its magnificent

château, one of the finest existing fortresses of the middle ages. The original castle dated from the XI. c., but this was replaced by the existing château (1398-1406) by the Duc d'Orléans (brother of Charles VI.), who was assassinated in Paris by Jean sans Peur, in 1407. It was frequently besieged by the English and bravely defended against them. In 1588 it became the refuge of a band of brigands under the command of the brave Rieux, vainly besieged here by the Duc d'Epéron and afterwards by



PIERREFONDS.

the Maréchal de Biron, but eventually taken whilst preparing to attack some public carriages, and hanged at Compiègne. Under Louis XIII. the castle was commanded by one Villeneuve, who pillaged the country much as Rieux had done. He was besieged by Charles de Valois, Comte d'Auvergne, and the castle was dismantled by Richelieu. During the Revolution the ruins were sold for 8,100 fr. In 1813 they were purchased by Napoleon I., and their restoration was begun in 1858 under Viollet-le-Duc and carried out through twenty-eight years at the

expense of the State, the vast works being rendered comparatively easy owing to the neighborhood of quarries of the right kind of stone. Now the magnificent château is as complete as when it was finished in the XIV. c., everything ancient having been carefully preserved and the old lines strictly followed out. The castle is open daily to the public, who are shown over it by warders, in large parties.

“The château is, at once, a fortress of the first rank and a residence comprising all the offices requisite to provide for the existence of a prince or a numerous garrison. The donjon could be completely isolated from the other defenses. It was the habitation specially reserved for the lord and comprised all the necessary offices: cellars, kitchens, servants’ rooms, wardrobes, saloons, and reception halls. The building that contains the great halls of the Château of Pierrefonds occupies the west side of the parallelogram forming the perimeter of this seigneurial residence. Once barracked in the halls of the ground floor, the troops were overlooked by the gallery of the *entresol* which is above the porch, and could not mount to the defenses except under the leading of their officers. These halls, moreover, are beautiful, well ventilated and lighted, provided with fire-places, and easily held five hundred men.”—*Viолlet-le-Duc*.

The château forms an irregular square of 6,270 mèt. at the end of a promontory from which it is separated by a moat. On each front are three great machicolated towers. There are two entrances to the outer wall, though from that nearest to the village only a steep footpath leads up the hill. Here, an outer gate and two drawbridges are passed before entering the castle court close to the donjon tower. The Annunciation is sculptured on the front, St. Michael over the gate. On the right of the court is the chapel, on the door of which Viollet-le-Duc is himself represented as St. James of Compostella. In the interior the gallery pew for the inmates of the castle draws attention. A statue of the Duc d’Orléans stands opposite the

perron which leads to the principal apartments. The *Grande Salle de Réception*, with squirrels holding shields of fleurs de lis over the chimney; the *Cabinet de Travail du Seigneur*; the *Chambre à Coucher du Seigneur*, with its curious arrangement for the Garde de Nuit; the chamber for the Knights of the Round Table, are some of those which have been magnificently restored, their ancient decorations having been reproduced as far as possible. Over the chimney of the *Salle d'Armes* are statues of the wives of *preux chevaliers*, restored from statues found in the ruins. From the towers there is a wide view over the forests of Compiègne and Villers-Cotterets. In the southwest tower are oubliettes, apparently veritable. The different arrangements for defense through the whole building are very interesting, and are well pointed out.

“If the defensive arrangements of the Château of Pierrefonds have not the majestic grandeur of those of the Château of Concy, they are still combined with a skill, care, and foresight in details that prove to what a degree of perfection the construction of strong seignorial places had been carried at the end of the XIV. century, and to what extent the castellans at that epoch were mistrustful of people outside.”—*Viолlet-le-Duc*.

The village Church stands upon a crypt of 1060. The choir and chapels are of 1206, the nave and portal XV. c., the renaissance tower of 1552. There are remains of XIV. c. stained glass.

5½ k. from Pierrefonds, 8 k. from Compiègne, is the ruined gothic church of *St. Jean aux Bois*, occupying the site of the villa of Cuisa, which gave the forest its first name, where King Gonthran died in 562, saying—“Que pensez-vous que soit le roi du ciel, qui fait mourir de si grands rois?” It was Adelaide, mother of Louis VII., who built the convent and church for Benedictine nuns. The buildings were destroyed by the soldiers of Turenne. 2½ k.,

at *St. Périnne*, are remains of a succursale of the abbey. Some of the finest oaks in the forest are near *St. Jean aux Bois*.

14 *k.* from Compiègne, traversing the whole forest, is *Morienvall*, a hunting-lodge of King Dagobert, who founded a church and two monasteries there. The monastery for men was burnt by the Normans and rebuilt, as well as the church, in the X. c.

XI.

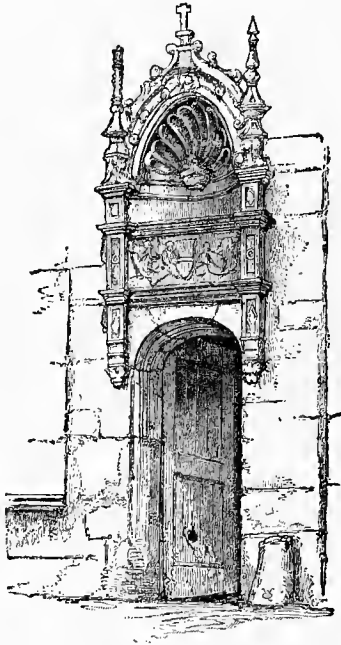
NANTOUILLET, DAMMARTIN, AND ERMENONVILLE.

THIS is a pleasant and easy day's excursion from the Gare du Nord. The best way is to take the 8.50 train, which does not stop till it reaches the station of Dammartin. Here the *courier* (a pleasant open omnibus) waits, and will take travellers to ($2\frac{1}{2}$ k.) *Fuilly*, a village circling round a convent and the whitewashed buildings of a college of Oratorians, founded 1638. It possesses a statue of Cardinal de Bérulle, founder of the society here, and the heart of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, deposited at Juilly in 1555.

Probably the *courier* will go on to *Nantouillet*, but it is only 1 k. further. Here there are vast remains of the magnificent château built by the unpopular minister Duprat, who was chancellor under François I. After the death of his wife, ambition induced him to take orders, and in time he became cardinal-legate. On the death of Clement VII. he hoped to succeed to the papal throne through the influence of his patron, François I., and laid aside 400,000 fr. to spend in bribery for the purpose.

A stately renaissance gateway, near a huge brick tower, forms the approach to the château, which had a deep moat, formerly crossed by a drawbridge. Over the entrance is a

storm-beaten statue, said to represent Jupiter, whom the founder—for a cardinal-legate—held in strange admiration, as is attested by the still legible inscription, “Jovi genitori et protectori.” The interior of the castle is now occupied as a farm, but has many renaissance details of ex-



PORTAL, NANTOUILLET.

quisite beauty. Especially deserving of attention are the wide gate on the left of the court, the door represented in the woodcut, and a graceful staircase, with open windows towards the court. Amongst the ornaments, the salamander of François I., and the trefoils of Duprat are frequently

repeated. The chimney-piece of the Salle des Gardes bears the arms of Duprat, and medallions with mythological subjects.

The omnibus from Juilly will take tourists back to the station, where they may find another omnibus, which also comes to meet the train, to (4 *k.* from station) *Dammartin* (Hotel *du Chemin de Fer*, a good country inn—excellent luncheon), a small town prettily situated on the ridge of a low hill. It was burnt down in 1230, according to the rhyming chronicle—

L'an mil deux cents vingt et dix,
Fut Dammartin en flamme mis.

It has two churches, the more important of which, founded 1480, has a good flamboyant entrance. In its beautiful choir, divided by two central pillars, and surrounded by oak stalls, is the fine altar-tomb of the founder, Antoine de Chabannes, the companion in arms of Lahire and Jeanne Darc, who became Count of Dammartin by his marriage with Marguerite de Nanteuil. It was Antoine de Chabannes who revealed to Charles VII. the conspiracy of his son, afterwards Louis XI., for which he fell into disgrace and had his property confiscated, as soon as that king came to the throne, though his possessions were afterwards restored, and he lived to become the trusted friend of the king. Pierre Lemire, who saved the church under the Terror, is buried close by. On the north-east of the town are some remains of the castle of Antoine de Chabannes, sold to Anne de Montmorency in 1554.

It is an easy drive of 8 *k.* (carriage for half-day, 8 fr.) from Dammartin to Ermenonville, through an uninteresting country, but passing the renaissance church of *Orthis*, and *Eve*, where the church has a very good early-pointed

tower. In a wooded hollow, close to the road, is the handsome moated XVIII. c. château of *Ermenonville*, belonging to Prince Radziwill. Here permission must be asked of the concierge, before following a path, along (on the other side of the road) the shore of an artificial lake, to an island at the further end, reached by a bridge. Here, under some poplars, is a tomb, still bearing its inscription to Rousseau—"L'homme de la vérité et de la nature." On a smaller island is the tomb of the painter G. F. Meyer, 1779. Not far distant, but on a separate property, is *La Cabane de J. J. Rousseau*, a cottage where he used to rest on his botanizing excursions.

Ermenonville, which had previously belonged to the families of Orgemont and Montmorency, fell, in 1763, into the hands of the Marquis de Girardin, who had a natural talent for landscape gardening, and made it one of the prettiest places near Paris. He offered a retreat here, in 1778, to Jean Jacques Rousseau, then very failing in body and mind, who inhabited a little pavilion (now destroyed) near the château. Here he expatiated over the delights of the country, and gave botanical lessons to the children of his host. At the end of six weeks he had a fall, from which he injured his head, and died, July 3, 1778. He was buried the same evening by moonlight in the Isle of Poplars, which has been a place of sentimental pilgrimage ever since, though his remains were removed to the Pantheon, October 11, 1794. When Bonaparte visited the tomb of Rousseau, he said—"It would have been better for France if this man had never existed!"—"And why, citizen consul?" asked Girardin. "Because he paved the way for the French Revolution." "I think, citizen consul, that it is scarcely for you to complain of the Revolution." "Well, the future will learn that it would have been better

for the repose of the world if neither Rousseau nor I had ever existed.”

A walk of two hours, through woods, leads from Ermenonville to Morfontaine (see Chap. IX.). Both places may be visited from Senlis, from which Ermenonville is 13 *k.* and Morfontaine 10 *k.* distant.

XII.

VINCENNES AND BRIE-COMTE-ROBERT.

VINCENNES, a short drive from Paris, is most easily reached by omnibus from the Louvre, the Bourse, or Place de la Bastille to Vincennes itself; or by the *Chemin de Fer de Vincennes* (Place de la Bastille) in 15 min. Those who wish to walk to the castle through the *Bois* may take the tramway from the Bastille to Charenton, descending at the Porte de Picpus; or may take the railway, and leave it at the station of Bel-Air, close to the Porte de Picpus. From the Porte de Picpus, the Avenue Daumesnil leads by the Lac Daumesnil to the fortress: or by the Chaussée du Lac (third turn, left) one may reach the Lac de St. Mandé, and follow the Route de la Tourelle from thence, and then the Route de l'Esplanade to the château.

From the station of Vincennes the Rue de Montreuil leads to the château.

The château is only shown in detail, from 12 to 4, to those furnished with a special order from the Minister of War. Strangers are always allowed to visit the chapel in the centre of the enclosure unattended. Artists are not allowed to draw without special permission.

The first castle of Vincennes was built by Louis VII., 1164. This was rebuilt by Philippe Auguste, and again by Philippe de Valois. In 1560 Catherine de Medicis began to add the Pavillons du Roi et de la Reine, which Louis XIV. united by covered galleries, forming a vast rectangle, flanked by nine outer towers. In the middle of the XVIII. c. the château ceased to be a royal residence, and it became in turn a china manufactory, a military

school, and a manufactory of arms. It was put up for sale at the Revolution, but no one would buy it, and under Louis Philippe it was restored as a fortress and barrack.

Many historic recollections linger about the old castle. It was there that St. Louis received the Crown of Thorns from the Emperor Baldwin, and thence that he set out for his two crusades. Thither his body was brought back from the coast of Africa.

“When the king set out for the Holy Land, he went to Vincennes to take leave of his mother. At the end of a year his remains were brought to the donjon he had loved. Nothing could be more sad than the return of the young king, Philippe III. ; he was escorted by the mortal remains of Louis IX., his father ; of Jean, his brother ; of Thibaut, King of Navarre, his brother-in-law ; of Isabelle of Aragon, his wife ; of Alphonso, his uncle ; and of Jeanne of Toulouse, his aunt ; all having died, either in Africa, or Italy, during this fatal expedition.”—*Touchard-Lafosse*, “*Hist. de Paris.*”

It was at Vincennes that Enguerrand de Marigny, the powerful minister of Louis le Hutin, was tried for having misappropriated the public finances, and unjustly condemned to be hanged at Montfaucon, 1315. It was there that Louis X. (1316), Philippe V. (1322), and Charles IV. (1328) died. There Charles V. was born (1337) and passed the greater part of his life, and there Queen Isabeau de Bavière enjoyed her orgies.

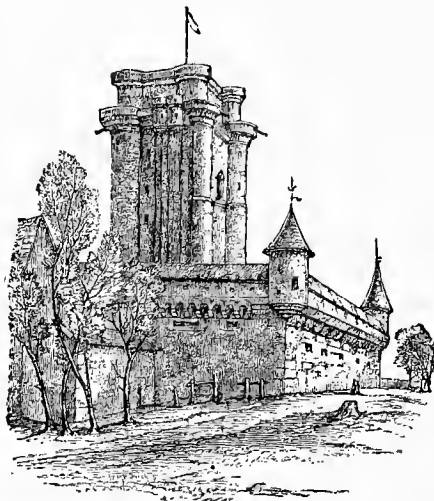
Henry V., of England, after conquering the greater part of France, died at Vincennes, in his thirty-fourth year.

“Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night !

King Henry the Fifth too famous to live long !
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.”

Shakspeare, “*Hen. VI.*,” Act. i. sc. 1.

“ One of the doctors, from whom he ‘asked for the truth,’ flung himself on his knees by his bed and told him to think of his soul, for he had only two hours to live ; Henry summoned his confessor and other churchmen, and ordered them to recite the seven penitential psalms. ‘And when they came to the *Benigne fac, Domine*, where the words *muri Hierusalem* occur, he said aloud that he had the intention, after he had placed the kingdom of France in peace, to go and conquer Jerusalem, if it had been the pleasure of his Creator to let him live his life.’ Then, as if to re-



DONJON OF VINCENNES.

assure himself in this solemn hour, he recalled the fact that his war with France had been approved by the ‘most holy persons’ of all the prelates of England, and that he had waged it without offending God or putting his soul in peril. ‘And, briefly thereafter, he gave up the ghost,’ August 31, 1422.”—*Henri Martin*, “*Hist. de France*.”

“ His body was cut in pieces, and boiled in a cauldron till the flesh separated from the bones ; the water was thrown into a cemetery, and the bones and flesh were placed in a lead coffin,

with many kinds of spices and odoriferous things, and smelled well."—*Juvénal des Ursins*.

Louis XI. used Vincennes as a state prison, but his successor continued to reside there occasionally, and in 1574 it witnessed the miserable death-bed of Charles IX., in his twenty-fourth year, red from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

"His end was so miserable that even the Huguenot writers display some pity. His short and broken slumbers were troubled by hideous visions; exhausted by violent hemorrhages, he awoke bathed in blood, and this blood reminded him of that of his subjects shed in streams by his orders; he saw in his dreams all the corpses floating down the Seine, and he heard in the air lamentable cries. The night before his death his nurse, whom he loved much, although she was a Huguenot, and who watched beside his bed, heard him lament, and weep, and sigh. 'Oh, nurse,' he cried, 'what blood and what murders! Oh, what bad advice I had! O my God, pardon me for these things, and show mercy unto me. I know not where I am, so perplexed and agitated do they render me! What will become of all this [all this country]? What will become of me—me to whom God entrusts it? I am lost, I feel sure!' Then the nurse said to him, 'Sire, the blood and the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them, and on their evil counsel.' His last words were that he rejoiced at not leaving any male child to wear the crown after him."—*Henri Martin*.

Cardinal Mazarin died at Vincennes, March 3, 1661; but the death by which the castle is most remembered is that of the brave and innocent Duc d'Enghien, son of the Prince de Condé, treacherously seized on foreign soil, condemned without a trial, and executed at once by order of Napoleon I. in the night of March 20, 1804.

"The exit from the stairs was by a low door opened on the ditch. The procession skirted for some time in the darkness the foot of the high walls of the fortress as far as the sub-basements of the pavilion of the queen. On turning the angle of this pavilion, which displayed another portion of the ditch concealed by the

walls, the prince found himself suddenly face to face with the detachments of troops posted to witness his death. The picket of fusiliers detailed for the execution was separated from the other soldiers, and their muskets glittered a few paces from him. Some lanterns, carried by hand, lighted the ditch, the walls, and the grave. The prince halted at a sign from his conductors; he saw his fate at a glance, and did not change color.

“He turned to the group of officers and of gendarmes who had preceded him, and asked in a loud voice if there was any one among them who would render him a last service. Lieutenant Noirot left the group, and approached him. His bearing indicated his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low tone. Noirot, then turning towards the troops, ‘Gendarmes,’ he said, ‘has one of you a pair of scissors about him?’ The gendarmes searched their knapsacks, and passed from hand to hand to the prince a pair of scissors. He took off his cap, cut a lock of his hair, drew a letter from his bosom, took a ring from his finger, folded the hair, the letter, and the ring in a piece of paper, and gave the little packet, his only bequest, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of his situation and his death, to see that it was forwarded to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan, at Ettenheim.

“This love message being thus entrusted, he collected himself for a moment, his hands joined to say his last prayer, and in a low tone commended his soul to God. Then he took five or six steps to place himself in front of the platoon, whose loaded arms he saw gleaming. The glare of a large lantern, with several candles in it, placed on the little supporting wall that overlooked the open ditch, streamed on him and gave light to the soldiers to aim by. The platoon retired some paces to measure the distance; the adjutant gave the word, ‘Fire!’ The young prince, as if struck by lightning, fell, without a cry or movement, to the ground. The clocks of the château were striking three o’clock in the morning.

“His dog, that had followed him into the ditch, howled and flung itself on his body. The poor animal was with difficulty removed, and given to one of the prince’s servants; it was sent to the Princess Charlotte, the only messenger from that tomb in which was sleeping he whom she never ceased to weep.

“He was laid, fully dressed, in a grave dug beneath the wall. His blood cried and will cry aloud against his murderer from age to age.”—*Lamartine*.

“Examined by night, condemned by night, the Duke d’Enghien was killed by night. This horrible sacrifice was rightly consummated in darkness, in order that it might be said that every law had been violated, even those that prescribed publicity of execution.”—*Dupin*.

It was in the moat, on the side towards the esplanade, to the right of the drawbridge, in the angle formed by the Tour de la Reine, that the crime was committed. A red granite column, inscribed “Hic cecidit,” marked the spot till the Revolution of July, when it was destroyed.

Vincennes is a fortress rather than a château. The outline of the enclosure, keep, towers, and curtain walls—a splendid example of a military work of the XIV. c.—prove that a regular form was then adopted wherever the site allowed. Though considerable walls have been added at later times, it is still easy to detach the XIV. c. fortress from its additions.

Entering the gates, we find, on the left of the great court, the Salle d’Armes, the Chapel, and the Pavillon de la Reine; on the right, the Donjon and the Pavillon du Roi.

The *Chapel* (the successor of those built by St. Louis and Philippe de Valois) was founded by Charles V. in 1379, and finished by Henri II. in 1552.

“At Vincennes, a large tribune is carried by a vault above the entrance; it occupies the whole first bay. The statues of the apostles and of four angles, behind the altar, were, at Vincennes as at Paris, placed against the pillars, at the height of the window-sills, and supported by consoles and covered with canopies. The supporting walls beneath the mullions were not adorned with arcade work at Vincennes, but were probably at one time furnished with wooden bars and tapestry. The windows of the apse alone have kept their stained glass, which was painted in the XVI. century by Jean Cousin, and represents the Last Judgment. Among the stained windows of the renaissance, these can take the first rank; they are well composed and of fine execution.

The roof of the Sainte Chapelle at Vincennes, constructed of oak, and planned with great perfection, was surmounted only by a very small, simple spire that no longer exists."—*Viollet-le-Duc*.

In the stained glass of the Last Judgment (saved during the Revolution, in the Musée des Petits-Augustins), the figure of Diane de Poitiers is pointed out—naked, her golden hair encircled by a blue riband. In the former



CHAPEL OF VINCENNES.

sacristy (left of choir) is the tomb, by Deseine, erected by Louis XVIII. to the Duc d'Enghien, whose body, buried on the spot where he fell, was then exhumed from the moat and brought to the chapel. The Duc de Bourbon, who died at St. Leu in August, 1830, vainly implored in his will to be buried here by his son.

The donjon is a lofty square tower, with a turret at each angle. It is five stories high, and when the castle was a royal residence, the king occupied the first floor, the

queen and her children the second, the rest of the royal family the third, the guards and servants the fourth and fifth. Some of the panelling and wood-carving of the royal apartments is now to be seen in the Salles Historiques of the Louvre. Amongst the many illustrious prisoners immured here were the leaders of the Fronde (1650), of whom the Prince de Condé amused himself by the cultivation of flowers, which produced the verses of Mlle de Scudéry:—

“En voyant ces œillets, qu’un illustre guerrier
Arrose d’une main qui gagne des batailles,
Souviens-toi qu’Apollon bâtissait des murailles,
Et ne t’étonne pas que Mars soit jardinier.”

The quietist Mme Guyon, the friend of Fénelon, was imprisoned here in 1695, and composed a great volume of mystic verses here.¹ Diderot, author of the *Pensées Philosophiques*, was imprisoned here in 1749, and Mirabeau in 1777, who wrote several of his works during his three years’ incarceration. He thus describes the introduction of a prisoner to Vincennes:—

“The feeble gleam of a truly sepulchral lamp lights the prisoner’s steps; two conductors, like the infernal attendants whom the poets place in Tartarus, guide his walk, the bolts beyond number strike his ears and eyes, doors of iron turn on their huge hinges, the trembling light that pierces with effort into this ocean of darkness and allows to be perceived everywhere, chains, bolts, and bars, augments the horror of such a spectacle and the dread it inspires. The unfortunate captive at last arrives at his den. Here he finds a truckle-bed, two chairs of straw and often of wood, a jug almost always broken, a table covered with grease . . . and what more? Nothing! Imagine the effect produced on the soul by the first glance he casts around him.”—*Lettres de cachet*.

Before the Revolution visitors were often admitted to

¹ Voltaire.

the prisons at Vincennes, and could read upon the walls such inscriptions as, "Il faut mourir, mon frère, il faut mourir, quand il plaira à Dieu;" "Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam, quoniam ipsorum est regnum coelorum;" and, over the door, "Carcer Socratis, templum honoris." The holy Jansenist leader, M. de St. Cyran, was imprisoned and composed many of his most important works here.

The *Manufacture royale de Porcelaine de France* was founded in 1753 by Louis XV. at the instance of Mme de Pompadour, and from its origin was occupied in the manufacture of flowers in china.

"Disordered taste in porcelain made a whole flora bloom; entire beds, with all their varieties of plants, issued from the furnaces of Vincennes, and took life under the hands of skilful workmen, who forged a vegetation of bronze for these flowers of enamel."—*Courajod*.

The *Bois de Vincennes*, terribly curtailed of late years, is the especial "promenade du peuple." Six railway stations, on the Vincennes Brie-Comte-Robert line give access to it; that of Nogent or Fontenay is nearest to the Lac des Minimes, that of Joinville-le-Pont to the Faisanderie. The Rue de Paris leads from the château to the eastern part of the Bois, containing (2 *k.*) *Les Minimes*, where a pretty lake with islands and cascades occupies the site where a religious house, founded by Louis VII., once stood. Here the Duc de Montpensier gave a famous fête, July 6, 1847. On Sunday afternoons in summer the Bois is crowded. Under every tree, along the edge of every lawn, by the bank of every stream, are family picnic parties, easily satisfied and intensely happy. Stolid Englishmen are astonished at the eagerness with which grown-up people are playing at ball or battledore.

Nowhere is the light hearted, kindly, cheery character of the French middle classes seen to greater advantage. In England such a scene would be an orgy ; here all is quiet enjoyment—coarseness, drunkenness, roughness are unknown. It was during a shower of rain in the park of Vincennes, when all the rest of the Court had hurried to take shelter, that Louis XIV. lingered by the side of Mlle de la Vallière, and declared his love to her.

From Vincennes a line leads in a little more than one hour to Brie Comte-Robert, passing—

9 *k.* *Nogent-sur-Marne*, where Charles V. built a château—"un moult notable manoir," called the Château de la Beauté,—where he died (1380) ; it was destroyed in the XVI. c. In 1721 the painter Antoine Watteau died here, saying to the curé of Nogent, who held a common crucifix before his closing eyes, "Otez-moi cette image ! Comment un artiste a-t-il pu rendre si mal les traits d'un Dieu ?"

13 *k.* *St. Maur-Port-Créteil*.—A famous Benedictine abbey was founded at *St. Maur-les-Fossés*, in the reign of Clovis II., and dedicated to St. Peter, but changed its name in 868, when the monks of Grandfeuille in Anjou fled thither from the Normans, bringing with them the wonder-working body of St. Maur, which was henceforth invoked here every June 24, by vast multitudes shouting ; "St. Maur, grand ami de Dieu, envoyez-moi guérison, s'il vous plait !"

On the death of Henry V. of England at Vincennes in 1423, his entrails were buried at St. Maur. The abbey was secularized in the XVI. c. by the bishop of Paris, when its monks were replaced by eight canons, of whom

François Rabelais was one. Bishop Jean de Bellay employed Philibert Delorme to build him, on the site of the abbey, a palace, which was sold to Catherine de Medicis in 1536. From the last Valois, the château passed to Charlotte de la Trémouille, and from her, by marriage, to the house of Condé. The relics which had belonged to the abbey were removed to St. Germain des Prés at Paris, and the XI. c. reliquary of St. Maur is now in the Louvre. The château perished in the Revolution.

17 *k.* *La Varenne St. Maur.*—On the opposite side of the Marne is *Chennevières*, in a situation so admirable that Louis XIV. thought of making it the royal town before he decided to build at Versailles. An avenue leads to the very picturesque château of *Ormesson*, built (XVI. c. and XVII. c.) in a lake, and connected by two bridges with the main land.

20 *k.* *Sucy-Bonneuil.*—The *Château de Sucy*, of 1640, belonged to the Maréchal de Saxe, and his chamber retains the furniture of his time. In the neighborhood are the château of *Chaud-Moncel*, which belonged to the royalist “dames de Sainte-Amaranthe,” guillotined on accusation of plotting against the life of Robespierre, and the château de *Montaleau*, which belonged to the Abbé de Coulanges, and where Mme de Sévigné lived from her sixth to her twelfth year. “Vous ai-je mandé,” she wrote late in life to her daughter, “que je fus l’autre jour à Sucy. Je fus ravie de voir cette maison où j’ai passé ma plus belle jeunesse ; je n’avais point de rhumatismes en ce temps-la !”

22 *k.* *Boissy-St.-Léger.*—Close by, on the left of the line, is the very handsome moated *Château de Gros-Bois*, built by the arrogant Charles de Valois, Duc d’Angoulême, bastard of Charles IX. and Marie Touchet. Wishing to enlarge his park at the expense of the village, but being op-

posed by the curé, who refused to allow the church to be pulled down, he took advantage of a processional pilgrimage in which the whole parish was engaged, to set such a vast number of soldiers to work, that when the priest and his congregation returned, no sign of the church remained, and its site was already enclosed within the park walls. In the XVIII. c. Monsieur, Comte de Provence, was the owner of Gros-Bois. When it was sold by the nation, it was bought by Barras, who was succeeded in turn by Moreau, Fouché, and Berthier. It still belongs to the son of the Maréchal Prince de Wagram, and is filled with historic relics of the Empire.

20 k. *Villecresnes*.—A little south is the *Château de Cercay*, which was the residence of M. Rouher, the favorite minister of Napoleon III.

36 k. *Brie-Comte-Robert* (*Hotel de la Grâce de Dieu*), named from Robert of France, fifth son of Louis le Gros. It retains some ruins of a XII. c. *Castle*. The *Church*, of the XII. c. and XIII. c., was modernized in the XVI. c. In the chevet, which ends in a straight wall, is a fine rose window, with XIII. c. glass, representing the months. The side chapels are XIV. c. and XVI. c. In the north aisle is a XIII. c. tomb, with the figure of a warrior. The tower is XIII. c. The *Hospital* has a gothic portal, with six arches of the XIII. c.

XIII.

MEAUX.

THE station of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est* or *de Strasbourg* is close to the Gare du Nord and to the Boulevard Magenta. The scenery of the line is exceedingly bare and ugly. It passes through the *banlieue* of Paul de Koch, described in so many of his novels, but now built over and blackened, to—

11 *k.* *Bondy*, near the forest of Bondy, where Childeric II., king of Austrasia, is supposed to have been murdered in 673. The Avenue de l'Abbaye leads to the site of the *Abbey of Livry*, founded 1200, whither Mme de Sévigné often retired, and whence she wrote—

“Holy Tuesday, March 24, 1671. I have been here three hours, with the purpose of retiring from the world and noise; till Friday evening, I design to be in solitude. I make a little La Trappe of the place; I wish to pray God here, and make a thousand reflections. I have determined to fast a good deal.”

The small remains of the abbey are now an orphanage; the gardens are cut up and destroyed. At the Restoration the château of Livry belonged to the Comte de Damas, the faithful friend of Louis XVIII., who slept here April 11, 1814, the day before his entry into Paris.

13 *k.* *Le Raincy* (*Rincianum*), where, in the XVII c., Jacques Bordier built a magnificent château on the site of

a Benedictine abbey. In 1750 the Duc d'Orléans made here a park which is described in the stilted verses of Delille. Under the first empire the château belonged to Marshal Junot, whose wife (Duchesse d'Abrantès) describes the first interview of Jerome Bonaparte with his second wife, Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, which took place there under her auspices. Napoleon I. afterwards imperiously forced the Duke d'Abrantès to give up the château to him. It was pulled down under Louis Philippe, and the park has since been cut up and destroyed. The fine marble busts of Henri II., Charles IX., Henri III., and Henri IV., now in the Louvre, formed part of the decorations of Raincy.

15 *k. Villemouble-Gagny*.—The church of *Gagny* dates partly from the XIII. c. 2 *k. distant* (omnibus, 30 c.) is *Montfermeil*, celebrated by Victor Hugo and Paul de Koch, but the place is much changed of late years.

“To-day it is a pretty large village, ornamented, all the year through, by villas in plaster, and, on Sundays, by blooming citizens.”—*Les Misérables*.

19 *k. Chelles*, where the early kings of France had a palace, stained, in the VI. c., by the crimes of Fredegonde, who murdered the last of her stepsons at Noisy, on the opposite bank of the Maine, in 580. The great stone called *Pierre de Chilpéric* once sustained the *Croix de Sainte-Bautcur*, marking the spot where Fredegonde caused her husband Chilperic to be assassinated. That morning he had come playfully behind her whilst she was dressing her hair, and had given her a rap with his cane. “Pourquoi me frappes-tu ainsi, Landri?” she had exclaimed, thinking that it was the Maire du Palais, her favored lover of the moment. The king then went off abruptly to the chase, and she felt that he must never return. Dagobert I.,

Clovis II., and his son lived at the *villa regalis* of Chelles, Clotaire III. died there, and Robert II. (le Pieux) convoked meetings of bishops there. The palace fell into decay under the last Capetian kings, but the abbey, founded by St. Clotilde in the beginning of the VI. c. and rebuilt by St. Bathilde, wife of Clovis II., flourished till the great Revolution, and counted Gisela, sister of Charlemagne, amongst its many abbesses of royal birth. Little remains of it now, except some wood carvings in the church, and some reliquaries containing bones of St. Bathilde, St. Bertille, &c. When Louis XIV. was inspired with his sudden passion for Mlle de Fontanges, amongst the benefits heaped upon her family, he made her sister abbess of Chelles, a dignity usually conferred upon the daughters of princes or dukes.

“6th April, 1680. Mme de Fontanges is made duchesse with 20,000 crowns pension; she received congratulations thereon, to-day, in her bed. The king has been publicly there; she takes her *tabouret* to-morrow, and goes to pass Eastertide at an abbey which the king has given to one of her sisters. This is a style of separation which will do honor to the severity of the confessor. There are people who say that this establishment has the air of a dismissal; in truth, I do not believe so, time will tell us. At present the state of things is thus: Mme de Montespan is in a fury; she wept much yesterday; judge then of the martyrdom suffered by her pride.”—*Mme de Sévigné*.

To this abbey, a few months later, her health and power broken, Mlle de Fontanges came as a refuge.

“7th July, 1680. Mme de Fontanges has left for Chelles. She had four carriages and six, her own had eight horses; all her sisters were with her, but it was all so sad that it was piteous; the fair lady losing all her blood, pale, changed, overcome with grief, despising 40,000 crowns income and a *tabouret* which she has, and longing for health and the king’s heart, which she has not. I do not think there ever was an example of a person so fortunate and so unfortunate.

"1st September, 1680. We heard at our abbey [of Livry] the triumphs, the trumpetings and the music of Chelles at the consecration of the abbess. It is said that the *fair beauty* thought she was poisoned, and that gave her a right to have guards; she is still languishing, but so full of her grandeur that you must imagine something precisely contrary to that little violet [La Vallière], who hid herself in the grass, and was ashamed of being a mistress, a mother, and a duchesse; that will never be the model."—*Mme de Sévigné*.

Louise Adélaïde de Chartres, daughter of the Duc d'Orléans and granddaughter of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan, became Abbess of Chelles in 1719. Her grandmother, Elizabeth Charlotte, writes—

"She persisted in her project of becoming a nun; it seems to me she suits the world better; . . . but it is a craze that has taken rest in her brain. She has all the tastes of a boy; she loves dogs, horses, riding; all day long she is handling powder, making fuses or other fire-works; she has a pair of pistols, with which she is always shooting. She has no fear of anything in the world; she cares for nothing that women like; she does not even take care of her appearance. This is my reason for not being able to fancy that she will make a good nun."—*Mémoires de Madame*.

The abbey was totally destroyed at the Revolution, and the tombs of Clotaire, Bathilde, and the numerous princesses who had reigned as abbesses perished with it. A few statues which belonged to the abbey ornament the parish church.

45 *k. Meaux* (Hotel du Grand Cerf; des Trois Rois), in the flourishing and prosperous *pays Meldois*—a vast fruit and vegetable garden, an attractive old city, worth staying to see. The *Cathedral* is seen from the station, rising above the trees of the pleasant public walks. It was begun in the XII. c., but was only finished in the XVI. c. On the north-west is a massive square tower. The interior, of the XV. c. and XVI. c., is exceedingly beautiful and

harmonious ; faultless as far as it reaches, it impresses more than many grander buildings.

In the right aisle of the choir is the monument by Buixiel (1822) of Bossuet, the most illustrious bishop of Meaux ; he is buried at the entrance to the sacristy.

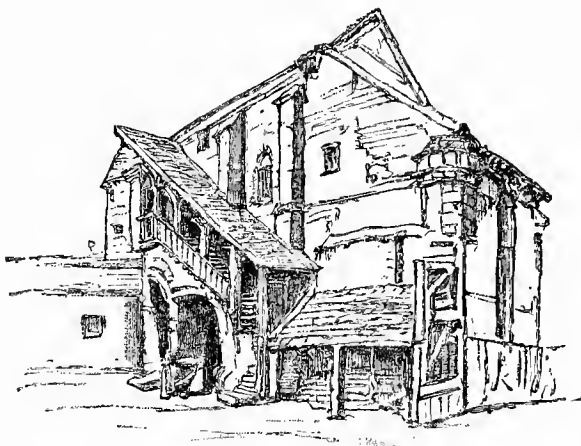
“ He was a man to whom honor, virtue, uprightness were as inseparable as his knowledge and vast learning. His place as tutor of Monseigneur had made him familiarly acquainted with the king, who more than once consulted him concerning his scruples. Bossuet often spoke to him about his mode of life with a freedom worthy of the first ages and the first bishops of the Church. More than once he checked the course of disorder ; he ventured to pursue the king, who escaped from him. He made at last all bad conduct cease, and he succeeded in crowning this great work by the last blows that drove away from the court for ever Mme de Montespan.”—*St. Simon, “Mémoires.”*

In the left choir aisle is the tomb of Philippe de Castile, son of the Seigneur de Chenoise, 1627, with his kneeling figure ; and, opposite, the beautiful flamboyant portal called Porte Maugarni.

Entered to the left of the cathedral façade is the *Evêché*, of the XV. c. and XVI. c. Visitors are admitted by the portress to the charming old-fashioned garden behind the palace, designed by Lenôtre, covered with snow-drops in early spring. It is backed by a sunny terrace upon the walls, ending in a pavillon, where Bossuet spent much of his time, but which is no longer furnished. Here were composed many of those sermons (which began in improvisations at the Hôtel de Rambouillet) in which, with thorough knowledge and use of the Fathers, and in kingly splendor of style, the great bishop chiefly aimed at upholding the majesty of the Church doctrines, and making of theological dogma a living reality. He is, however, almost better known by his funeral orations than by his

sermons, though they are more artificial, and their high-sounding phrases would now be unendurable.

“The Evêché is full of historic associations, besides being very curious in itself. Here have slept many noteworthy personages—Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, on their sad return from Varennes, June 24, 1791; Napoleon in 1814; Charles X. in



LA MAÎTRISE, MEAUX.

1828; later, General Möltke in 1870, who said on that occasion, ‘In three days, or a week at most, we shall be in Paris,’ not counting on the possibilities of a siege.”—*Holidays in Eastern France*.

Behind the cathedral is the curious building, of the XIII. c., called *La Maîtrise*. The bridges across the Marne are covered with mills, some of them very old and picturesque.

XIV.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE Chemin de Fer de Lyon (for Fontainebleau) starts from the Boulevard Mazas. It passes—

1 *k.* (right), the village of *Conflans*, where the libertine archbishop of Paris, Harlay de Champvalon, built a château, in which he died August 6, 1695, when Mme de Coulanges wrote to Mme de Sévigné: "Il s'agit maintenant de trouver quelqu'un qui se charge de l'oraison funèbre. On prétend qu'il n'y a que deux petites bagatelles qui rendent cet ouvrage difficile: la vie et la mort." The château continued to be the residence of the archbishops before and after the Revolution, till a service at St. Germain l'Auxerrois (Feb. 13, 1831), in honor of the Duc de Berry, led to an insurrection in which it was sacked. The buildings are now occupied by a convent.

5 *k.* *Charenton-le-Pont*, a position which has often proved of great military importance in defending or attacking Paris. Here was the famous *Temple des Protestants*, authorized by Henri IV., capable of containing 14,000 persons, where the Calvinists held their synods; it perished at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. A little hospital of twelve beds, founded by Sébastien Leblanc in 1642, was the origin of the enormous *Hospital and Lunatic Asylum* of Charenton—the Bedlam of France.

7 *k.* *Maisons-Alfort*.—Maisons is remarkable for its magnificent *École vétérinaire*, founded 1766. There is a tramway hence to (4 *k.*) *Créteil*, where Odette de Champdivers, mistress of Charles VI., had a manor. The church is partly of the XIII. c., and has a fine west tower serving as a porch.

15 *k.* *Villeneuve-St.-Georges*.—Above the village is seen the *Château de Beauregard*, which belonged to Claude le Pelletier, Controller of Finances after Colbert.

18 *k.* *Montgeron*.—At *Crosne*, 1 *k.* distant, Boileau was born, at No. 3, Rue Simon, which is inscribed—

“ Ici naquit Boileau, ce maître en l'art d'écrire.
 Il arma la raison des traits de la satire,
 Et, donnant le précepte et l'exemple à la fois,
 Du goût il établit et pratiqua les lois.”

2½ *k.* east is *Yeres*, where the château belonged in the XIV. c. to the family of Courtenay, then to that of Budé. To the latter belonged Guillaume Budé, the learned secretary of Charles VIII., of whose house the stately entrance, flanked by round brick towers, remains in the village. A spring, which was formerly in his garden, is called the *Fontaine Budé*, and bears a poetical inscription.

At *L'Abbaye* (1 *k.*) are considerable remains of the Benedictine Abbey, founded in 1132 by the Comtesse d'Etampes, sister of Louis le Gros. Marie de Pisseleu, sister of the famous Anne, Comtesse d'Etampes, became its abbess in the XV. c. The buildings are now occupied by a woolen factory. A beautiful XV. c. portal remains. Few fragments exist of the convent of *Camaldules*, founded by the Duc d'Angoulême, bastard of Charles IX., on the hill above the village. 2 *k.* distant is the ancient *Château de la Grange*, a very handsome brick and stone building, flanked by five towers, of the time of Henri IV. It be-

longed to the widow of Henri de Guise, murdered by Henri III., and afterwards to Louis XIII. (under whom it was called Grange-le-Roi); then to the Maréchal de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy. The ivy on the façade was planted by Fox, when he came here to visit La Fayette, after the peace of Amiens.

26 *k. Brunoy*.—The old château of François de la Rochefoucauld, celebrated in the wars of the Fronde, was rebuilt in 1722 by the financier Paris de Montmartel, whose son Jean Paris, Marquis de Brunoy, squandered his large fortune in eccentricities.

“At the death of his father, he wished everything around him, things as well as people, to be in mourning. His domestics had to dress in black serge, every inhabitant received six ells of the same stuff, and his father’s statues were draped with it. An immense piece of crape enveloped the château. The trees bore weepers; the fountains and cascades were filled with black water; floods of ink were thrown into the river and canal; the church was painted black; the cows, the sheep, the hens were dyed black.”—*Louis Barron*, “*Les Environs de Paris*.”

After the ruin of the marquis, Brunoy was bought by Monsieur, brother of Louis XVI. Château and park were alike destroyed at the Revolution. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII. conferred the title of Marquis de Brunoy upon the Duke of Wellington.

45 *k. Melun* (*Hotel du Grand-Monarque; du Commerce*), prettily situated on the Seine, was a favorite residence of the kings of France from the XI. c. Their castle, at the east end of the island in the Seine was the place where Philippe I. died; where St. Louis celebrated the marriage of his daughter Isabelle with Thibaut of Navarre, and which was besieged by Henry V. of England in 1420.

The château was inhabited by Louis XIV. as a boy, but was totally demolished in 1740. The market-place has a large fountain. Of the churches which remain, *St. Aspais*, in the main street, with good stained glass, is XV. c. ; *Notre Dame*, near the river, was founded in the X. c., and has two romanesque west towers. At the east end of the town is the *Château de Vaux-le-Pîny*. Jacques Amyot, the learned bishop of Auxerre, was a native of Melun.

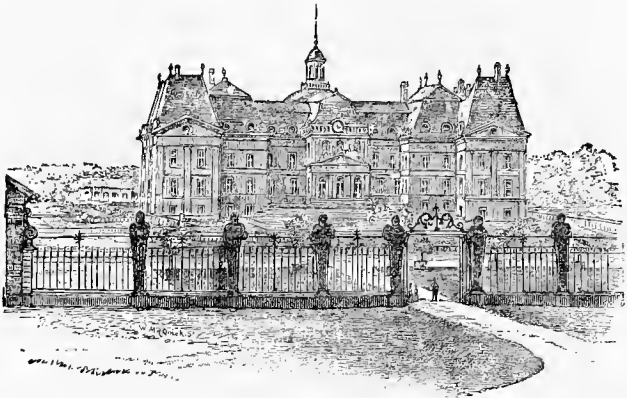


STREET AT MELUN.

6 *k.* north-east, by a walk or drive across a dreary upland plain, is the noble *Château de Vaux-Praslin*, built by Fouquet, the famous “surintendant de finances” under Cardinal Mazarin, with magnificent gardens laid out by Lenôtre, and internal decorations by Mignard and Charles Lebrun.

“The palace and gardens of Vaux cost eighteen millions, or, in the value of to-day, about thirty-five ; Fouquet built the palace twice, and bought three hamlets, the ground of which was en-

closed in the immense gardens, partly planted by Lenôtre, and then regarded as the most beautiful in Europe. The fountains of Vaux, which since have seemed less than mediocre after those of Versailles, Marly, and St. Cloud, were prodigies; but yet beautiful as was the house, the expenditure of eighteen millions, the vouchers for which still exist, proves that he was served with as little economy as he served the king with. It is true that Saint Germain and Fontainebleau, the only houses of pleasure occupied by the king, were far from approaching the beauty of Vaux; Louis XIV. felt it and was annoyed. In every part of the house the arms and device of Fouquet are displayed; a squirrel with



CHÂTEAU DE VAUX-PRASLIN.

the motto, *Quo non ascendam?* 'Whither can I not climb?' The king asked for an explanation; the ambitious tone of the device did not serve to appease the monarch. The courtiers remarked that the squirrel was everywhere depicted as pursued by a snake, which is in the arms of Colbert. The fête was superior to those that Cardinal Mazarin had given, not only in splendor, but in taste, the *Le Fâcheux* of Molière was represented there for the first time; Pélisson wrote the prologue, which was admired. Public amusements conceal or prepare so often at court private disasters that, without the queen mother, the Superintendent and Pélisson would have been arrested at Vaux on the day of the fête."—*Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV."*

The glories of the château are celebrated in the "Songe de Vaux" of La Fontaine:—

"Tout combattit à Vaux pour le plaisir du roi :
La musique, les eaux, les lustres, les étoiles."

Yet, eighteen days after his fête, Fouquet was arrested at Nantes, and imprisoned for life at Pignerol by order of the king. The Duc de Praslin, minister of Louis XIV., purchased the property, and it will ever be thought of in connection with the murder of the unhappy Duchesse de Praslin, daughter of Maréchal Sebastiani, which occurred in Paris in 1847.

The château rises nobly from its wide moat, surrounded by vast terraces. The *Cour d'Honneur* has a vast *avant-cour*, lined by *les communs*. It may be all seen through the grille which separates it from the road, inside which the sugar-refiner, who has bought the château from its aristocratic and liberal owners, allows no visitors.

4 *k.* west of Melun, near *Dammarié-ls-Lys*, which has a church dating partly from the XII. c., are the very picturesque ruins of the XIII. c. *Abbaye du Lys*.

51 *k.* *Bois-le-Roi*.—A little east of this, beyond the curve of the Seine, is the little village of *Fontaine-le-Port*, near which was the famous abbey of Barbeaux, founded by Louis le Jeune in 1147. The church, which contained the fine tomb of Louis VII., was demolished at the Revolution, but the body of the king, wrapped in its silken shroud, was concealed by a curé, and removed to St. Denis in 1817.

59 *k.* *Fontainebleau*.

The town is 3 *k.* from the station; omnibus, 30 c. Hotels—*de France et d'Angleterre*, facing the château; *de l'Europe*, close by and very good; *de Londres*; *Bristol*; *l'Aigle Noir*. Carriages—two horses, 4 f. first hour, 3 f. second hour; one horse, 3 f. first

hour, 2 f. second hour. By the day: two horses, 20 f., one horse, 10 f.

The dull town is much frequented in the summer for the sake of its park and château—

“Château qui s'appelle
Du gracieux surnom d'une fontaine belle.”

Louis le Jeune, who dated his acts of 1137 and 1141 “*apud fontem Bleaudi*,” was probably the first king of France



ABBAYE DU LYS.

who lived here; St. Louis could still sign his ordinances “*Donné en nos déserts de Fontainebleau*,” though, after a fashion, the kings of France continued to make the place a residence. Philippe le Bel, Louis (X.) le Hutin, Philippe V. and Charles IV. were all born in the palace, and there Philippe le Bel died (as was believed, from the Templars’ curse), in November, 1328—“His face was still fair when it began to pale from some nameless disease, for he had neither fever nor visible malady.” Philippe V. also died at Fontainebleau.

But the golden age of Fontainebleau came with the Renaissance and François I., who wished to make Fontainebleau the most glorious palace in the world. "The Escorial!" says Brantôme, "what of that? See how long it was of building! Good workmen like to be quick finished. With our king it was otherwise. Take Fontainebleau and Chambord. When they were projected, when once the plumb-line, and the compass, and the square, and the hammer were on the spot, then in a few years we saw the Court in residence there."

Il Rosso was first (1531) employed to carry out the ideas of François I. as to painting, and then Sebastian Serlio was summoned from Bologna in 1541 to fill the place of "surintendant des bastiments et architecte de Fontainebleau." Il Rosso—Giovambattista—had been a Florentine pupil of Michelangelo, but refused to follow any master, having, as Vasari says, "a certain inkling of his own." François I. was delighted with him at first, and made him head of all the Italian colony at Fontainebleau, where he was known as "Maître Roux." But in two years the king was longing to patronize some other genius, and implored Giulio Romano, then engaged on the Palazzo del Té at Mantua, to come to him. The great master refused to come himself, but in his place sent the Bolognese Primaticcio, who became known in France as Le Primatice. The new-comer excited the furious jealousy of Il Rosso, whom he supplanted in favor and popularity, and who, after growing daily more morose, took poison in 1541. Then Primaticcio, who, to humor his rival, had been sent into honorable exile (on plea of collecting antiquities at Rome), was summoned back, and destroyed most of Il Rosso's frescoes, replacing them by his own. Those that remain are now painted over, and no works of Il Rosso

are still in existence (unless in engravings) except some of his frescoes at Florence.

With the Italian style of buildings and decorations, the Italian system of a Court adorned by ladies was first introduced here under François I., and soon became a necessity.

“ Bien souvent ay-je veu nos roys aller aux champs, aux villes et ailleurs, y demeurer et s'esbattre quelques jours, et n'y mener point les dames ; mais nous estions si esbahis, si perdus, si faschez, que pour huict jours que nous faisons de séjour séparez d'elles et de leurs beaux yeux, ils nous paroisoient un an et toujours à souhaiter : ' Quand serons-nous à la court ? ' n'appelant la court bien souvent là où estoit le roy, mais où estoient la reyne et les dames.”—*Brantôme*.

Under François I., his beautiful mistress, the Duchesse d'Etampes—“ la plus belle des savantes, et la plus savante des belles,” directed all the fêtes. In this she was succeeded, under Henri II., by Diane de Poitiers, whose monogram, interwoven with that of the king, appears in all the buildings of his time, and who is represented as a goddess (Diana) in the paintings of Primaticcio.

Under François II., in 1560, by the advice of the queen-mother, an assembly of notables was summoned at Fontainebleau ; and here, accompanied by her 150 beautiful maids of honor, Catherine de Medicis received the embassy of the catholic sovereigns sent to demand the execution of the articles of the Council of Trent, and calling for fresh persecution of the reformers.

Much as his predecessors had accomplished, Henri IV. did more for the embellishment of Fontainebleau, where the monogram of his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, is frequently seen mingled with that of his wife, Marie de Medicis. All the Bourbon kings had a passion for hunting, for which Fontainebleau afforded especial facilities.

“The king thought only of the pleasures of the chase. It seemed as if the courtiers were permitting themselves an epigram, when they were heard saying seriously, on the days that Louis XV. was not hunting, ‘*The king is doing nothing to-day.*’”
—*Mme Campan.*

“The same day, his Majesty, after having been a-hawking, had a wolf-hunt, and ended the day by a third hunt of a stag, that lasted till night, in spite of three or four hours' rain. They were then six leagues from the start. The king arrived a little tired. This is what princes call amusement; about tastes and pleasures there is no need to dispute.”—*Sully.*

It was at Fontainebleau that Louis XIII. was born, and that the Maréchal de Biron was arrested. Louis XIII. only lived here occasionally. In the early reign of Louis XIV. the palace was lent to Christina, of Sweden, who had abdicated her throne.

It was in one of the private apartments, occupying the site of the ancient Galerie des Cerfs, now destroyed, that she ordered the execution of her chief equerry, Monaldeschi, whom she had convicted of treason. She listened patiently to his excuses, but was utterly unmoved by them and his entreaties for mercy. She provided a priest to confess him, after which he was slowly butchered by blows with a sword on the head and face, as he dragged himself along the floor, his body being defended by a coat of mail.¹

“Of whatever fault Monaldeschi was guilty towards the philosophic queen, she ought, as she had renounced royalty, have asked for justice, not done it. The case was not that of a queen punishing a subject, but of a woman terminating an affair of gallantry by a murder; the case of one Italian procuring the assassination of another by order of a Swedish woman in a palace of the King of France. No one ought to be put to death but by the law; Christina, in Sweden, would not have had the right to assassinate any one, and certainly what would have been a crime at

¹ See the terrible narrative of Père Lebel Mathurin de Fontainebleau, called in to confess Monaldeschi.

Stockholm was not permissible at Fontainebleau. Those who have justified this deed deserve to serve such masters. This shame and cruelty tarnished the philosophy that had made Christina quit a throne. She would have been punished in England, and every country where law reigns, but France closed her eyes to this assault on the authority of the king, the right of nations and humanity."—*Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV."*

Even after the creation of the palaces of Versailles and Marly, Louis XIV. continued to make an annual "voyage de Fontainebleau." He compelled his whole Court to follow him; if any of his family were ill, and unable to travel by road, he made them come by water; for himself, he slept on the way, either at the house of the Duc d'Antin (son of Mme de Montespan) or of the Maréchal de Villeroy. It was here that the Grand Dauphin was born, in 1661. Here, also, it was that Mme de Maintenon first appeared at the councils, and that the king publicly asked her advice as to whether he should accept the throne of Spain for the Duc d'Anjou. Here, also, in 1685, he signed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The great Condé died in the palace. Louis XV. was married here to Marie Leczinska in 1725; and here the Dauphin, his son, died in 1765. Louis XVI. delighted in Fontainebleau for its hunting facilities.

After the Revolution, Napoleon I. restored the château and prepared it for Pius VII., who came to France to crown him, and was here (January 25, 1813) induced to sign the famous Concordat de Fontainebleau, by which he abjured his temporal sovereignty.

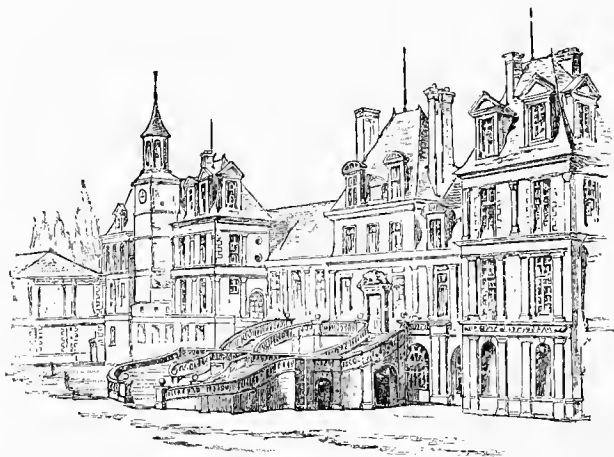
The château which witnessed the abdication of the Pope, also saw that of Napoleon I., who made his touching farewell to the soldiers of the Vieille-Garde in the Cour du Cheval-Blanc, before setting off for Elba.

"The guard itself was at Fontainebleau. He wished to bid it

adieu. He ordered it to be drawn up in a circle around him in the court of the château, and then, in presence of his old soldiers, who were deeply moved, he pronounced the following words: 'Soldiers, my old companions in arms, whom I have always found treading the path of honor, we must at last part. I could have remained longer among you, but it would have prolonged a cruel strife, added, perhaps, civil war to foreign war, and I could not resolve to longer lacerate the breast of France. Enjoy the repose which you have so justly earned, and be happy. As for me, do not sorrow for me. There still remains a mission for me, and it is to accomplish it that I consent to live; namely, to tell to posterity the great deeds we have done together. I would gladly clasp you all in my arms; but let me embrace that flag which represents you. . . .' Then, drawing towards him General Petit, who bore the flag of the old guard, and who was the complete model of modest heroism, he pressed to his bosom the flag and the general, in the midst of the cries and tears of those present; he then flung himself into the depths of his carriage, his eyes moist, and softening even the very commissioners charged to accompany him."—*Thiers*, "*L'Empire*."

The *Cour du Cheval-Blanc*, the largest of the five courts of the palace, took its name from a plaster copy of the horse of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, destroyed 1626. Recently it has been called the *Cour des Adieux*, on account of the farewell of Napoleon I. in 1814. It was once surrounded by buildings on all sides; one was removed in 1810, and replaced by a grille. The principal façade is composed of five pavilions with high roofs, united by buildings two stories high. The beautiful twisted staircase in front of the central pavilion was executed by Lemercier for Louis XIII., and replaces a staircase by Philibert Delorme. Facing this pavilion, the mass of buildings on the right is the *Aile Neuve* of Louis XV., built on the site of the Galerie d'Ulysse, to the destruction of the precious works of Primaticcio and Niccolo dell' Abbate, with which it was adorned. Below the last pavilion, near the grille, was the Grotte du Jardin-des-Pins, where James V. of

Scotland, coming over to marry Magdalen of France, daughter of François I., watched her bathing with her ladies, by the aid of a mirror. In the left angle is the Jeu de Paume, occupying the site of the Galerie de Chevreuils, destroyed by fire. Beginning at this corner of the façade, the *Pavillons de l'Horloge* and *des Armes* stand on either side of the *Chapelle de la Sainte-Trinité*. The central is called the *Pavillon des Peintures*, because François



CHÂTEAU DE FONTAINEBLEAU.

I. collected the works of the great Italian masters there ; the fifth at the right corner is the *Pavillon des Reines*, built by Catherine de Medicis and Anne of Austria.

To the west of the Cour du Cheval-Blanc, and communicating with it, is the *Cour de la Fontaine*, the main front of which is formed by the Galerie de François I. This faces the great tank, into which Gaston d'Orléans, at eight years old, caused one of the courtiers to be thrown, whom

he considered to have spoken to him disrespectfully. One side of the Cour de la Fontaine, that towards the Jardin Anglais, is terminated by a pavilion of the time of Louis XV. ; the other, formerly decorated with statues, is attributed to Serlio. The fountain from which the court takes its name has been often changed ; a poor work by Petitot now replaces the grand designs of the time of François I. and Henri IV. Beyond this court we find (on the left) the *Porte Dorée*, which faces the *Chaussée de Maintenon*, between the "Etang" and Parterre ; it was built under François I., and decorated by Primaticcio with paintings, restored in 1835. It was by this entrance that Charles V. arrived at the palace in 1539.

The *Porte Dorée* leads into the *Cour Ovale* (formerly *du Donjon*) surrounded by buildings which date from St. Louis, though so completely altered that the only apparent remnant of the feudal fortress is the tourelle attached to the *Favillon St. Louis* at the bottom of the court. The noble façade on the right, in the two ranges of arches, was mostly built by François I., and finished by Henri IV. ; the beautiful peristyle is attributed to Serlio ; the capitals of its pilasters and columns bear the "F" of François I. In the centre of the south side is the *Chapelle St. Saturnin*. The *Pavillon du Dauphin*, beyond this, is of Henri IV.

"The plan is as irregular as anything in gothic art, and there is a picturesque *abandon* about the whole design which is very charming and appropriate to the situation ; but, strange to say, the effect of the whole is marred by the coarseness and vulgarity of the details."—*Fergusson*.

The curious *Porte Dauphine* (or *Baptistère*), which forms the approach to the court from the outer side, was built by Henri IV., and received its name at the baptism of Louis XIII., which took place beneath it ; it bears the

initials of Henri IV. and Marie de Medicis. In front of the Porte Dauphine, on the outer side, are two colossal Hermes, flanking the entrance to the *Cour des Offices*.

The interior of the palace—open daily from 11 to 4—is usually shown in the following order. Entering by the *Escalier de Fer à Cheval*, in the Cour du Cheval-Blanc, we turn left to—

La Chapelle de la Sainte-Trinité, built (1529) by François I. in the place of the Oratory of St. Louis, of which a gothic arcade remains at the end of the nave. Henri IV. was urged to its rich decorations by the ambassador of Spain, who said, when shown over the palace—"Cette maison serait plus belle, sire, si Dieu y était logé aussi bien que Votre Majesté."

The paintings of the vault, by *Fréminet*, were continued under Louis XIII.; these are his only existing works. The altar, by Bordogni, dates from Louis XIII. Here Marie Louise d'Orléans, daughter of the Régent d'Orléans, was married to the Prince of Asturias; here Louis XV. was married to Marie Leczinska; and here the last Duc d'Orléans, son of Louis Philippe, was married to Princess Hélène of Mecklembourg.

A staircase now leads to the first floor, and we enter—

The *Appartements de Napoléon I.*, all furnished in the style of the first empire. The *Cabinet de l'Abdication* is the place where he resigned his power. His bedroom (containing the bed of Napoleon I., the cradle of the King of Rome, and a cabinet of Marie Louise) leads to the *Salle du Conseil*, which was the Salon de Famille under Louis Philippe; its decorations are by *Boucher*, and are the best of the period. It was in leaving this room that the Maréchal de Biron was arrested under Henri IV., in a cabinet which is now thrown into the adjoining *Salle du Trône*

(previously the bedroom of the Bourbon kings), dating from Charles IX., but decorated under Louis XIII. A fine portrait by Philippe de Champaigne represents Louis XIII. It is accompanied by his device—*Erit haec quoque cognita monstris*, in allusion to his vehemence in the extermination of heresy.

The adjoining *Boudoir de Marie Antoinette* is a beautiful little room, painted by *Barthélemy*. The metal work of the windows is said to have been wrought by Louis XVI. himself, who had his workshop here, as at Versailles. The richly-decorated *Chambre à Coucher de la Reine* was inhabited by Marie de Medicis, Marie Thérèse, Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, and Marie Amélie. The silk hangings were given by the town of Lyons to Marie Antoinette on her marriage. The *Salon de Musique* was the Salon du Jeu de la Reine, under Marie Antoinette. The *Ancien Salon de Clorinde*, or *des Dames d'Honneur*, is named from its paintings by *Dubois* from the *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

The *Galerie de Diane*, built by Napoleon I. and Louis XVIII., replaces the famous frescoed gallery of Henri IV. It is now turned into a library for the use of the town. In the centre is a picture of Henri IV. on horseback, by *Mauzaise*. The *Salle des Chasses* contain pictures of hunting scenes under Louis XV.

Entering the *Grands Appartements*, we pass through the *Salon des Tapisseries*, hung with fine Flemish tapestry, to the *Salon de François I.*, with a chimney-piece of his date; its medallion, representing Mars and Venus, is attributed to *Primaticcio*. The *Salon de Louis XIII.* is the room in which that king was born, in 1601: it dates from François I., and was decorated by Henri IV. Louis XIII. is represented as a child, riding on a dolphin, in one of the

paintings of the ceiling. Below, let into the panelling, is the first glass mirror seen in France. The next halls, of the *Pavillon St. Louis*, were decorated under Louis Philippe.

The halls of the south wing begin with the *Salle des Gardes*, the chimney-piece of which is formed by fragments from the Salon de la belle Cheminée, now destroyed. The *Escalier du Roi*, built by Louis XV., leads to the room occupied by the Duchesse d'Etampes, now called, from its decorations by Primaticcio, *La Chambre d'Alexandre*. Five prettily-decorated and graceful rooms compose the *Appartement de Mme de Maintenon*.

"At Fontainebleau I have very pretty apartments, subject to the same cold and the same warmth, and having a window of the size of the largest arcades, where there is neither shutter, nor sash, nor screen, because the symmetry would be spoiled."—*Mme de Maintenon à la Princesse des Ursins*, 23 Juillet, 1713.

We now reach the glorious *Galerie d'Henri II.* (or *Salle des Fêtes*), built by François I., and decorated by Henri II. The walnut-wood ceiling and the panelling of the walls are of marvellous richness. Over the chimney is a gigantic H, and the initials of Henri II. are constantly seen interlaced with those of Diane de Poitiers.

"The emblems of Diane, the bows, the arrows, the crescent above all, are lavished right and left on the chimney-piece; two pictures represent *Diane the Huntress* and *Diane in the Infernal Regions*. Finally, in the last arcade to the right is painted the portrait, not of the goddess, but of the mistress herself. The necessary attributes of Venus and Cupid are added to this figure after nature."—*Poisson*.

The sixty paintings on the walls, including eight large compositions, were executed by *Niccolo dell'Abbate*, and are probably the finest decorations of the kind existing in France.

The *Chapelle Haute* (especial order required) was built by François I., 1545. Below it is the *Chapelle St. Saturnin*, built by François I. on the site, and according to the proportions of the ancient chapel which was consecrated by Thomas à Becket. The altar used by Pius VII. in his apartment replaces the original altar, which bore the devices of Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers. From the chapel a corridor leads to the hall constructed by Louis Philippe under the gallery of Henri II., whence by the *Porte Dorée* and the *Cour Ovale* we re-enter the château by the *Pavillon St. Louis*.

The *Galerie de François I.* is a splendid work of the renaissance. The salamanders and other devices of François I. are to be seen on all sides. The original paintings were mostly by Il Rosso, but have been painted over; the *Danae* is attributed to *Primaticcio*.

“At the request of the Dauphin Henri, Maître Roux had represented Diane de Poitiers as the nymph of the Fountain Bleau. In his fresco she reclines, a Michelangelesque creature, among the bulrushes, where she is discovered by Bleau, the hound. An Amazon rather than a nymph, with a grave, stern head, mournfully bent, she presents little likeness to the Dauphin’s faded and exquisite Diane. But Marie d’Etampes, the mistress of the king, was furious at this apotheosis of her elderly rival. She stormed, she raged, she sulked, till Maître Claude Badouin was employed to paint out the detested fresco. Fortunately Rosso had time to copy it first, and a contemporary engraving by René Boyvin also attests the excellence of the design. A Latin inscription records the wrath of Rosso: ‘O Phidias, O Apelles, could your age conceive so beautiful a thing as the subject of this painting?—Diana, resting from the chase, and pouring out the waters of the Fountain Bleau, which Francis I., most puissant king of the French, father of the fine arts and of letters, left unfinished in his own palace!’”—*Mary F. Robinson, “Magazine of Art,” March, 1885.*

The rooms usually shown last are those formerly in-

habited by Catherine de Medicis and Anne of Austria, and which, under the first empire, were used by Pius VII., under Louis Philippe, by the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. The most interesting of these are the *Chambre à Coucher*, which bears the oft-repeated A L (the chiffre of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria), and in which Pius VII. daily said mass, and the *Salon*, with its fine tapestry after Giulio Romano. The *Galerie des Assiettes*, adorned with Sèvres china, only dates from Louis Philippe. Hence, by a gallery in the Aile Neuve, hung with indifferent pictures, we may visit the *Salle du Théâtre*, retaining its arrangements for the emperor, empress, and court.

At the corner of the parterre, near the railing of the park, is a detached building of François I., called the *Pavillon de Sully*, from the residence of that minister—"surintendant des bâtimens de la couronne."

The *Gardens*, as seen now, are mostly as they were rearranged by Lenôtre for Louis XIV. The most frequented garden is the *Parterre*, entered from the Place du Cheval-Blanc. In the centre of the *Jardin Anglais* (entered through the Cour de la Fontaine) was the *Fontaine Bleu*, which is supposed by some to have given a name to the palace. The *Etang* has a pavilion in the centre, where the Czar Peter got drunk. The carp in the pool, overfed with bread by visitors, are said to be, some of them, of immense age. John Evelyn mentions the carp of Fontainebleau, "that come familiarly to hand."

The *Jardin de l'Orangerie*, on the north of the palace, called Jardin des Buis under François I., contains a good renaissance portal. To the east of the parterre and the town is the park, which has no beauty, but harmonizes well with the château.

Visitors should not fail to drive in the *Forest*, 80 k. in

circuit, and, if they return late, may look out for its black huntsman—"le grand veneur."

"The question is still asked, of what nature was the spectre seen so often and by so many eyes in the forest of Fontainebleau? It was a phantom surrounded by a pack of dogs, which were heard and seen at a distance, but it disappeared when any one approached."—*Sully*.

The forest was a favorite hunting-ground of the kings of France to a late period. It was here that the Marquis de Tourzel, Grand Provost of France, husband of the governess of the royal children, fractured his skull, his horse bolting against a tree, when hunting with Louis XVI., in November, 1786. The forest is the especial land of French artists, who overrun and possess it in the summer. There are innumerable direction-posts, in which all the red marks—put up by Napoleon III., because so few peasants could read—point to the town. The following points are of interest:—

Rochers d'Avon, 7 k. (going and returning).

Mail de Henri IV. and *Rocher Bouligny*—a walk of three hours.

Parquet de Monts-Aigus (only open Thursdays and Sundays from 10 to 6), and *Grotte du Serment*, three hours.

Gorges du Houx, *Grottes du Parjure* and *du Chasseur Noir*—a round of 10 k.

Mont Ussy and *Vallée du Nid de l'Aigle*.

Fort des Moulins and *Calvaire*, two and a half hours.

Vallée de la Solle, *Futaie du Gros-Fouteau*, *Fontaines Sanguinèdes* et *du Mont Chauvet*—a walk of four hours. If only one excursion be made, this may be commended. Leave Fontainebleau by the Barrière de Paris, and, from the Rond-Point, follow (right) the blue arrows. Some of the oaks in this part of the forest are magnificent.

The *Gorges d'Apremont* (14 *k.* going and returning) are very picturesque.

The *Gorges de Tranchard*, spoilt artistically, as well as the *Gorges d'Apremont*, by young plantations, were inhabited by hermits from the time of Philippe Auguste to Louis XIV.

The *Gorge aux Loups* (five hours on foot going and returning) is a picturesque spot, but a dull walk, and is best combined with other places in a carriage-excursion. But it is always better to take a carriage for the longer distances, selecting a coachman who knows the forest and is not always suggesting imaginary difficulties. The most usual drives are the *Tillaie du Roi*, the *Hauteur de la Solle*, *Tranchard*, the *Fort de l'Empereur*, and then to the *Gorges d'Apremont*, or the *Gorge aux Loups*.

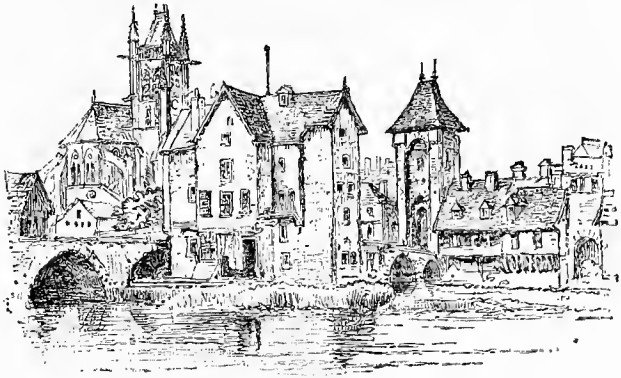
"Fontaine Belean forrest is very great and memorable for exceeding abundance of great massy stones in it, whereof many millions are so great, that twenty carts, each being drawn with ten oxen, are not able to moue one of them out of their place. The plenty of them is so great both in the forrest and neare unto it, that many hils and dales are exceeding full of them, in so much that a man being a farre off from the hils and other places whereon they grow, would thinke they were some great city or towne."—*Coryat's "Crudities,"* 1611.

The beautiful combinations of rocks and trees were not admired formerly as they are now.

"7 March, 1644. I went with some company towards Fontainebleau. By the way we pass through a forest so prodigiously encompass'd with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is not to be found elsewhere. It abounds with staggs, wolves, boares, and not long after a lynx or ounce was kill'd amongst them, which had devour'd some passengers."—*John Evelyn.*

An excursion may be made from Fontainebleau to (8 *k.*) the pretty old town of *Moret*, with a station on the Lyons

railway. The kings of France had a château at Moret, of which the principal tower remains, dating from Louis le Gros (1128). Henri IV. gave it to one of his mistresses, Jacqueline de Bueil, with the title of Comtesse de Moret. At either end of the principal street is a fine old gothic gateway, relic of the fortifications of Charles VII. (1420), and one of these rises most picturesquely at the end of the bridge of fourteen arches over the Loing. The church,



MORET.

built by Louis le Jeune, and consecrated by Thomas à Becket in 1166, only retains a choir of that date. The triple nave and the transepts (with mullioned windows filling all the surface of the gable wall) are XIII. c. : the tower XV. c. ; the principal portal XVI. c. South of the church is a timbered house of XV. c. and a little *Hospice*, where the nuns make excellent barley-sugar. In the main street, a renaissance house is inscribed "Concordia res parvae crescunt, 1618."

XV.

CORBEIL, SAVIGNY-SUR-ORGE, MONTLHÉRY, ÉTAMPES.

THIS is a pleasant summer day's excursion from Paris. It is best to take a single ticket at the Gare de Lyon for Corbeil. See the place, and have luncheon at the "Belle Image." In returning, only take a ticket to Juvisy, where cross to the Chemin de Fer d'Orléans (alongside) and take a ticket to St. Michel : here an omnibus for Montlhéry meets the train. In the evening, artists may think it worth while to stop between two trains to sketch the picturesque château of Savigny, close to the station. It is necessary to inquire if your carriage goes to the Gare d'Orléans, otherwise you may enter one which follows the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture.

The trains for Corbeil from the Gare de Lyon cross an ugly plain, but approach the Seine on the right, and low wooded hills on the left, where the main line is left at—

15 *k. Villeneuve-St. Georges.*—The line crosses the Seine to Juvisy.

24 *k. Ris-Orangis.*—Just beyond the station the line passes the Château de *Fremont*, which once belonged to the Templars, afterwards to the Président de Thou, the historian, who had alluded to the profligacy of an uncle¹ of Richelieu in his works, which caused the minister of Louis XIII. to exclaim—"De Thou a mis mon nom dans

¹ "Moine apostat et coupable de toutes sortes de crimes."

son histoire ; je mettrai son nom dans la mienne," and De Thou himself having died in 1617, Richelieu beheaded his son in 1642. This is the station for the *Forest of Sénart*, which is traversed by the road from Paris to Melun, and is celebrated by an incident which occurred to Louis XV.

"Hunting one day in the forest of Sénard, in a year when bread was extremely dear, he met a man on horseback, carrying a coffin. 'Where are you taking that coffin?' said the king. 'To the village of ——' replied the peasant.' 'Is it for a man or a woman?' 'For a man.' 'What did he die of?' 'Of hunger,' replied the villager abruptly. The king put spur to his horse and asked no more questions."—*Mme Campan*.

There are a number of fine châteaux near this, the most important being that of *Petit-Bourg*, pleasantly situated above the Seine, which belonged to the Duc d'Antin, legitimate eldest son of Mme de Montespan, who received his mother's former lover and Mme de Maintenon here with great honors. Louis XV. also often resorted hither with his mistresses. At the beginning of the Revolution it was inhabited by the Duchesse de Bourbon. At the invasion of the allies, Schwartzburg established himself in the château and treated there with Ney and Coulaincourt upon the abdication of Napoleon I. After the Restoration the château was restored by Aguado, Marquis de las Marismas.

30 *k. Eury-sur-Seine*, connected by a suspension bridge with *Etiolles*, which belonged to the husband of Mme de Pompadour. In later days the château was inhabited by Count Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs to Napoleon III.

31 *k. Corbeil* (*Hotel Bellevue*, near the bridge : *de la Belle Image*, good and reasonable), a considerable town, at the meeting of the Essonne and the Seine, which is crossed by a handsome bridge of five arches. Of its five

ancient churches only one remains, the collegiate church of *St. Exupère* or *St. Spire*, founded by Haymon, first Comte de Corbeil, in 950, rebuilt 1144, and served till 1790 by a chapter composed of a secular abbé, twelve canons, and six chaplains. It is approached by a very picturesque gateway, *Porte du Cloître*, from the principal



PORTE DU CLOÎTRE, CORBEIL.

street. The west porch is under the tower. In a chapel right of the principal entrance is the tomb of Count Haymon, who is said to have built the church in honor of a victory over a two-headed dragon, and who died on his return from a pilgrimage to Italy seven years after its foundation. In the same chapel is the monument of

Jacques de Bourgoïn, who founded the College of Corbeil in 1661. The curious shrine of St. Spire was melted down at the Revolution. In the collegiate buildings Abé-lard established his school, when he fled from Melun.

Nothing remains of the church of St. Jean de l'Ermitage, which contained the relics of Sts. Quirin and Pience; of Notre Dame, which claimed to have those of St. Yon; or of St. Jean en l'Isle, founded by Isemburge, the divorced Danish wife of Philippe Auguste, who was buried in its south transept (1256), under a fine tomb, bearing a metal effigy. Near this church was the Palais de la Reine, usually given as a residence to queens-dowager of France, where the chamber of Isemburge was preserved till the Revolution, when it perished like the tomb. Near the bridge, on the left bank of the river, was the château where Charles VIII. imprisoned the famous Georges d'Amboise in 1487.

Twenty minutes' walk from Corbeil is the manufacturing village of *Essonnes*, where Bernardin de St. Pierre had a cottage, which still exists, though much altered.

Those who visit Monthéry after spending the morning at Corbeil must remember to change their line at Juvisy, to the Chemin de Fer d'Orléans.

Beyond Corbeil, on the line to Montargis, is—

41 *k.* *Meunecy*, with a XIII. c. church, near which the Ducs de Villeroy had a fine château, which perished in the Revolution.

53 *k.* *La Ferté-Alais* (Firmitas Adelaïdis) has an interesting XII c. church, with a stone spire.

60 *k.* *Boutigny*, with an old gateway. The church is XII. c.

65 *k.* *Maisse* (7 *k.* east is *Milly*, with a XIII. c. church containing a sculptured retable offered to St. Julienne.

The château dates from 1479, and the curious halles are of the same period).

77 *k. Malesherbes*.—The church (XII. c.—XIII. c.) has an octagonal tower, and contains a St. Sépulcre, sculptured, in 1622, for the convent of Cordeliers. A bust of M. de Malesherbes was given by Louis XVIII. In the churchyard is a curious XIII. c. tomb. The château, originally XV. c., but rebuilt, is still inhabited by the descendants of the brave defender of Louis XVI. On the north is the restored XV. c. *Château de Rouville*.

The Chemin de Fer d'Orléans starts from the Boulevard de Hôpital. It passes—

6 *k. Vitry-sur-Seine*, with a XVII. c. château of which the owner, M. de Petitval, with his mother-in-law, two sisters, and five servants were murdered, August 21, 1796, by a band of masked robbers, who carried off the family papers, and were never brought to justice. A little north is *Ivry*, which has an old church, and where Claude Bosc du Bois, Prévôt des Marchands, had a magnificent château in the XVII. c. The Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of Louis Philippe, resided at Ivry, which is now covered by manufactories.

10 *k. Choisy-le-Roi*, formerly Choisy-Mademoiselle, where "La Grande Mademoiselle," Mlle de Montpensier, only daughter of the first marriage of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII., employed F. Mansart to build a château. It was here that she wept for her husband, the Comte de Lauzun, imprisoned at Pignerol, and that she endowed the Duc du Maine with the duchy of Aumale, the countship of Eu, and the principality of Dombes, to purchase his freedom from Louis XIV. The resto-

ration of Lauzun gave small satisfaction to Mademoiselle. He found that she had lost all good looks in pining for him, and treated her with cruel neglect. In vain she flung herself at his feet, crying, "Reviens à moi, qui t'aime tant," he answered, "Louise d'Orléans, tu as tort de pleurer, car tu me parais plus vieille et plus laide que jamais."

"He retained his gallantry a very long time. Mademoiselle was jealous, and this embroiled them over and over again. I have heard Mme de Fontenilles say that, when she was at Eu with Mademoiselle, M. de Lauzun went to pass some time there, and could not refrain from running after the girls. Mademoiselle knew it, lost her temper, scratched him and drove him from her presence. The Comtesse de Fiesque patched it up: Mademoiselle appeared at the end of a gallery; he was at the other, and he traversed the whole length of it on his knees till he came to the feet of Mademoiselle. These scenes, more or less violent, often recommenced afterwards. He grew tired of being beaten, and in his turn, gave Mademoiselle a good sound beating; this happened several times, till at last, tired of each other, they quarrelled once for good and all, and never saw each other again; he had, however, several portraits in his house, and always spoke of her with much respect. There is no doubt they were secretly married."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires."*

Mademoiselle bequeathed Choisy to Monseigneur, son of Louis XIV., who exchanged it for Meudon with Mme de Louvois, who lived here "toute l'été avec bonne compagnie, mais décente et très-gaie, convenable à son âge."¹ Afterwards Choisy belonged to the Princesse de Conti, the Duc de la Vallière, and eventually to Louis XV., when it became Choisy-le-Roi, and one of his favorite retreats. He employed Jacques Gabriel to decorate (and spoil) the architecture of Mansart and to build a smaller château for Mme de Pompadour. Both the châteaux were decorated by Chardin, Nattier, Boucher, Oudry, and other artists of

¹ St. Simon.

the day. In 1774 Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette held their Court here, but the Grand and the Petit Château were both utterly destroyed at the Revolution, and nothing remains except *les grands communs*, now occupied by a china manufactory.

Close to Choisy are the village of *Thiais*, which dates from Charlemagne, and *Orly*, where, in 1360, 300 men endured a siege of three months from the English, who brutally massacred them when hunger forced them to capitulate.

15 *k. Ablon*.—A place entirely protestant in the XVI. c. Sully had a villa there, of which there are some remains facing the quay.

17 *k. Athis-Mons*.—The church of Athis has a XIII. c. tower.

20 *k. Juvisy-sur-Orge*.—It was here, in the post-house of the Cour de France, that (March 30, 1814) Napoleon I., on his way to Paris, received the despatch which announced the capitulation of the capital, and returned to Fontainebleau. Near Juvisy is the picturesque double bridge of *Belles Fontaines*.

22 *k. Savigny-sur-Orge*.—Close to the station is the very handsome XV. c. château where Charles VII. is said to have kept Agnes Sorel in a tower, which he could only reach by a ladder. In recent times the château has been inhabited by the Princesse d'Eckmühl, widow of Maréchal Davoust. It now belongs to the Marquis d'Alta-Villa.

24 *k. Epinay-sur-Orge*.—To the left of the railway we now pass the *Forest of St. Geneviève*, or *Sequigny*. Here Louis XIV. was hunting with his Court, when the wind blew away the hat of one of the ladies in waiting of Madame, and attracted his attention to Marie de Fontange—

“ belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier,” who soon shared the title of mistress with Mme de Montespan.

“ Mlle de Fontange pleased the king enough to be his mistress *en titre*. Strange as this double arrangement was, it was not new. We had seen Mlle de la Vallière and Mme de Montespan, whom the former only paid in the coin she had paid to another. But Mlle de Fontange was not so fortunate either in vice, or fortune, or repentance. Her beauty sustained her for a time, but her in-



CHÂTEAU OF SAVIGNY-SUR-ORGE.

tellect was good for nothing. Intelligence was required to amuse and hold the king. If she had had that he would not have had the leisure to be utterly disgusted with her. A quick death, which caused no surprise, put an end speedily to this new love.”—*St. Simon*.

The Château St. Geneviève, inhabited by Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., was pulled down by Berthier de Savigny, Intendant de Paris, but he only began to build a new one.

To the right of the railway on the other side of the

Orge is *Longport*, where a very curious church is the only remnant of an abbey founded by Guy de Montlhéry and his wife Hodiérne, in 1061, on the site of a pilgrimage chapel where an image of the Virgin had been found in a hollow oak. The abbey perished in the Revolution. The church portal, with its mutilated statues, is of great beauty.

29 *k. St. Michel*.—Half an hour's walk beyond the brook of the Orge (right) is *Montlhéry* (diligence, 30 c.), which possessed a famous castle, constantly besieged by early kings of France till Hugues de Crécy strangled the owner, Milon de Bray, who was his cousin, and threw the body from an upper window, and afterwards, being challenged to clear himself of the accusation by single combat, confessed the crime, retired to a monastery, and abandoned Montlhéry to the king, Louis le Gros.

St. Louis and his mother afterwards took refuge here during the troubles of his early reign. In 1360 Montlhéry was occupied by the king of England, afterwards by the Armagnacs, and, in the reign of Louis XI., it gave a name to a battle between the royal troops and those of the rebel nobles who formed the *ligue du bien public*. The latter were so far successful that the king was obliged to accord all their demands, and made a treaty "par lequel," says Comines, "les princes butinèrent le monarque et le mirent au pillage; chacun emporta sa pièce."

"The battle which took the name of Montlhéry, because it took place in a plain near that town, offered the singular spectacle of two armies in flight at the same moment. On both sides the leaders abandoned the field of battle; Louis XI., overcome by fatigue, was carried to the château of Montlhéri, while the Count de Charolais, hurrying after the fugitives to rally them, increased the terror of the Burgundians by making them believe, by his absence, that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The French, not seeing their king, had the same idea; others, the

majority indeed, believed the king dead, while, breathless and worn out, he was lying on a couch in the old donjon of Montlhéry, whose indestructible tower still defies the ages."—*Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris*."

The plain which was the scene of this bloody battle long bore the name of La Cimetière des Bourguignons. Ruined in the wars of religion, the castle of Montlhéry was afterwards used as a quarry, and the dungeon tower, with fragments of four smaller towers and broken walls, now alone exists. Boileau describes Night going to search for an owl in the Tour de Montlhéry.

“Ses murs, dont le sommet se dérobe à la vue,
Sur le cime d'un roc s'allongent dans la nue.
Et, présentant de loin leur objet ennuyeux,
Du passant qui le fuit semblent suivre les yeux.
Mille oiseaux effrayants, mille corbeaux funèbres,
De ces murs désertes habitent les ténèbres.
Là, depuis trente hivers, un hibou retiré
Trouvait contre le jour un refuge assuré.
Des désastres fameux ce messager fidèle
Sait toujours des malheurs la première nouvelle,
Et, tout prêt d'en semer le présage odieux,
Il attendait la nuit dans ces sauvages lieux.”—*Boileau*.

One of the old tower gates remains, the *Porte Baudry*, built, as an inscription tells, by Thibault File-Etaupe, in 1015, rebuilt by Henri III. in 1587, restored under Napoleon I. Through the *Porte Baudry* we reach the suburb of *Linaz*, where a great part of the church is XIII. c.

A little west of Montlhéry is *Marcoussis*, which has some small remains of the fortress built at the end of the XIV. c. by Jean de Montaigu, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Charles VI., beheaded at the Halles in 1409. His body was brought from the gibbet of Montfaucon to be buried here in the Celestine convent which

he had founded.¹ In the time of Henri III. the château belonged to François de Balzac d'Entragues, the husband of Marie Touchet, mistress of Charles IX., and it was afterwards the residence of his daughter, Henriette d'Entragues, at one time beloved by Henri IV. The chieftains of the Fronde were imprisoned in the fortress, which was pulled down in 1805. The church, of 1388, has some good stained glass.



PORTE BAUDRY, MONTLHÉRY.

The line continues by—

32 *k.* *Bretigny*, where the line to Tours by Vendôme branches off to the right.

¹ His epitaph contained the words: "Lequel, en haine des bons et loyaux services par lui faits au roi et au royaume, fut, par les rebelles ennemis du roi, injustement mis à mort à Paris." Behind his head were the lines:—

"Non vetuit servata fides regi patriæque
Ne tandem injuste traderet ipse neci ;"

and above it—

"Pour ce qu'en paix tenois le sang de France,
Et soulageois le peuple de grevaunce,
Je souffris mort contre droit et justice
Et sans raison ; Dieu si m'en soit propice."

See Dulaure, "Environs de Paris."

On the line to Vendôme, easily attainable in a day's excursion from Paris, are—

45 *k.* *Breuillet*.—4 *k.* south is the magnificent *Church of St. Sulpice-le-Débonnaire*, founded to receive the relics of St. Sulpice le Débonnaire, Archbishop of Bourges, and almoner of Clotaire II., who died in 644. It is a splendid specimen of late XIII. c. gothic, with a very lofty choir, sculptured stall-work, and XV. c. glass. *La Butte-St.-Yon* is said to have been a Roman camp.

47 *k.* *St. Chéron*.—The neighboring *Château de Blaville*, begun by the President Guillaume de Lamoignon in 1658, is a very stately building of the time of Louis XIII. Boileau, Racine, and Bourdaloue were frequently here as the guests of Guillaume and François de Lamoignon, and Mme de Sévigné describes the charms of its society in her letters.

56 *k.* *Dourdan* (*Hotel de la Poste*), a picturesque old town, with an interesting ruined *Castle*, built by Philippe Auguste. The XIII. c. *Church of St. Germain* is very picturesque in outline, and contains a stone pulpit, good wood-carving, and the grave of the poet Regnard, 1709. The *Halle* is XIII. c. At *Grillon*, west of the town, was the residence of Regnard.

43 *k.* *Lardy*.—The *Château de Mesnil Voisin*, belonging to the Marquise de Polignac, is a fine building of the time of Louis XIII.

46 *k.* *Chamarande*.—The *château*, built by Mansart, with a park by Lenôtre, was inhabited, under Napoleon III., by the Duc de Persigny.

49 *k.* *Etrechy*, which has a remarkably simple early-pointed cruciform church, with a central tower. The sculpture of the foliage in the pier-capitals is extremely bold.

56 *k.* *Etampes* (*Hotel du Grand Courrier; du Grand*

Monarque ; du Cheval Blanc), a most picturesque and interesting place. The charming public walks and avenues are bordered by remains of the city walls. The long, white, ill-paved town straggles through the hollow, full of curious buildings, possessing four churches of the greatest value to the architectural student, and watered by the little river Juine, which Coulon ("L'Ulysse Français," 1643) describes as "pavée d'une si grande quantité d'écrevisses que plus on en pesche, plus il en vient."



ST. BASILE, ÉTAMPES.

Nearest the station is the *Church of St. Basile*, a gothic building with renaissance details. The west front is romanesque, with a grand portal. The church was partially rebuilt under Louis XII., but only the nave, with very wide aisles, and part of the choir were finished, owing to want of funds; and the architects have left on the east wall the inscription—*Faxit Deus perficiat*. The tower is of the end of the XII. c.

Close by, a Caisse d'Épargne occupies the house which

bears the name of Diane de Poitiers. The façade towards the court is of extreme richness and beauty. One of the doors has a medallion of François I.

Very near this, at the angle of the Rue de Paris and Rue St. Croix, is the house of Anne de Pisseleu, Duchesse d'Etampes (1538), of the best period of the XVI. c. The neighboring house, of the time of Louis XII., is made into a *Hôtel de Ville*.

Above the market-place rises the beautiful *Church of Notre Dame du Fort*, founded by Robert le Pieux, exceedingly picturesque, with its battlemented façade, its buttresses overgrown with wallflowers (*boutons d'or*). The wide gothic portal is under the romanesque tower, which is in the centre of the west front, with a steeple of great beauty, ribbed and ornamented with scales.

"The manner in which the upper octagonal stage of the tower harmonizes with the spire lights, and is connected by the pinnacles both with the square base below and the spire above, is worth attention."—*J. L. Petit*.

Near the Juine is an old hotel, inscribed *Hostel Saint-Yon*, with octagonal tourelles, and richly sculptured windows.

The fine parish church of *St. Gilles* is chiefly XVI. c., but has a very simple romanesque west portal of the XII. c. The restored interior has many good incised monuments.

"The object of the architect has been to adapt, at the intersection of the transepts, a square tower, narrower than either the nave, chancel, or transepts. The base is square, visible above the roof of the nave, but absorbed by the transepts and chancel. From the angles rise triangular slopes, as for the support of an octagon; on these, as well as on the space left on each of the faces of the tower, stand equal gables: four cardinal, and four diagonal. The points of the diagonal ones support the angles of a smaller square tower, the faces of which fall behind the gables resting on the sides of the base."—*Petit*.

St. Martin (4 *k.* from the station) has a leaning west tower, standing detached in front of the church, and only connected with it by a porch. The upper part of the west front is free. The church is early-pointed or transitional, having a nave with aisles, small transepts not extending beyond the aisles, and a semicircular apse, from which three radiating chapels project.



ST. GILLES, ÉTAMPES.

The hill behind the station was occupied by the XII. c. Château des Quatre Tours, of which the most important remnant is the curious keep, or *Tour Guinette*. This is of very peculiar form, seeming to be composed by the union of four circular towers. The entrance, on the first floor, was reached by a drawbridge. The apartment of the lord on the second floor was beautifully vaulted in stone; the

capitals of the columns still exist.¹ Amongst the other remains of the castle are those of a little chapel of St. Laurent.

The next station beyond Etampes is—

70 *k.* *Monnerville*, 6 *k.* from which, on the Juine, is the interesting *Château de Méréville*, of XV. c. to XVI. c., splendidly decorated by the painter Jean Joseph de la Borde, under Louis XVI., at an expense of fourteen million francs. It contains a vast amount of interesting old furniture in its apartments lighted by 365 windows.

¹ See Victor Petit, *Bulletin Monumental*.

XVI.

SCEAUX, CHEVREUSE, AND LIMOURS.

THE Chemin de Fer de Sceaux et d'Orsay starts from Paris near the Barrière d'Enfer. A pleasant little afternoon excursion may be made without any fatigue to Robinson and Sceaux. They will be found a refreshment after some of the Paris sights in this direction—the Gobelins, Val de Grâce, &c. The line passes through a bare country. The great asylum of *Bicêtre* is seen on the left, then the graceful aqueduct crossing a valley, before reaching—

6 *k.* *Arcueil*, celebrated for its aqueduct, built by Jacques Debrosses for Marie de Medicis to bring water to Paris, but chiefly to feed the fountains of the Luxembourg, on the site of an aqueduct which existed in Roman times, which gave a name (*Arculi*) to the village, and which served the Palais des Thermes. The church dates from the XIII. c., but was altered in the XV. c. In the village, No. 24 Grande Rue, a picturesque building of stone and brick, was the house of the *intendant* of the Duc de Guise, who possessed a splendid château, destroyed in 1753, on the neighboring hill. A bust, on the Place des Ecoles, commemorates the residence at Arcueil of Laplace, author of the *Mécanique céleste*.

Charles Louis, Comte de Berthollet, celebrated for his scientific and archaeological studies, died at Arcueil, Nov. 9, 1748.

“In his country seat at Arcueil, he could divide his time between study and his simple tastes. All his luxury consisted in his laboratory, his library, and a hot-house which served him for a saloon, where he was delighted to receive his friends. Learned strangers met with the most cordial welcome. There came to this philosophic retreat, even during the war, physicists and chemists of the greatest celebrity, the rivals of Berthollet in discoveries and in services to science.”—*Hoeffler*.

8 *k.* *Bourg-la-Reine*, where Edward III. of England encamped against Paris in 1359. Here Louis XV., a twelve-year-old king, had his first interview with the still younger Infanta of Spain, who was intended for his bride, but was unceremoniously sent back to Spain three years after. The house in the Grande Rue, where the first interview of Louis XV. and the Infanta took place, is believed to have been built by Henry IV. for Gabrielle d'Estrées. At the end of the Grande Rue is the old gate leading to the Château de Sceaux. On the little square a bust commemorates Condorcet (1743-1793), author of *Progrès de l'esprit humain*, who poisoned himself in the prisons of Bourg-Egalité when arrested during the Revolution. The house called *L'Aumônerie* was the scene of the horrible cruelties of the Marquis de Sade in the XVIII. c.

9 *k.* *Fontenay-aux-Roses* (to the right of the railway) was the residence of Scarron. It is a pretty knot of villas, buried in shrubs and gardens. Fontenay is most easily reached by the omnibus which starts every fifteen minutes from 45 Rue Grenelle St. Honoré (50 c.), passing through *Chatillon-sous-Bagneaux*.

It is a pleasant walk of 2 *k.* from the station of Fontenay (open omnibus, 50 c.) to *Robinson*, a very singular and rather

pretty village on the edge of a slight hill. It consists of a street of cafés and restaurants, the most important of which has its little dining-parlors under, around, and high in the branches of some curious old chestnut trees. The place is exceedingly popular with Parisians of the middle classes, and crowded in fine summer evenings. Quantities of



ROBINSON.

donkeys and horses are waiting to convey visitors to the neighboring village of *Aulnay*, which stands at the entrance of the *Vallée aux Loups*, containing the grotesque house of Chateaubriand, about which he says: "Je précédais la mairie du moyen âge qui vous hébète à présent." Pleasant rides may be taken from Robinson through the Bois de Verrières.

The railway winds oddly and pleasantly amongst gardens to—

12 *k.* *Sceaux* (which may also be reached by an omnibus starting every hour from the Passage Dauphine, 50 c., and passing through *Bagneux*, where the church of St. Herbland has a fine XIII. c. portal). *Sceaux* first became celebrated in the XIII. c. from the relics of St. Mammes, martyred in Cappadocia, brought from Palestine by Adam de Colis, and preserved in the church, where they were believed to cure from colic those who approached them. Colbert built a magnificent château at *Sceaux*, employing Perrault in his buildings, Lebrun for their decoration, and Lenôtre in laying out the garden. *Sceaux* was purchased in 1690 from the heirs of the Marquis de Seignelay for the Duc du Maine, son of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan, the idolized pupil of Mme de Maintenon, who had first become known to the king as his son's governess, and who had printed, in 1677, a book of historical extracts made by him under the title of *Œuvres diverses d'un enfant de sept ans*.

"*Sceaux* was the theatre of the follies of the Duchesse de Maine, and of the shame, embarrassment, and ruin of her husband, by the immensity of her expenditures and the theatrical performances given to the court and the town that flocked there and mocked them. She herself played 'Athalie,' with the comedians of both sexes, and other pieces, several times in the week. Sleepless nights were passed at hazard or cards, in fêtes, illuminations, fire-works; in a word, fêtes and fancies of all kinds and every day. She swam in the joy of her new grandeur and redoubled her follies."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*," 1714.

It was here that Louis XIV. took leave of his grandson, the Duc d'Anjou, on his leaving France to assume the crown of Spain.

"Saturday, December 4, the King of Spain visited the king before any one else was admitted, and remained there a long time

alone, and then went down to Monseigneur, with whom also he remained a long time alone. They all heard mass together; the crowd of courtiers was incredible. On coming out from mass they immediately entered their carriage, the Duchesse de Bourgogne between the two kings on the back seat, Monseigneur on the front one between his other two sons, Monsieur at one door and Madame at the other, surrounded with many more guards than usual, gendarmes and light cavalry; the whole road to Sceaux was strewn with carriages and people, and Sceaux, where they arrived soon after noon, was full of ladies and courtiers, and guarded by two companies of musketeers. When they left the carriage, the king crossed the lower apartment and entered the last room alone with the King of Spain, leaving everybody in the saloon. A quarter of an hour afterwards he summoned Monseigneur, who had also remained in the saloon, and some time afterwards the ambassador of Spain, who took leave of the king his master. A moment afterwards he summoned Monseigneur and the Duchesse de Bourgogne, M. the Duke de Berry, Monsieur and Madame, and after a short interval the princes of the blood. The door was opened wide, and from the saloon they were all seen weeping bitterly. The king said to the King of Spain, on presenting the princes to him: 'Here are the princes of my blood and yours; the two nations, at present, ought no longer to regard themselves except as one nation; they ought to have the same interests, as I wish that these princes should be as attached to you as to me; you will never have friends more faithful nor more assured.' All this lasted an hour and a half. At last they had to part. The king escorted the King of Spain to the end of the apartments and embraced him repeatedly, holding him for a long time in his arms, and Monseigneur likewise. The spectacle was extremely touching."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires."*

The Court of Louis XIV. frequently halted at Sceaux on their way to and from Fontainebleau. We find the Duchesse d'Orléans writing:—

"28th October, 1704. Last Thursday we left Fontainebleau at eleven, and at a quarter to five we were at Sceaux. I went to the kitchen garden. I wanted to see it, as poor M. de Navailles, my son's late tutor, had praised it highly. In the time of M. Colbert, he came expressly to see Sceaux. The beautiful cascade was shown him, the water gallery, which is wonderful, the avenue

of chestnuts, the arbors, in fact all that was beautiful to see. He did not praise anything till he came to the kitchen garden where the salad was, then he cried, 'In very truth, here is fine chicory!' I went then, like him, to see the fine chicory."—*Correspondance de Madame.*

But Sceaux is chiefly connected with the follies and extravagances of the Duchesse du Maine, Anne Louise Bénédicité de Bourbon-Condé, granddaughter of the Grand Condé, and the sufferings of her fickle-minded husband.

"Mme du Maine had long since shaken off the yoke of complaisance, attention, and all that she called constraint. She did not heed either the king or M. the Prince, who would not have been well received if he had crossed her, seeing that the king, who took the part of M. du Maine, could do nothing. On the slightest provocation, he endured all the arrogance of an unequal marriage, often for nothing, tempers and outcries, that made him fear for her head. He adopted the plan then of letting her go on and ruin him by her fêtes, fireworks, balls, and comedies, which she acted herself in public, dressed as an actress."—*St. Simon, 1705.*

"Mme du Maine took, more and more, to acting plays with her domestics, and some retired actors. All the court went to them, and could not comprehend the folly of the trouble of dressing like an actress, learning and declaiming the grandest parts, and appearing to a public audience in a theatre. M. du Maine, who dared not contradict her for fear lest her brain give way, was by the side of a door, and did the honors. Except for absurdity, these amusements were not cheap."—*St. Simon, 1707.*

"M. du Maine . . . had wit, I will not say like an angel, but like a devil, whom he resembled so strongly in malignity, blackness, perversity of soul, disservice to all, service to none, in dark ways, in the haughtiest pride, in exquisite falsity, in countless artifices, in measureless dissimulations, and still, in agreeability, the art of amusing, diverting, and charming when he wished to please. He was a poltroon, accomplished in mind and heart, and, therefore, all the more dangerous a poltroon.

"He was urged on by a woman of the same stamp, whose intellect—and she had an infinity of it—was spoiled and corrupted by reading romances and plays, a passion to which she abandoned herself to such a degree that she passed years in learning them by

heart, and publicly performing them herself. She had courage to excess, was enterprising, daring, furious, knowing only her present passion, to which she made everything defer, indignant at the prudence and discretion of her husband, which she called miserable weakness, and whom she reproached with the honor she had done him by marrying him, and rendered mean and submissive before her by treating him like a negro, and ruining him, from top to bottom, without his daring to say a word. He bore all from her in the fear he had of her, and the terror that her head would be quite turned. Although he concealed many things from her, the ascendancy she had over him was incredible, and she drove him forward with a stick."—*St. Simon*.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence as well as the extravagance of "les grandes nuits de Sceaux."

"The beginning of them, as of all things, was very simple. Madame the Duchess of Maine, who loved to remain up, often passed the whole night in different kinds of games. The Abbé de Vaubrun, one of her courtiers most anxious to please her, proposed, that during one of the nights destined for this purpose, some one should appear under the form of Night clad in crape, and thank the princess for the preference she accorded to night over day, and that the goddess should have a follower to sing a pretty air on the same subject. . . . The idea was applauded; and this gave rise to the magnificent fêtes given at night by different persons to the Duchess of Maine."—*Mlle Delaunay*.

It was at Sceaux that, under the Regency, the Duc du Maine was arrested for treason, as he was coming out of the chapel, and hurried off to a year's imprisonment at Dourlans, at the same time that his wife, arrested in Paris, was taken to Dijon. Upon the death of the duke (1736), after terrible sufferings from a cancer in the face, Mme du Maine ceased her political intrigues and devoted herself entirely to amusements and belles-lettres. Those were the brightest days of Sceaux, when Fontenelle, Lamotte, Chau-lieu, were its constant guests, and more especially Voltaire, who had a fixed apartment in the château.

The Duchesse du Maine died in 1753. Her eldest

son, the Prince de Dombes, was killed in a duel with the Maréchal de Coigny two years after, but her second son, the Comte d'Eu, spent twenty years at Sceaux and greatly embellished it. After his death the place passed to his cousin, the Duc de Penthièvre (father-in-law of the Princesse de Lamballe), whose gentleman-in-waiting was the poet Florian, who wrote part of his *Pastorales* at Sceaux, and died there. The Duc de Penthièvre gave Sceaux to his daughter, the Duchesse d'Orléans, from whom it was snatched by the Revolution, under which the château was demolished, and the park destroyed, except a very small portion.

This fragment, dignified by the name of *Parc de Sceaux*, is entered at once from the railway station. It is appropriated as a tea-garden, but is always open to the public.

“Sceaux possesses another no less powerful attraction for the Parisian. In the midst of a garden whence some beautiful views can be had, is an immense rotunda, open on all sides, the dome, as light as spacious, being supported by elegant pillars. This rustic canopy covers a dancing room.”—*De Balzac*, “*Le bal de Sceaux*.”

The garden is very quaint in its avenues, arcades, and circles of clipped limes. Here, where all other memorials of the favorite son of Louis XIV. are destroyed, one may still see the tomb of a cat of the Duchesse du Maine, inscribed—“*Ci-gît Mar-la-main, le roi des animaux*.”

Close also to the station is the *Church*, with a good flamboyant tower. The monogram of Colbert, by whom it was rebuilt, is to be seen on the vaulting of the choir. Over the high-altar is a group by Puget, representing the Baptism of Christ, which comes from the chapel of the Duc du Maine. Against a pillar on the left are propped up the broken fragments of a black-marble monument in-

scribed to "le très-haute et très-puissant Louis-Auguste de Bourbon, Duc du Maine, Prince légitimé de France, 1736, et la très-haute, très-puissante Princesse Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon, Princesse du Sang, avec le Comte d'Eu leur fils. . . ." In the churchyard a bust commemorates Florian, who is buried there, having been brought up in the house of the Duc de Penthièvre, nephew of the Duc du Maine.

It is 5 *k.* from Sceaux to Verrières by *Châtenay*, where Voltaire (François Marie Arouet) was born, February 20, 1694.

The Chemin de Fer d'Orsay branches off from that of Sceaux at Bourg-la-Reine and then passes—

11 *k.* *Antony*, a village which belonged to the abbey of St. Germain des Prés at Paris from the IX. c.

14 *k.* *Massy*.—The church has a XIII. c. portal and heavy tower. There is an omnibus from this station to *Verrières*. At the *Château de Villegenis* (right) Prince Jerome Napoleon, ex-king of Westphalia, died June 24, 1860.

17 *k.* *Palaiseau* has a handsome church, partly XII. c. and XIII. c. Against the inner wall of the façade is placed the tombstone of the family of Arnauld of Port-Royal, who were exhumed from the destroyed abbey in the night of September 13, 1710, and reburied fifteen years after, September 30, 1725. The church tower is connected with the favorite story of *La Pie Voleuse*, for there it is said that a magpie was discovered to have hidden the plate, for the theft of which an innocent young girl—Ninette—was condemned, and was just about to be executed. A pleasant drive or walk of 15 *k.* leads hence to Versailles by (3½ *k.*) *Igny*, where M. Tourneaux has

built (1852), a fine château in the style of the renaissance; and *Bièvre*, amongst whose seigneurs was the Marquis de Bièvre (1747-83) who collected the Bievriana. In a neighboring valley some farm buildings are all that remain of the Benedictine *Abbaye du Val profond* or *Abbaye aux Bois*, which afterwards received the name of Val de Grâce from Anne de Bretagne. In 1621 its nuns were removed to the Faubourg St. Jacques at Paris. A path turning aside from the hill which is ascended by the road to Versailles leads to the artificial caves known as *Grottes de Bièvre*. It is of the valley of Bièvre that Victor Hugo wrote, in his *Feuilles d'automne*—

“ Une rivière au fond, des bois sur les deux pentes ;
 Là des ormeaux, brodés de cent vignes grimpantes,
 Des prés, où le faucheur brunit son bras nerveux ;
 Là des saules pensifs, qui pleurent sur la rive,
 Et, comme une baigneuse indolente et naïve,
 Laissent tremper dans l'eau le bout de leurs cheveux ;
 Là bas, un gué bruyant dans les eaux poissonneuses,
 Qui montrent aux passants les jambes des faneuses,
 Des carrés de blé d'or ; des étangs en flot clair ;
 Dans l'ombre, un mur de craie et des toits noirs de suie ;
 Les ocres des ravins, déchirés par la pluie ;
 Et l'aqueduc au loin, qui semble un pont de l'air.”

In the church of *Chilly*, a little east, are monuments of the family of Effiat. The tomb of Martin Ruzé bears his kneeling figure wearing the order of the St. Esprit.

23 *k. Orsay*, famous for the robber chieftains who occupied its castle in the reign of Charles VI. and VII. The existing château is surrounded by a moat, supplied by the Yvette. One of the seigneurs of the neighboring *Bures*, distinguished in the crusades, was made Viceroy of Jerusalem during the captivity of Baldwin II.

26 *k. Gif*.—Some small remains exist of the Benedictine abbey of *Notre-Dame du Val de Gif*, founded in

the XII. c., enclosed in the garden of Mme Edmond Adam (Juliette Lamber), the authoress. A crypt is of the end of the XI. c.

31 k. *St. Remy*.—An omnibus (20 c.) meets all the trains for (2 k.) *Chevreuse*—Caprosia—(*Hotel de l'Espérance*, a pleasant clean little country inn, a good centre for artists), a little town nestling under a steep hill crowned by the ruins of a large château—known in the country side as *La Madeleine* from its former chapel, ruined long before



CHEVREUSE.

the Revolution. The seigneury of Chevreuse was given by François I. to the Duchesse d'Etampes; but after the death of François I. her domains passed to Claude de Lorraine, Archbishop of Rheims. In 1612 Chevreuse was made a duchy for Marie de Rohan-Montbazon, widow of the Connétable de Luynes, whose second husband was the younger son of Balafgré, Duc de Guise. From its donjon tower, Racine, placed there by his uncle, the *intendant* of the house of Luynes, to overlook some workmen, meta-

phorically dated his letter of *Babylone*, January 26, 1661. There are some XII. c. remains of an *Abbey of St. Saturnin* opposite the portal of the church. No. 14 Rue de Versailles is the curious *Maison des Bannières*. The ascent to the castle, with its steps in wood, presents many picturesque points of view.

A carriage (10 fr.) may be taken from Chevreuse for the excursion to Dampierre and Vaux-le-Cernay, and, reaching Chevreuse in the middle of the day, there is plenty of time for this, and to return to Paris in the evening.

In the midst of the trim village of (4 k.) *Dampierre*, handsome wrought-iron gates open towards the château of the Duc de Luynes, a vast red and yellow building with towers at the angles, and great "dépendances." It was chiefly rebuilt by J. H. Mansart for the Cardinal de Lorraine. The château is backed by wooded hills and green avenues. The buildings were restored in 1840 by the well-known archaeologist and historian Honoré, Duc de Luynes. Ingres was permitted by the duke to destroy some fine works of Gleyre in the gallery, but the frescoes with which the great artist began to replace them were so indelicate that his work at Dampierre was speedily cut short. Amongst the treasures of the château is a silver statue by Rude of Louis XIII. as a child; but the interior of the building is not usually shown. The late duke, famous for his love of art, died of his service in the papal ambulance after the battle of Mentana.

The pretty scenery of the Yvette near Levy-St.-Nom and Mesnil-St.-Denis may be visited from hence, and one may return to Paris from the station of Verrières. (See Ch. XVII.)

Beyond Dampierre is good French home scenery—

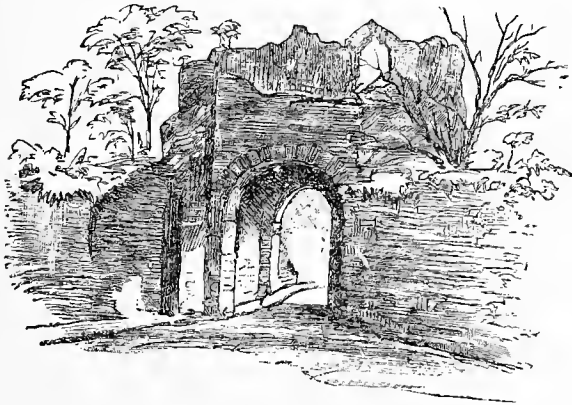
woods alternating with open fields sprinkled with fruit trees. Beyond the pretty village of *Sentlisse*, which has an old church, and a moated XVI. c. manor-house, the carriage should be left at *Le Grand Moulin*, and regained at another old mill, and *Le Repos des Artistes*, five minutes further on. A path leads along the right bank of the Yvette, through a little wood painted by a thousand artists, full of great stones stained with crimson lichen, between which the Yvette tosses in little rapids (called here *les cascades*) to a limpid sheet of water in the more open ground.

2 *k.* further, 10 *k.* from Chevreuse, is the village of *Vaux-le-Cernay* (*Au Rendez-vous des Artistes*—a good artist-inn), below which, reached through an old gateway close to a château, are the remains of the abbey of which Guy de Montfort, bishop of Carcassone, was abbot, and Pierre des Vallées-Cernay, historian of the Albigenian war, was a monk. To enter the grounds it is necessary to have written beforehand to the proprietor, the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, 33 Faubourg St. Honoré, but the ruined church with its noble rose-window, is well seen from the road.

“The abbey of Vaux-le-Cernay was a purely agricultural establishment. Founded in 1128, the plan displays the simplicity of arrangement and the regularity of building of the edifices established by Citeaux; always four open chapels, to the east in the transept, and as at Citeaux a square apse. The large building which prolongs the transept contained on the ground-floor the chapter-house, the sacristy, parlors, &c., and, above, the dormitory. Near the entrance, is a very large grange. The dove-house is at a distance from the cloister, in the vast outbuildings which surround the abbey.”—*Viollet-le-Duc*.

The abbey of Vaux-le-Cernay was an especially coveted possession. The poet Desportes possessed it, but without interfering with any spiritual government. Henri III.

asked him why he had refused the archbishopric of Bordeaux; he replied that he dreaded the charge of souls. “‘Voire,’ dit le roi, ‘et vous êtes abbé! N’avez-vous pas charge des âmes de vos moines?’ ‘Non’ répondit Desportes, ‘car ils n’en ont point.’” Another abbot commendatory was Henri de Bourbon de Verneuil, bastard of Henri IV., who, after a nominal rule of sixty years, threw it up to marry at the age of sixty-nine; it was then given



AT VAUX-LE-CERNAY.

to King Casimir of Poland, who had abdicated to take orders.

Pedestrians who wish to vary their return to Paris may join the line to Rambouillet at *Les Essarts du Roi*.

40 *k.* *Limours* has a good XVI. c. church. The château, “des mignons et des mignonnes des rois de France,” was destroyed at the Revolution. Anne de Pisseleu, Diane de Poitiers, and the Duc de Joyeuse were amongst its owners. At 4 *k.* east, passing *Forges-les-Bains*, is *Briis*, where a large square tower, with a round tourelle attached

to it, is called the *Tour d'Anne de Boleyn*, and is pointed out as the remnant of a convent where the unfortunate Queen of England lived in her youth. When she came over to France as maid of honor to Princess Mary on her marriage with Louis XII., she was left by her father to complete her education at Briis. It is supposed that a convent was chosen here for that purpose, because her ancestor, Walter de Boleyn, was vassal-kinsman to the lord of Briis in 1344.¹

¹ See Strickland's *Queens of England*, iv. 167.

XVII.

MEUDON, BELLEVUE, PORT ROYAL, RAM- BOUILLET.

THE *Gare Montparnasse* is on the boulevard Montparnasse, on the left bank of the Seine, at a great distance from the hotels usually frequented by English visitors. The trains as far as Versailles run every half-hour from 6.35 till 9.5 A.M. ; after 10.5 at every hour.

The places to the right of the carriages are best for the view.

6 *k.* *Clamart*, after which the railway passes beneath the fort of *Issy*. On the left the villages of *Val* and *Fleury* are seen, then Meudon with its terrace. On the right there is a fine view over the valley of the Seine, with Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, Mont Valérien, St. Cloud, and Sèvres. The gorge of *Val-Fleury* is crossed before reaching—

8 *k.* *Meudon*. It is an ascent of 1½ *k.* from the station, in a straight line, to the famous *Terrace* of Meudon, which is always open to the public, and which has incomparably the most beautiful and pictorial view in the neighborhood of Paris. To the left the great mass of the city is seen, backed by the heights of Montmartre and by fainter blue distances. The dome of the Invalides glitters to the right of the windings of the Seine with its bridges, and, further

to the right, southern Paris extends into long lines of houses for miles, only broken by St. Sulpice, St. Germain, the Pantheon, and the Val de Grâce; further still to the right, the wooded hill in the foreground is surmounted by the *Hospice de Fleury*. In the deep hollow below is the pretty little town of Meudon, with its old houses, and rich masses of chestnut and acacia foliage around the XVI. c. church, interesting from its association with François Rabelais, son of a publican, who, born (1485) on a métairie near Chinon, died curé of Meudon, though he never resided or performed any ecclesiastical duty there.

The Cardinal de Lorraine, who bought Meudon from the famous Duchesse d'Etampes, mistress of François I., built a château here from designs of Philibert Delorme. This château, says Corrozet, "was a house furnished forth with columns, busts, paintings, grotesques, compartments and devices of blue and gold, and more colors than it is possible to mention." The heirs of the cardinal sold his château to Servient, Surintendant de Finances from 1664 to 1669, who made the fine terrace above the village. From his son, Meudon passed to Louvois, minister of Louis XIV., from whose widow it was bought by the king.

"The king, accustomed to rule in his family, as much, at least, as over his courtiers and his people, and who always wanted to have them assembled beneath his eyes, did not view with pleasure the gift of Choisy to Monseigneur, and the frequent visits he made there with the small number of those whom he, individually, invited to accompany him. It made a division in the court which, at his son's age, could not be avoided after the gift of this house had produced it, but he wished, at least, to bring him nearer to him. Meudon, much larger, and made extremely magnificent by the millions that M. de Louvois had sunk there, seemed to him fitting for this end. He proposed an exchange to Barbésieux for his mother, who had taken it in her share at a value of 500,000 livres, and bade him to offer her 400,-

000 livres more and Choisy to boot. Mme de Louvois, for whom Meudon was too large and too difficult to fill, was ravished at receiving 900,000 livres with a house more suited to her, and otherwise very agreeable, and on the same day that the king proposed the exchange, it was concluded. The king had not acted without having spoken to Monseigneur, to whom the slightest appearance of a wish was an order. Mme de Louvois afterwards passed her summers in good company at Choisy, and Monseigneur flitted more and more from Versailles to Meudon, where, in imitation of the king, he made many improvements in the house and gardens, and put a climax to the marvels which the Cardinals de Meudon and de Lorraine and MM. Servient and de Louvois had successively added."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*," 1695.

The son of Louis XIV. was never called Dauphin.

"Monseigneur was Monseigneur all his life, and the name of Dauphin eclipsed. He is the first and only Monseigneur, quite short, that was ever known."—*St. Simon*.

After he became the owner of Meudon, Monseigneur lived there whenever he could escape from the Court, and amused himself in the creation of gardens and buildings, as his father did at Versailles: he especially loved, by taking refuge at Meudon, to avoid the tedious monotony of the Voyages de Marly. His morganatic wife, known by the name of Mlle Chouin,¹ resided at Meudon, united to him (c. 1695) in secret bonds of matrimony, as Mme de Maintenon was to Louis XIV., but occupied a very different position, living in one of the attics of the house, and seen by none but Monseigneur. The king never came to Meudon (which, after all, he disliked as alienating his son from the Court) till he was summoned thither (1711) by the news of Monseigneur's dangerous illness. Then he established himself there till his son's death (from small-pox), which was very sudden at the last.

¹ Marie Emilie Joly de Chouin, ob. 1732.

"April 16, 1711.—What a spectacle, madame, when I arrived at Monseigneur's grand cabinet. The king, seated on a couch, without shedding a tear, but shuddering and trembling from head to foot; Mme the Duchess in despair, Mme the Princess de Conti torn with grief, all the courtiers silent, interrupted by sobs and cries that we heard, and made us in the chamber every moment believe that he was expiring."—*Mme de Maintenon à la Princesse des Ursins.*

"While the king was quietly supping, those in the chamber of Monseigneur began to lose their heads. Fagon and the others piled remedy on remedy without effect. The curé, who came every evening before going home to learn the news, found, contrary to custom, all the doors open and the valets distracted. He entered the chamber, where, seeing what had only too lately been in question, he ran to the bed, took Monseigneur's hand, spoke to him of God, and, seeing him quite conscious, but unable to speak, drew from him what he could for a confession, of which nobody had thought, and suggested acts of contrition. The poor prince repeated some words distinctly, others confusedly, beat his breast, pressed the clergyman's hand, appeared penetrated with the best sentiments, and received absolution from him with a contrite and anxious air.

"Meanwhile the king was rising from table, and almost fell backwards, when Fagon, coming in, cried out, in great trouble, that all was lost. Judge of the terror that seized every one at this so sudden transition from entire security to the most hopeless extremity.

"The king, almost beside himself, at once started for Monseigneur's apartment and reprimanded severely the indiscreet zeal of some courtiers who tried to restrain him, saying he wished to see his son again, and asking if there were no further remedies. When he was about to enter the room, the Princess de Conti, who had had time to run to Monseigneur's chamber in the brief interval after supper, presented herself to prevent his entrance. She pushed him back with her hands, and told him that now he must think of himself. Then the king, almost overcome by a change so sudden and so complete, let himself be led to a sofa near the entrance door of the cabinet by which he had entered, and which opened on the chamber. He asked every one who came out for news, without any one daring to reply. While he had been coming down to Monseigneur's rooms, for he was lodged above him, he had sent for Father Tellicr, who had just

gone to bed, but rose, was quickly dressed, and came to the chamber; but it was too late, as all the domestics have said since, although the Jesuit, perhaps to console the king, assured him that he had given him well-founded absolution. Mme de Maintenon hastened to the king, and, sitting on the same sofa, strove to weep. She tried to take the king away, as the carriages were already waiting in the court, but it was impossible to make him take this resolution till Monseigneur had expired.

“His agony—he was unconscious—lasted nearly an hour after the king entered the cabinet. Mme the Duchess and Mme the Princess de Conti were divided between their care for the dying man, and their care for the king, to whom they often came, while the faculty perplexed, the servants distracted, the courtiers whispering, were pushing each other about, and walking incessantly, almost without changing their places. At last the fatal moment came. Fagon came out to announce it.

“The king, in deep affliction, was led away by Mme de Maintenon and the two princesses. He entered his carriage with difficulty, supported on each side, Mme de Maintenon immediately afterwards, who placed herself beside him. Mme the Duchess and Mme the Princess de Conti entered after her, and sat on the front seat. A crowd of Monseigneur’s officers flung themselves on their knees the whole length of the court, on each side, as the king passed, begging him with strange outcries to have pity on them, who had lost everything and were dying of hunger.”—*St. Simon, “Mémoires,”* 1711.

In the reign of Louis XV., the Duchesse de Berry exchanged Amboise for Meudon, which was reunited to the crown in 1726. In 1736, Stanislaus, king of Poland, was lodged here. In 1789, the first Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., died here. During the Revolution the older château was transformed into a fortress, and Napoleon I. pulled it down, using some of its marbles in building the arch of the Place du Carrousel. A second château, which had been built by the second Dauphin, was repaired and intended to be used as a college for kings! Marie Louise and the King of Rome lived there during the Russian campaign. Afterwards (1833) Pedro, king of Portugal, his

daughter, Doña Maria, the Duc d'Orléans, and Marshal Soult, inhabited it in turn. Under the second empire it was the residence of Jerome Napoleon, once king of Westphalia. It was destroyed during the German war of 1870, and the terraces are now the only memorials of the two châteaux. Only the lower terrace is open to the public: at the end is an observatory.

At Meudon, during the Reign of Terror, there was a tannery of human skins, "such of the guillotined as seemed worth flaying, of which perfectly good wash-leather was made."¹ The skin of the men was superior in toughness (*consistance*) and quality to chamois, that of the women was good for almost nothing, being so soft in texture.²

Le Bois de Meudon is a favorite resort of Parisian pedestrians. Mme Roland used to be brought thither in her childhood.

"On Sunday, at five in the morning, every one was up. A light dress, fresh and simple, some flowers, a gauze veil, proclaimed the day's projects. The odes of Rousseau, a volume of Corneille, or some one, formed all my baggage. The three of us [herself, father, and mother] set out. We were to embark at the Pont Royal, which I saw from my windows, in a little boat which, in the silence of a rapid and gentle sail, brought us to the banks of Bellevue, not far from the glass-works. Thence, by steep paths, we reached the Avenue de Meudon. . . . Dinner took place in one of the Swiss cottages in the park. . . . Dear Meudon! How often have I breathed under your shades, blessing the author of my existence, and longing for what might one day complete it, but with that charm of a desire without impatience, which only colors the clouds of the future with the rays of hope! How often have I loved to repose under these tall trees, not far from the clearings, where I saw the timid and nimble fawn passing! I remember the more sombre spots, where we passed the heats of noon; then, while my father lying on the grass, and my mother reclining on a heap of leaves I had prepared, surrendered

¹ Montgaillard, iv. 295.

² See Carlyle's *French Revolution*, iii. 7.

themselves to an after-dinner sleep, I contemplated the majesty of thy silent woods, I admired nature, I adored the Providence whose benefactions I felt."—"*Mémoires.*"

“ Pourquoi pas montés sur des ânes ?
Pourquoi pas au bois de Meudon ?
Les sévères sont les profanes ;
Ici tout est joie et pardon.

Rien n'est tel que cette ombre verte,
Et que ce calme un peu moqueur,
Pour aller à la découverte
Tout au fond de son propre cœur.

Tout chante ; et pas de fausses notes.
L'hymne est tendre ; et l'esprit de corps
Des fauvettes et des linottes
Eclate en ces profonds accords."—*Victor Hugo.*

Louis XVI. was hunting at Meudon on October 6, 1789, the very day of the attack of the people of Paris upon Versailles, and Marie Antoniette had to send messengers to hasten his return, so that he might reach the palace before the expected arrival of the furies of the Halles.¹

A charming walk of 1 k. leads from the end of the terrace at Meudon, down a lime avenue to Bellevue (a restaurant on the way, good but dear).

9 k. *Bellevue* (*Hotel de la Tête Noire*).—Here Mme de Pompadour, admiring the view from the hill above the left bank of the Seine, built a château (1748–50), which Louis XV. frequently used as a residence, and which he purchased in 1757. After the death of Louis XV. the château became the private residence of his daughters—Mesdames, Tantes du Roi—till their flight before the coming Revolution in 1791.

“ Mesdames, the king's aunts, left Bellevue at the beginning of the year 1791. I went to take leave of Madame Victoire. I

¹ *Mémoires de Weber.*

did not think that I saw for the last time of my life that august and venerable protectress of my early youth. She received me, alone in her cabinet, and assured me that she hoped as well as desired, to return soon to France; that the French would be much to blame if the excesses of the revolution rose to such a height that she would have to prolong her absence. I knew from the queen that the departure of Mesdames was judged necessary, to leave the king free in his actions, since he would be forced to remove with his family."—*Mme Campan*, "*Mémoires*."

The château of Mesdames was sold during the Revolution, and has been almost entirely destroyed. The only remaining fragment, now known as *Brimborion* (a pavilion inhabited by Louis XV. whilst the château was building), is in private hands. A fine view over Paris (though inferior to that from Meudon, turning to the left from the station and taking the second turning to the right) is to be obtained from the terrace at the end of the Avenue Mélanie.

"One day, the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.) was leaning on the grand balcony of the château of Bellevue, with his eyes fixed on Paris; a friend who saw him often, drew near, and said to him, 'M. the Dauphin has a pensive air!' 'I was thinking,' replied the prince, 'on the delight a sovereign ought to feel in making the happiness of so many people.'"—*Morceaux historiques*.

The chapel of *Notre Dame des Flammes*, near the station, commemorates a terrible railway accident of May 8, 1842, when a train of eighteen carriages was thrown off the line, set on fire by the engine, and forty-five persons were burnt to death.

13 k. *Chaville* possessed a magnificent château, built by Louvois, but it was utterly destroyed at the Revolution.

14 k. *Viroflay*.—There is a pleasant walk from hence to Versailles (4 k.) by *Jouy* and *Buc*.

18 k. *Versailles*. (See Chap. II.) Continuing the same line to Rambouillet we pass—

22 k. *Saint-Cyr*.—This place derives its name from the

little Gaulish Christian Cyrus, who was thrown from a rock by the Roman governor, at three years old, for refusing to change his religion after the martyrdom of his mother. A convent afterwards existed here. But St. Cyr was of no importance till Mme de Maintenon received it as a wedding present from Louis XIV., and transferred hither the college for indigent young ladies of noble birth, which she had previously instituted in the Château de Noisy near Versailles, and which she placed under the care of her friend, Mme de Brinon, an ex-Ursuline nun. Mansart was employed by Louis XIV. to build the immense edifice, which still exists, to please Mme de Maintenon.

“ Her taste for St. Cyr seemed to be unable to grow more keen, and it did so every day. The more good she did there, the more she wished to do. Surrounded by all the pleasures of the court, she found a thousand pretexts to quit them. St. Cyr consoled her for all her trials. She did not fear, in leaving the king, to find him on her return less attentive or less obliging; she had not that curiosity about affairs that always fears to lose the thread of them. She hated visits to Fontainebleau, because they separated her too long from her family, for she often said that she had no other than that of St. Cyr. ‘When shall I see myself,’ she wrote to the Superior, ‘at that great table, where, surrounded by all my daughters, I am more at ease than at the royal banquets?’ Of all the verses made in her praise, the four worst ones were the only ones that pleased her, because she found St. Cyr alluded to.

“ Elle voit les honneurs avec indifférence :
 Son cœur de vains désirs n'est jamais combattu :
 Sa maison même de plaisance
 Est une école de vertu.”

De la Beaumelle, “Mémoires de Mme de Maintenon.”

In order to obtain admittance to St. Cyr it was necessary to prove four degrees of nobility on the paternal side. The number of pupils was restricted to 250, the mistresses were forty, and there were forty “sœurs converses” for the service of the house. Whilst Mme de Maintenon was

still living at Versailles, she often amused Louis XIV. by making the young ladies of St. Cyr get up one of the newly written plays of Racine, and act them in his presence. Mme de Sévigné describes seeing the performance of *Esther*.

"21 February, 1689. I paid my court the other day at St. Cyr more agreeably than I could have imagined. We found our places reserved. I was on the second line behind the duchesses. . . . We listened, the Maréchal de Bellefond and I, to this tragedy with an attention that was remarked, and some well placed but veiled eulogies. I cannot tell you how exceedingly agreeable the piece was; it is not easy to represent, and will never be repeated; it is a combination of music, verses, songs, and persons, so perfect and complete that it left nothing to be desired; the girls who played the kings and the other characters, seemed made for it; the attention was general, and the only trouble was that of seeing so fine a tragedy terminate; everything in it is sublime and touching; the fidelity to sacred history inspires respect; all the songs suited the words, that were taken from the Psalms or Wisdom, and as introduced in the piece, were singularly beautiful. The approbation given to the piece is a measure of taste and attention. I was charmed, and the Maréchal also, who left his place to go and tell the king how pleased he was, and that he was by the side of a lady worthy of having seen *Esther*. The king came to our seats, and, turning, addressed himself to me: 'Madame, I am informed that you are pleased.' Without being astonished, I replied: 'Sire, I am charmed; words cannot express my feelings.' The king rejoined: 'Racine has great talent.' I said: 'Sire, he has much talent, but, in truth, these young persons have much also; they enter into the subject as if they had never done anything else.' 'Ah, yes,' he replied, 'that is true.' And then his Majesty went away, and left me the object of envy; as if there was no new-comer but I, as it were, the king was pleased to see my sincere admiration without noise or display."

Mme de Maintenon ruled the institution of Saint Cyr as an autocrat, even during the lifetime of Louis XIV. When he was upon his deathbed, as soon as he had lost consciousness, she obeyed his wishes, by retiring there.

altogether, probably to avoid complications with his family, having lost those members of it who were fond of her, and having reason to distrust the rest. The day after she reached St. Cyr, the king died. Mlle d'Aumale came into her room and said, "Madame, toute la communauté est à l'église." She understood, rose silently, and went herself to the church, where the office of the dead was being recited. The king had left her nothing in his will, but had simply recommended her to the care of his nephew, afterwards Regent. The Duc d'Orléans was worthy of this confidence. A few days after the king's death, he paid her a visit, and continued her pension of 48,000 livres, inserting in the brevet that "son rare désintéressement la lui avait rendue nécessaire."

The retreat of Mme de Maintenon was once interrupted. When the Czar Peter came to France in 1717, he insisted upon seeing the woman who, for thirty years, had played such an important part in the world. She comically describes the interview in a letter to Mme de Caylus.

"July 11, 1717. The Czar arrived at seven in the evening. He sat himself at my bed-head. He asked me if I was sick; I answered, yes. He asked me what ailed me; I replied, 'Advanced old age.' He did not know what to say, and his interpreter did not seem to understand. His visit was very short. . . . He had the curtains at the foot of my bed opened, in order to see me; you can believe he would be satisfied."

The disgrace of the Duc du Maine, whose governess she had been, and whom she had brought up as her own child, was a bitter affliction to Mme de Maintenon. She could not rally from it. "Mourir est le moindre événement de ma vie," she said one day to Besse, her doctor. She had no illness, only experienced "une grande difficulté

de vivre." One day when Besse had forbidden her to eat, she wrote to Mme de Glapion, Superior of St. Cyr :

"J'ai beau dire que j'ai beaucoup d'appétit et point de mal :

Fagon, en des maux plus présents,
M'abandonnait à ma sagesse,
Et pour un rien, Saint-Cyr, de concert avec Besse,
Me refuse des aliments !
Et voilà ce que c'est qu'avoir quatre-vingts ans.

Ordonnez donc, ma chère fille, qu'on m'envoie ce que je demande. Voulez-vous que la postérité dise—

' Cette femme qui, dans son temps,
Fit un si brillant personnage,
Eut à Saint-Cyr beaucoup d'enfants,
Et mourut faute d'un potage.' "

Mme de Glapion answered by sending the *potage*, with these lines—

" Que Besse en veuille à Glapion,
Malgré la Faculté vous serez obéie.
Vous, mourir d'inanition !
Eh ! de tous vos enfants la grande passion
Serait de vous donner leur vie."

The Duc de Noailles, who had married her niece, was present at the deathbed of Mme de Maintenon. "Adieu, mon cher duc," she said. "Dans quelques heures d'ici, je vais apprendre bien des choses." She died April 15, 1719. She had desired to be simply buried in the churchyard of St. Cyr. But the Duc de Noailles erected a magnificent tomb to her in the middle of the choir, which was destroyed in the Revolution. Neither of her two husbands was mentioned in her epitaph.

"Mme de Maintenon retired to St. Cyr, at the instant of the king's death, and had the good sense to deem herself dead to the world, and never to set foot out of the cloister of that house. She did not wish to see any one from outside, asked nothing,

recommended no one, nor mixed in anything where her name could be involved.

“Mme de Maintenon, besides her chamber-women—for no man-servant entered the cloister—had two or sometimes three old maids, and six young girls, attached to her chamber, and both old and young were sometimes changed. As at court, she rose early and went to bed betimes. Her prayers lasted long; she read also works of devotion; sometimes she had a little history read by these young girls, and amused herself by making them discuss it and by instructing them. She heard mass from a tribune against her chamber, often several offices, but very rarely in the choir. She communicated twice a week, usually between seven and eight in the morning, and then returned to her tribune, where, on these days, she remained for a long time.

“She nominated all the superiors, both the first and her sub-alterns, and all the officials. A succinct account of current events was rendered to her; but, as regards everything beyond that, the first superior took her orders from her. She was Madame, quite short, in the house, where everything was in her hand, and although she had good and pleasant manners with the ladies of St. Cyr, and displayed kindness to the young girls, all trembled before her. Very rarely, indeed, did she see any one except the superiors and the officials, unless it happened that she sent for some one, or, more seldom still, when some one ventured to demand an audience, which she did not refuse. The first superior came to her when she liked, but did not abuse her privilege; she gave her an account of everything, and received orders about everything. Mme de Maintenon saw few but her. No abbess, though a daughter of France, as there used to be, was ever so absolute, so punctually obeyed, so feared, so respected, and, with this, she was loved by almost all who were inmates of St. Cyr. The priests from outside were just as submissive and just as dependent. Never did she speak, in the presence of her young ladies, of anything that could allude to the government or the court; very often, however, she spoke of the late king with praise, but without exaggeration, and never a word about intrigues, cabals, or business.”—*St. Simon, “Mémoires.”*

“Mme de Maintenon kept in a lofty room, wainscoted with oak, without paint, and furnished in varnished leather throughout. Before each seat there was a square of tapestry to place under the feet, because there was not even a carpet on the floor, so simple was the furniture.”—*Souvenirs de Marquise de Créqui.*

The Emperor Napoleon I. restored St. Cyr—pillaged at the Revolution—as a military school. Its enormous monotonous white buildings, with high slated roofs, contain 350 pupils, and it annually gives about 140 young officers to the army. The greater part of the former gardens are now a *Champ de Mars*. A black-marble slab in the chapel covers the remains of Mme de Maintenon, collected after the Revolution, and is inscribed—“Cy-gît Mme de Maintenon, 1635-1719-1826.”¹

28 k. *Trappes*, 4 k. south (by the Bois de Trappes), is the site of the famous *Abbey of Port Royal des Champs*.²

“He whose journey lies from Versailles to Chevreuse will soon find himself on the brow of a steep cleft or hollow, intersecting the monotonous plain across which he has been passing. The brook which winds through the verdant meadows beneath him, stagnates into a large pool, reflecting the mutilated gothic arch, the water-mill, and the dovecot which rise from its banks; with the farm-house, the decayed towers, the forest-trees, and innumerable shrubs and creepers, which clothe the slopes of the valley. France has many a lovelier prospect, though this is not without its beauty; and many a field of more heart-stirring interest, though this, too, has been ennobled by heroic daring; but through the length and breadth of that land of chivalry and of song, the traveller will in vain seek a spot so sacred to genius, to piety, and to virtue. In those woods Racine first learnt the language—the universal language—of poetry. Under the roof of that humble farm-house, Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, De Sacy, and

¹ Her original epitaph, of great length, in Latin and French, contained the words—

“Ici repose très illustre dame, madame Françoise d’Aubign⁴, marquise de Maintenon, dame d’atour de Christine-Victoire de Bavière, dauphine de France. . . . Aussi persévéramment que sagement chère à Louis-le-Grand. Femme excellente au-delà de toutes les femmes de son siècle et de plusieurs précédents. . . . Une seconde Esther par la manière dont elle a su plaire au roi; une seconde Judith par l’amour de la retraite et l’oraison avec ses chères filles. Pauvre, au milieu des richesses, par la libéralité envers les misérables; humble, au comble de sa gloire, par son affection pour la modestie chrétienne. Elle est décédée le 15 avril, 1719, âgée de 83 ans.”

² Port Royal may be reached by the omnibus which runs between Verrières and Massy on the line from Paris to Limours.

Tillemont, meditated those works which, as long as civilization and Christianity survive, will retain their hold on the gratitude and reverence of mankind. There were given innumerable proofs of the graceful good-humor of Henri IV. To this seclusion retired the heroine of the Fronde, Anne Geneviève, Duchess of Longueville, to seek the peace which the world could not give. Mme de Sévigné discovered here a place 'tout propre à inspirer le désir de faire son salut.'—*Sir James Stephen.*

The Benedictine abbey of Port Royal was founded in 1204, by Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris. It was a poor abbey and only intended for twelve nuns. The lords of Montmorency and Montfort were its principal benefactors. Gradually it increased in prosperity. Honorius III. authorized the celebration of the sacred office within its walls, even when the whole country might lie under interdict, and a nun was permitted to keep seven fragments of the wafers consecrated on her profession, and with them to administer the Holy Sacrament to herself on as many successive days. Still, for four centuries, Port Royal was not remarkable. In the XVI. c. the rule of the convent had greatly relaxed when Marie-Angélique, one of the twenty children of Antoine Arnauld, having become a nun at eight, was appointed abbess at eleven years old (in 1602), her sister Agnes, of five years old, becoming abbess of St. Cyr. Six years later, the young abbess of Port Royal became its reformer.

“A capucin monk who had left his convent on account of his libertine life, and who turned apostate in foreign lands, coming by chance to Port Royal in 1608, was asked by the abbess and her nuns to preach in their church. He did so, and the scoundrel preached with such force on the happiness of a religious life, on the beauty and holiness of the rule of Saint Benedict, that the young abbess was exceedingly moved. She formed the resolution, not only to practice the rule in all its rigor, but even to employ all her efforts to make her nuns observe it. . . . In less than five years community of goods, fasting, abstinence from meat,

silence, vigils, in fine, all the austerities of the rule of Saint Benedict were established at Port Royal."—*Racine*.

The abbess Angélique secluded Port Royal from the world, and herself set the example of cutting off unnecessary communication with it, by refusing admittance to her own parents and her sister Mme le Maître, when they came to visit her one day ever after known as "la journée du guichet."

"How deep was the peace, how holy the spirit of humility and retirement, how pure and spiritual the temperance and self-denial, and how fervent and zealous the spirit of charity which reigned within the walls of its enclosure. In this truly admirable community might be seen united a rare example of industry, inspired by charity, and continued without intermission or relaxation; of prayer without any suspension; of faith, bearing continual and abundant fruits. In this society ambition had no place, nor was any contention found, but who should fill up the most vile, the most laborious, the most humiliating offices. No impatience was to be discovered in the sisters, nor any caprice in the mothers: and it might be truly said that, in this blessed community, Christian love burnt with a bright, a burning, a clear and steady flame; alike rendering obedience prompt, command reasonable, and devotion to God all in all.

"But nothing ever approached to the complete and entire disinterestedness which so eminently characterized Port Royal, and which, from the abbess to the last of the servants, glowed as one soul, with an open and munificent generosity."—*Schimmelpenninck*.

"Simplicity in the church, modesty in the domestics, silence in the parlors, little anxiety of the nuns to maintain conversation, little curiosity to learn the news of the world and even the affairs of their kindred, ceaseless labor and continual prayer."—*Racine*.

"The august Majesty of God made itself felt in this holy place. Jesus Christ present on the altar was adored continually, night and day, without interruption. The holy mysteries were offered with a holy awe which was religious and full of faith. The ardent love that these pious women had for Christ made them desire without ceasing to receive frequently the Divine Eucharist, with a fervor and a fire of which the activity was, nevertheless,

sometimes checked by a keen feeling of humility and penitence."—*Petitpied*.

The success which crowned the labors of the brave Angélique for the reformation of her own abbey led to her being employed in the reform of other religious houses, especially that of Maubuisson, which had fallen into great licence under the rule of a sister of the famous Gabrielle d'Estrées. Many of the nuns from this convent afterwards sought a refuge at Port Royal, but fever soon drove them from the over-crowded buildings, and the whole community was obliged to take refuge in the Rue St. Jacques at Paris, where a house had been purchased for them by Mme Arnauld, mother of the Mère Angélique. Here—in the "Convent of Port Royal de Paris"—it was that they became intimate with Saint-Cyran, then a prisoner at Vincennes, and that they first began to follow him and Jansenius as their teachers.

Meanwhile, the deserted buildings of Port Royal des Champs were occupied by three nephews of the Mère Angélique, the brothers Lemaitre, one of whom, Simon Lemaitre de Sacy, had translated the Bible, and Terence; and another, Antoine, was famous as an advocate.

"Their example attracted five or six others, both secular persons and ecclesiastics, who, being, like them, disgusted with the world, came to be companions in their penitence. It was not, however, an idle penitence; while some looked after the temporal affairs of the abbey and labored to re-establish its affairs, the others did not disdain to cultivate the land, like common day laborers; they even repaired part of the buildings that had fallen into ruin, and, by raising those that were too low and too much in the ground, rendered life in this desert more healthy and more comfortable than it had been.

"Life at Port Royal was ascetic and singularly laborious. The recluses rose at three in the morning. After matins and lauds they kissed the ground after the manner of the Chartreux, and then passed long hours in prayer. They drank cider and

water, one only excepted. Some wore hair-shirts; all slept on straw. . . . Devotional exercises, nevertheless, did not absorb all the time of the recluses. To rescue from the Jesuits the education of the young—that is to say, of the future—they established at Port Royal the schools which made its glory, and which gave Racine to France. Lancelot was pre-eminently the teacher, Nicole seconded him, and Antoine Lemaistre did not disdain to weary his eloquent voice in the service of an audience of children. There were hours devoted to manual labor, to prune the trees, to look after the crops. But what ought to immortalize the employment of so many solemn days is all the learned works which literature and education owe to Port Royal. Thus they lived happy and proud and intoxicated with heavenly hoping. Sometimes, at the decline of day, they climbed the heights, and made the echoes of the valley resound with their hymns.”—*Louis Blanc*, “*Hist. de la révolution française.*”

Arnauld d’Andilly, father of the Mère Angélique, had now joined the band of recluses known as the “solitaires de Port-Royal.” With his companions, who included the well-known author Nicole, and the hellenist Lancelot, he also devoted himself to the work of education. Amongst their pupils the most illustrious was Jean Racine, who became the historian of a community in which his sister had taken the veil, and to which his mother had retired. Many of the best known literary works of the age emanated from Port Royal. The *Logique* of Arnaud; the *Traité rudimentaires* of Lancelot; the *Ethiques* of Nicole; the *Histoire ecclésiastique* of Lenain de Tillemont, were written there. The abbey became a famous school, in which statesmen were proud of having studied. “Ils sont marqués au coin de Port-Royal,” became a phrase of literary or religious commendation.

Twenty years had elapsed since the flight of the nuns from the malaria of Port Royal, when St. Cyran, who guided their actions from his prison at Vincennes, bade them return. “If the site was unhealthy, it was as easy to serve

God in a hospital as in a church, and no prayers were more acceptable to Him than those of the afflicted." The Mère Angélique answered, that in a church, where the presence of angels and an ever holier Power had once rested, it must be resting still, and therefore she would do his bidding. Many of her nuns accompanied her. They were welcomed by the "solitaires," who included the nearest relatives of the abbess. This was their only meeting. The men returned to the farm of Les Granges: the gates of the abbey were closed upon the nuns. Gradually the report of the holy atmosphere of Port Royal des Champs led many great persons, weary of the turmoil of life, to establish themselves in their neighborhood. The Duc and Duchesse de Luynes built a château there, and the Duchesses de Liancourt and de Longueville made frequent retreats at the abbey.

"Bound by no monastic vows, the men addressed themselves to such employments as each was supposed best qualified to fill. Schools for the instruction of youth in every branch of literature and science were kept by Lancelot, Nicole, Fontaine, and De Saci. Some labored at the translation of the Fathers, and other works of piety. Arnauld plied his ceaseless toils in logic, geometry, metaphysics, and theological debate. Physicians of high celebrity exercised their art in all the neighboring villages. Le Maître and other eminent lawyers addressed themselves to the work of arbitrating in all the dissensions of the vicinage. There were to be seen gentlemen working assiduously as vine-dressers; officers making shoes; noblemen sawing timber and repairing windows; a society held together by no vows, governed by no corporate laws, subject to no common superior, pursuing no joint designs, yet all living in unbroken harmony; all following their respective callings, silent, grave, abstracted, self-afflicted by fastings, watchings, and humiliations—a body of penitents on their progress through a world which they had resolved at once to serve and to avoid.

"Like the inhabitants of Les Granges, the nuns employed themselves in educating the children of the rich and poor, in

almsgiving, and in other works of mercy. Angélique, as abbess, exhibited a princely spirit of munificence—nourished and sustained by the most severe and self-denying economy. She and her sisterhood reserved for themselves little more than a place on their own list of paupers. So firm was her reliance on the Divine bounty, and so abstemious her use of it, that she hazarded a long course of heroic improvidence, justified by the event and ennobled by the motive; but at once fitted and designed rather to excite the enthusiasm of ordinary mortals, than to afford a model for their imitation. Wealth was never permitted to introduce, nor poverty to exclude, any candidate for admission as a novice or a pupil. On one occasion twenty thousand francs were given as a relief to a distressed community; on another, four times that sum was restored to a benefactress, whose heart repented a bounty which she had no longer the right to reclaim. Their regular expenditure exceeded by more than sevenfold their certain income; nor were they ever disappointed in their assurance, that the annual deficiency of more than forty thousand francs would be supplied by the benevolence of their fellow-Christians.”—*Sir James Stephen.*

As advocate to Parliament, Antoine Arnauld, the father of the Mère Angélique, had pleaded before the Sorbonne for the expulsion of the Jesuits. This is supposed to have been the first cause of the remorseless vindictiveness of the Jesuits against his family. Arnauld also had praised the *Augustinus* of Jansenius, a Flemish bishop, unknown to ordinary readers, in which the Jesuits pretended that five heretical propositions were to be found, attacking the mystery of divine grace. The very existence of these propositions in the work he had approved was utterly denied by Arnauld. On this insignificant subject arose the great quarrel of Jesuits and Jansenists. The work of Jansenius had been condemned by the Pope, and the Port-Royalists were condemned by the Jesuits for not finding in that work the passages which the Pope said were to be found there. Anne of Austria was appealed to, and sent her officers to eject the nuns and recluses of Port Royal,

but for the time the abbey was saved by an apparent miracle. Mlle Perrier, niece of Blaise Pascal, a scholar eleven years old, was apparently cured of *fistula lacrymalis* upon her eye being touched by a thorn from the Holy Crown preserved at Port Royal! The Court surgeon confirmed the truth of the story, and the queen-mother revoked her mandate against the place to which so great a grace had been granted.

The quarrel between the Jesuits and the Port-Royalists lasted sixty years, during which the Jesuits represented scholastic, the Jansenists spiritual, religion. During this time Blaise Pascal, who had joined the recluses of Port Royal des Champs, published his *Lettres Provinciales*. This for a time assisted to ward off the fall of the abbey, but at length an edict was obtained from Louis XIV., closing its schools, and forbidding the further admission of postulants to the convent. The number of the nuns was reduced by three-fourths.

At this time the Mère Angélique was in extreme old age. She went to die in the convent at Paris, and on her arrival found the royal officers already in possession and employed in dispersing the inmates. But she was permitted to expire within the monastic walls, and was brought back for burial to Port Royal des Champs, where the spot selected for her grave was just outside the grille of the nuns' choir.

After the death of their mother, the society of Port Royal, both at Paris and in the country, underwent renewed persecution from the Archbishop of Paris. "They may be pure as angels," he said, "but they are proud as devils," and he set himself to grind them to submission. But the Port-Royalists found a new defender in Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville (sister of the great Condé and the Prince de Conti), the heroine of the Fronde,

who, at the close of its cruel and last war, had retired to the valley of Port Royal, and whose disinterested and generous conduct had obtained for her not only the pardon, but the reverence of Louis. By the personal influence of the duchess with the king, and by her eloquent letters to the pope (Clement IX.), the imprisoned Port-Royalists were set at liberty and the abbey and schools were reopened. Mme de Longueville herself came to reside permanently at Port Royal, in a hotel which she built close to the abbey. It was here that she heard of the death of her son, killed in battle in 1672.

“Mme de Longueville breaks one’s heart. . . . Mlle de Vertus returned two days ago to Port Royal, where she is almost always ; they went in quest of her with M. Arnauld, to tell her this terrible news. Mlle de Vertus had only to show herself—her sudden return sufficiently indicated something fatal. In fact, as soon as she appeared : ‘ Ah ! Mademoiselle, how is my brother ? ’ Her thoughts dared not go further. ‘ Madame, he is recovering from his wound ; there has been a battle. ’ ‘ And my son ? ’ There was no answer. ‘ Ah ! Mademoiselle, my son, my dear child—answer me—is he dead ? ’ ‘ Madame, I have no words to answer you. ’ ‘ Ah ! my dear son, he was killed on the field ? had he not a single moment ? O, my God, what a sacrifice ! ’ and then she fell on her bed, and all that the keenest grief could do—convulsions, a deadly silence, suppressed cries, bitter tears, appeals to Heaven, tender and piteous complaints—she experienced them all. She sees certain people, takes some soup, because God willed it. She has no repose ; her health, already very bad, is visibly altered. As for me, my wish for her is death, as I do not see that she can live after such a loss.”—*Mme de Sévigné*, “*Lettres*.”

Ten years of rest passed over the valley, in which the most distinguished of the original recluses died, and were laid in its peaceful cemetery, with Racine, the warrior Prince de Conti, and the Duc de Liancourt, who had also sought a retreat there. In 1679 the Duchesse de Longueville also died. Mme de Maintenon, herself governed by the

Jesuits, was now ruling the conduct of Louis XIV., the disreputable Harlay was Archbishop of Paris, and Port Royal, bereft of all powerful protectors, was doomed. The famous recluses were banished, the nuns were despoiled of their estates, they were interdicted the sacraments of the Church, and on October 29, 1709, the last fifteen remaining nuns were driven out of their convent by an armed force, some being so old and infirm that they had to be carried away in litters, and died from their removal.

“In a grey autumnal morning, a long file of armed horsemen, under the command of D’Argenson, was seen to issue from the woods which overhung the ill-fated monastery. In the name of Louis he demanded and obtained admission into that sacred enclosure. Seated on the abbatial throne, he summoned the nuns into his presence. They appeared before him veiled, silent, and submissive. Their papers, their title-deeds, and their property were then seized, and proclamation made of a royal decree which directed their immediate exile. It was instantly carried into effect. Far and wide along the summits of the neighboring hills might be seen a thronging multitude of the peasants whom they had instructed, and of the poor whom they had relieved. Bitter cries of indignation and of grief, joined with fervent prayers, arose from these helpless people, as, one after another, the nuns entered the carriages drawn up for their reception. Each pursued her solitary journey to the prison destined for her. Of these venerable women, some had passed their eightieth year, and the youngest was far advanced in life. Laboring under paralysis and other infirmities of old age, several of them reached at once their prisons and their graves. Others died under the distress and fatigues of their journey. Some possessed energies which no sufferings could subdue. Mme de Renicourt, for example, was kept for two years in solitary confinement; in a cell, lighted and ventilated only through the chimney; without fire, society, or books. ‘You may persecute, but you will never change Mme de Renicourt,’ said the archbishop; ‘for [such was his profound view of the phenomenon] she has a square head, and people with square heads are always obstinate.’

“Last in the number of exiles appeared, at the gates of the abbey, the prioress, Louise de St. Anastasie Mesnil de Cour-

tiaux. She had seen her aged sisters one by one quit forever the abode, the associates, and the employments of their lives. To each she had given her parting benediction. She shed no tears, she breathed no murmur, nor for a moment betrayed the dignity of her office, nor the constancy of her mind. 'Be faithful to the end,' were the last words which she addressed to the last companion of her sorrows. And nobly did she fulfil her own counsels. She was conducted to a convent, where, under a close guard, she was compelled to endure the utmost rigors of a jail. Deprived of all those religious comforts which it is in the power of man to minister, she enjoyed a solace, and found a strength, which it was not in the power of man to take away. In common with the greater part of her fellow-sufferers, she died without any priestly absolution, and was consigned to an unhallowed grave. They died the martyrs of sincerity; strong in the faith that a lie must ever be hateful in the sight of God, though infallible popes should exact it, or an infallible Church, as represented by cardinals and confessors, should persuade it.

"Unsatiated by the calamities of the nuns, the vengeance of the enemies of Port Royal was directed against the buildings where they had dwelt, the sacred edifice where they had worshipped, and the tombs in which their dead had been interred. The monastery and the adjacent church were overthrown from their foundations. Workmen, prepared by hard drinking for their task, broke open the graves in which the nuns and recluses of former times had been interred. With obscene ribaldry, and outrages too disgusting to be detailed, they piled up a loathsome heap of bones and corpses, on which dogs were permitted to feed. What remained was thrown into a pit, prepared for the purpose, near the neighboring churchyard of St. Lambert. A wooden cross, erected by the villagers, marked the spot; and many a pilgrim resorted to it, to pray for the souls of the departed, and for his own. At length no trace remained of the fortress of Jansenism to offend the eye of the Jesuits, or to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious dead with whom they had so long contended. The mutilated gothic arch, the water-mill, and the dovecot, rising from the banks of the pool, with the decayed towers and the farm-house on the slopes of the valley, are all that now attest that it was once the crowded abode of the wise, the learned, and the good. In that spot, however, may still be seen the winding brook, the verdant hills, and the quiet meadows—Nature's indestructible monuments to the devout men and women

who nurtured these affections which made them lovely in their lives, and hopes which rendered them triumphant in death."—*Sir James Stephen.*

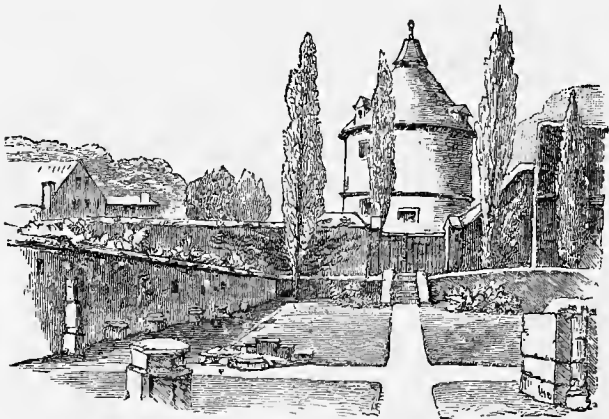
"The queen mother, and the king more than she afterwards, seduced by the Jesuits, allowed themselves to be persuaded by them of the exact and precise contradictory of the truth; that is, that every other school except theirs was hostile to the royal authority, and had no other spirit than that of independence and republicanism. The king knew no more than a child about this or many other things. . . . They succeeded, then, in disposing of him at their pleasure by pricking his conscience, and his jealousy for his authority over everything that concerned this affair, and, further, over everything that had the slightest indication that way, that is, over everything and everybody whom it pleased them to indicate as on that side.

"By these means they dispersed those holy illustrious solitaries whom study and penitence had gathered at Port Royal, and who made such great disciples; to whom Christians will be ever indebted for those famous works that have diffused so bright and solid a light, to discriminate truth from appearances, the necessary from the bark, by touching with the finger a region so little known and so obscured, and, besides, so disguised, by enlightening faith, kindling charity, developing man's heart, regulating his morals, offering him a faithful mirror, and guiding him between just fear and reasonable hope. It was, then, to persecute them to the last remnant and everywhere, that the devotion of the king and of Mme de Maintenon conformably with his was exercised till another field seemed more fitted to be brought before this prince."—*St. Simon, "Mémoires,"* 1715.

"I do not wish to say that, as regards the solitaries of Port Royal, the charge of Jansenism was altogether baseless; but their doctrines, to the extent to which the masters of the school professed them, were certainly inoffensive. Whatever, too, were the opinions of the solitaries, their morals were irreproachable. As much could not be said of their adversaries. This war, declared against an institution which had made itself known only by its merits, whose members aspired to no power, is one of the saddest pages in the history of the XVII. century. On the side of Port Royal were virtue, conscience, light, great works; on the side of their adversaries was craft. It was craft that triumphed."—*P. Barrère, "Les écrivains français."*

It was in January, 1710, that the destruction of the buildings of Port Royal was ordered by royal edict, and, in 1712, the church was pulled down. The bodies of the Arnould family, of Racine, De Saci, and Lemaître had already been removed by their relations, but the tombs of the other Port-Royalists were desecrated and their remains exhumed.

Port Royal is now the property of the Duc de Luynes, who has cleared out the area of the noble church (built by



PORT ROYAL.

the architect of Amiens cathedral), showing the bases of its columns. A walnut tree is pointed out as contemporary with the Mère Angélique, and a well which is called "la fontaine de la Mère Angélique." The cellars of the Hôtel de Longueville also exist, and considerable remains of Les Granges. Amongst the many monumental slabs torn up from the church were those of the Arnoulds, and Sacys, of Nicole, Pascal, and Racine. The last, after finding a temporary resting-place in the church of Magny-les-

Hameaux, is now in St. Etienne du Mont at Paris. Many of the bodies from Port Royal were removed to the church of St. Lambert on the road to Chevreuse, with some monuments to the nuns, which may still be seen.

A drive from Versailles or Trappes to Port Royal may easily be continued to embrace Dampierre and Chevreuse, whence one may return to Paris by the line from Limours (see Ch. XVI.). It is 5 *k.* from Port Royal to Dampierre, or 6 *k.* (direct) to Chevreuse, which is 4 *k.* from Dampierre. The great agricultural institute of *Grignon* (Ch. XVIII.), established in a Louis XIV. château, which was sometimes used as a residence by Napoleon I., may also be visited from Trappes.

33 *k.* *La Verrière*, which takes its name from a château, which belonged to the Comte de la Valette. An omnibus leaves the station of La Verrière twice a day for Dampierre (Ch. XVI.), 13 *k.* (75 c.; 50 c.). The road passes *Mesnil St. Denis*, a château of temp. Louis XIII. In the church are two XVI. c. statues of Sts. Fiacre and Catherine. To the south is the pretty little valley of the Yvette, on the north bank of which is a XIII. c. chapel, which is the only existing remains of the *Abbey of Notre Dame de la Roche*. In the interior of the nave and transept are a number of gravestones of abbots, and the choir tombs of the family of Levy, followers of Simon de Montfort in the Albigensian crusade. The keys of the chapel are kept at the farm-house, which has a fine old chimney-piece.

Twenty minutes of descent take us from the chapel to *Levy-Saint-Nom*, a picturesque village on the Yvette. In the church is an ancient (stucco) image of the Virgin, brought from the chapel of Notre Dame de la Roche, and supposed to have been originally dug up by a bull with

his horns, of a miraculous reputation, which twice a year (March and September) brings mothers to touch it with the linen of their children. A payment of 10 c. is demanded for every shirt which touches the holy image. At the bottom of the valley are the ruins of an unfinished château, begun in the XVI. c. by Jacques de Crussol, "grand-panetier de France."

An omnibus runs between La Verrière and Montfort l'Amaury, 12 k. distant (see Ch. XVIII.). The road passes the ruined castle of *Maurepas*, one of the domains which Louis XIV. gave to his minister, Louis Phélippeaux, in exchange for Marly. When this castle was taken by the English, in the reign of Charles VI., and its garrison were tried, one of them, named Moniquet, confessed to having thrown down seven men alive into the castle well and crushed them by hurling huge stones upon their heads.¹ The village of *Le Tremblay* is remarkable for its château, which belonged to the family of Leclerc du Tremblay, of which the famous Père Joseph, the confidential friend of Cardinal Richelieu, was a member.

A little east is the moated *Château de Pontchartrain* (see Ch. XVIII.).

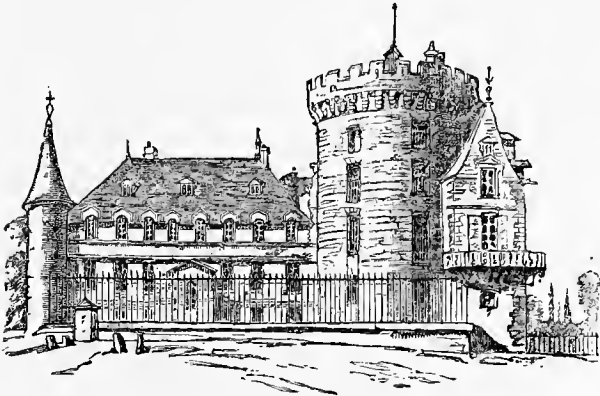
38 k. *Les Essarts du Roi*.—To the right of the railway, before reaching this station the train passes the site of the *Priory of Haute-Bruyère* (destroyed at the Revolution), which was founded by the notorious Bertrade de Montfort, queen of Philippe I. Its chapel contained her tomb, with those of her illustrious descendants, the Comtes Simon and Amaury de Montfort. Here also the heart of François I., afterwards moved to St. Denis, was long preserved in a vase of white marble. Nothing remains except the

¹ *Journal du règne de Charles VI.*

Chapelle des Pères, for in the order of Fontevault a convent for men was always attached to a monastery for women.

The château of *Artoire* was built under Louis XIV. Pedestrians may reach the ruins of Vaux le Cernay (Ch. XVI.) in a walk of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour from Les Essarts.

48 *k.* *Rambouillet* (Hotel du Lion d'Or; Dauphin; Croix Blanche). A town almost confined to a single



CHATEAU DE RAMBOUILLET.

street, La Grande Rue, 3 *k.* in length: in it is a Hospice founded by the Comte de Toulouse in 1731.

The *Château*, preceded by a Cour d'Honneur, has an enormous round tower, battlemented and machicolated, the only remnant of the ancient moated castle, which was entered by a drawbridge, and which belonged to the family D'Angennes, of whom Jean d'Angennes sold Cherbourg to the English. The last of the family was Charles d'Angennes, whose wife, the Marquise de Rambouillet, was celebrated as the literary leader of the XVII. c. Her

eldest daughter brought Rambouillet by marriage to the Duc de Montausier, governor of "Monseigneur," son of Louis XIV. The property was sold by Fleuriau d'Armenonville to the Comte de Toulouse, the legitimized younger son of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan, whose son, the Duc de Penthièvre, sold it for sixteen million francs to Louis XVI. The king was devoted to the place, but Marie Antoinette detested it. "Que voulez-vous que je fasse dans cette crapaudière?" she said, when the king wanted to take her there. Rambouillet became national property under the Republic; it was part of the civil list of Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X, and Napoleon III.

The main buildings of the château date from the XV. c., but have been altered in the XVI. c. and XVII. c. They are very picturesque as seen from the gardens, which were adorned by the Comte de Toulouse with tanks, lime avenues, and statues, after the fashion of Versailles.

Cardinal de Bellay was frequently here in the time of D'Angennes, to whom he was nearly related, and in his suite, as a doctor, came Rabelais.

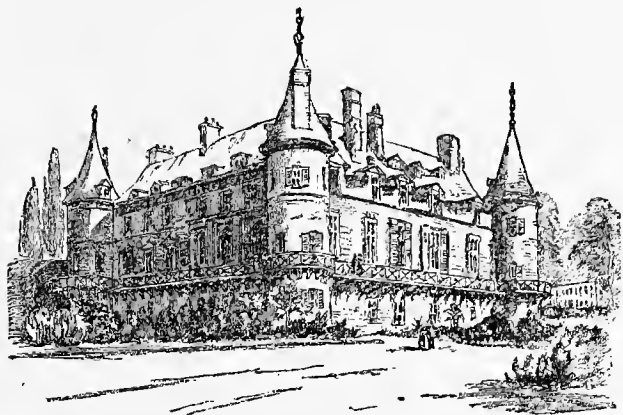
"At the foot of the château there is a very large plain in the midst of which, by a freak of nature, is formed a circle of great rocks, between which tall trees grow and form a very agreeable shade. This is the spot where Rabelais amused them, as the neighborhood says. And to-day still a certain hollow stone is called the Kettle of Rabelais."—*Tallemant des Réaux*, 1658.

The spot thus spoken of is now surrounded by water and called *L'Ile des Roches*, but the cave of Rabelais is still to be seen there. The *Ferme expérimentale* is due to Louis XVI., and the *Laiterie de la Reine* was made by him for Marie Antoinette, to console her in temporary absences from her beloved Trianon. It was afterwards a favorite

spot with Marie Louise, for whom Napoleon I. redecorated the little temple, the original decorations having been removed to Malmaison.

It was in the old palace of Rambouillet that François I. died, March 13, 1547.

"A slow fever consumed this monarch, who moved from château to château without finding anywhere repose or alleviation; he was, finally, obliged to take to his bed at Rambouillet, and the progress of an inveterate ulcer, which had tormented him for eight



GARDENS OF RAMBOUILLET.

years, soon left no hope. His last counsels to his son were to lower the taxes, to keep, as ministers, d'Annehault and the Cardinal de Tournon, not to recall Montmorency to office, and above all, to be sure not to appoint the Guises, '*parce qu'ils tendroient de mettre lui et ses enfants en pourpoint et son peuple en chemise.*'

"The dying man's words must have been forgotten before his body was cold. Diane de Poitiers and the Comte d'Aumale were there joyfully watching the progress of the king's agony. 'He is going, the gallant; he is going,' said François de Guise." *Martin, "Hist. de France."*

Catherine de Medicis and Charles IX. waited at Ram-

bouillet for the issue of the battle of Dreux. Since then its principal visitors have been fallen royalties in flight. Léon Gozlan says that the gate of the château is the funeral arch through which the dynasties of France have passed to the grave. Henri III. fled hither from Paris on the day of the barricades, and "y coucha tout botté." Marie Louise came hither, March 29, 1814, flying from Paris, followed, on the next day, by Joseph Bonaparte. Returning to Rambouillet a month later, the Empress received the visit of the allied sovereigns here, and set out hence for Vienna. In the following year Napoleon came hither after his second abdication, on his way to Rochefort, where he intended to embark for America. At the close of the "comédie de quinze ans" Charles X. fled hither (July 31, 1830) from St. Cloud, and here he abdicated and the Duc d'Angoulême abandoned his rights, in favor of the Duc de Bordeaux, who was proclaimed as Henri V.¹

"King Charles X. arrived at Rambouillet; he had met on the road the Duchesse de Berry; he was escorted by the body-guard and the *gendarmérie d'élite*.

"He was received, not with the demonstrations of joy, and the festal air which lately welcomed his presence, but as an unfortunate and fugitive prince. No lights had been prepared in the court of honor. The carriage drew up at the foot of the steps.

"Napoleon, flying from Malmaison, had come to the same château, to pass the first night of his eternal exile.

"Next day, August 1, at five in the morning, Madame the Duchesse d'Angoulême arrived, having left Vichy two days before. She avoided Paris, passed through Versailles, disguised as a country-woman, and, in one of the little public vehicles on service in the neighborhood, crossed through the bands of insurgents, and finally reached Rambouillet in company with the

¹ Louis XIV. reigned: his son did not reign; Louis XV. reigned: his son did not reign; Louis XVI. reigned: his son did not reign; Napoleon I. reigned: his son did not reign; Charles X. reigned: his son did not reign; Napoleon III. reigned: his son did not reign.

Dauphin, who, having received notice, came to meet her. The king advanced as far as the steps to receive her ; she flung herself into his arms.

“ ‘ Ah, my father,’ she exclaimed, ‘ my father, what have you done? At least,’ she added, ‘ we will never separate.’ ”—*Souvenirs du Duc de Broglie.*

Under Napoleon III. the palace of Rambouillet was made a refuge for the children of officers—“l'Ecole d'essai des enfants de troupe.”

There are pleasant drives and walks in the Forest of Rambouillet. At *St. Hilarion* are ruins of a XIII. c. chapel.

XVIII.

MONTFORT-L'AMAURY AND DREUX.¹

THE line (from the Gare Montparnasse) is the same as Ch. XVII., as far as St. Cyr; hence it crosses featureless corn-lands by—

29 *k.* *Villepreux-les-Clayes.* In the woods of *Arcy* near *Villepreux*, a fête is held on Whit Monday, at the *Chapelle St. Fouan*.

33 *k.* *Plaisir-Grignon.* An omnibus takes travellers in fifteen minutes to the great agricultural institution of *Grignon*, founded in 1827. The handsome church of *Grignon* is XIII. c.

40 *k.* *Villiers-Néauphle.* On the right, in the valley of the *Mauldre*, at *Néauphle-le-Vieux*, are considerable remains of a Benedictine abbey and church, founded 1066, and now turned into a farm. 2 *k.* left of the station is the noble moated *Château de Pontchartrain*, built by Paul Phélypeaux Secretary of State (ob. 1621), and enriched by his descendants, who for four generations filled high government offices. It is now occupied by Comte Henchel de Donnersmack.

An omnibus connects the station with *Beynes*, where

¹ These two places may be united in a pleasant summer-day's excursion from Paris. It will then be necessary to leave Montfort-l'Amaury station for Dreux at 1.56.

the church contains a magnificent renaissance retable, and which has remains of a moated castle, flanked by eight towers.

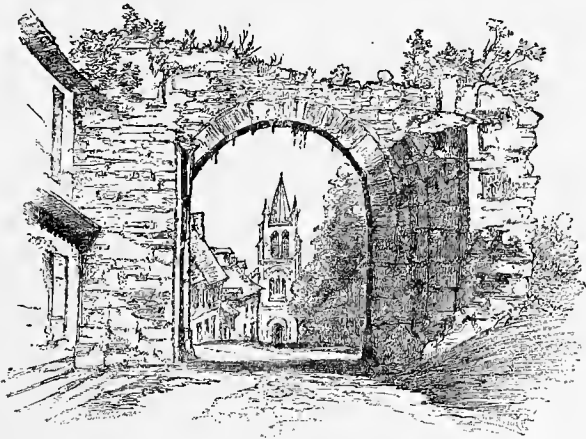
45 *k.* *Montfort-l'Amaury*. It is 2 *k.* from the station, by a straight avenue of planes, to the quaint, seldom-visited town (omnibus, 40 c. ; *Hotel des Voyageurs ; de Paris*—good restaurant), which is overlooked by the ruined castle of the Comtes de Montfort. This famous family descended from Charlemagne, through Judith (daughter of Charles le Chauve), who married Baudouin Bras-de-fer, Comte de Flandre. Their grandson, Guillaume, Comte de Hainaut, married the heiress of Epernon and Montfort. He fortified the latter place, which took the name of his son, Amaury. Simon, son of Amaury, was the father of the famous Bertrade, who fled from her first husband, Foulques de Réchin, Comte d'Anjou, to marry Philippe I. of France, who was already married himself. The pair were excommunicated, nevertheless Bertrade lived prosperously with the king for sixteen years, and even contrived to reconcile her first and second husbands, and dine with them together at Angers, and sit with them under the same canopy at church—the king by her side, Foulques on a stool at her feet. Bertrade died a nun. Her brother, Amaury IV., a famous warrior, sometimes the ally and often the enemy of his sovereign, was the grandfather of the celebrated and cruel Simon de Montfort, who overthrew the Counts of Toulouse and acquired their dominions. His son, Amaury VII., resigned the countship of Toulouse to Louis VIII., for the dignity of constable.

But the family history was by no means ended yet. The son of Amaury VII. only left a daughter, who married (1250) the Comte de Dreux. Yolande, heiress of Dreux

and Montfort, married first Alexander III. of Scotland, and secondly Arthur II., Duc de Bretagne. The son of her second marriage, Jean de Montfort, disputed the ducal crown with his niece, Jeanne, wife of Charles de Blois. The son of Jean de Montfort, of the same name, after gaining the battle of Auray, where his rival was killed, became duke, and the Dukes of Brittany continued to be also Counts of Montfort till the marriage of Anne of Brittany with Charles VIII., and afterwards with Louis XII. In 1537, François I. gave up to Spain the countship of Montfort-l'Amaury, but recovered it seven years after. It afterwards belonged to Catherine de Medicis, to her son the Duc d'Anjou, then to the Duc d'Alençon. At the death of the latter, Henri III. gave it to the Duc d'Epéron. Returning to the Crown, it was exchanged, in 1672, by Louis XIV. with the duchy of Chevreuse. Never had fortress so many illustrious owners.

The splendid *Parish Church*, chiefly renaissance, has some small remains of the original building, given to the abbey of St. Magloire at Paris, in 1072. The choir is XV. c., except the flying buttresses added in the XVI. c., to which the nave belongs. The tower is of 1613. The vaulting of the side aisles has very rich pendants. A great deal of fine stained-glass of 1578 remains, most of the windows—superb in color—representing scriptural subjects, with the donors kneeling in front, often presented by their patron saints. In the first window (right) kneel Henri III. and Catherine de Medicis, attended by pages and ladies. Facing the church is the castle on its hill, and *La Porte Bardou* closing the uphill street, and supposed to derive its name from Hugues Bardoulf, father-in-law of Simon de Montfort. From a side street on the right, in ascending the hill, a pretty flamboyant portal gives access

to the XV. c. cloisters of a convent, with good wooden vaulting, the enclosed space being now used as a cemetery. Amongst the tombs is that of the Duchesse de Béthune-Charost, daughter of the Marquis de Tourzel, governess of Louis XVII. Little remains of the castle except two towers, one hexagonal, of admirable brick- and stone-work. There are some ruins of another castle near the château of *Groussaye*.



PORTE BAROU, MONTFORT-L'AMAURY.

The modern chapel of *Notre Dame au Chêne*, on the road to Artoire, contains a "miraculous" statue of the Virgin, said to have been found in an oak. Near this is the XVII. c. château of *Mesnuls*, which belongs to the Comte de Nogent. In the neighboring forest of *St. Léger* was the *Château de St. Hubert*, a richly-decorated hunting-lodge, built by Gabriel for Louis XIV. and destroyed by Louis XVI.

56 *k. Tacoignières*. To the right of the line is *Riche-*

bourg, which has a fine XV. c. church, with a peculiar and graceful spire.

63 *k.* *Houdan* (omnibus, 25 c.), the ancient Hodincum, retains its old fortress-tower, built by Amaury III. de Montfort (c. 1130). It has a fine unfinished gothic church, and (39 Rue de Paris) a richly-ornamented old timber mansion. 6 *k.* east, at *Gambais*, is a large moated châteaux of the XIV. c.

82 *k.* *Dreux* (*Hotel du Paradis*, good), crowned by its royal burial-place, and the remains of the castle of the Comtes de Dreux.

The town—said to have been the capital of the Durocasses in the reign of Agrippa—has sustained many sieges, and (December 19, 1562) was the scene of a sanguinary battle, between the Protestants under Condé and Coligny, and the Catholics under the “triumvirate” of the Constable de Montmorency, the Duc de Guise, and Maréchal St. André. Eight thousand men fell in the battle, in which the Catholics were victorious, the Prince de Condé on the Protestant side, and Montmorency on the Catholic side, being taken prisoners, and St. André being killed.

The magnificent *Church of St. Pierre* is chiefly flamboyant, but the choir and the columns of the nave are XII. c. and XIII. c. The fine gothic portal is by Clément Métézeau, a native of Dreux. The stained glass is of great beauty and interest. In the nave are remains of a series of the Apostles; in the choir several noble life-size figures of saints; in the south transept the Descent from the Cross and the Sacrifice of Isaac. In the side chapels are a Crucifixion; scenes from the story of the sainted shoemakers, Crispin and Crispinian; the Ascension; the Baptism of Clovis; St. John; Notre Dame de Pitié; St. Blaise; St. Sebastian; fragments of the story of Notre

Dame de Lorette, and of that of St. Fiacre. The (restored) windows of the Chapelle de la Vierge narrate the history of the Virgin. Some of the side chapels of the nave have remains of frescoes representing the pilgrimage of the inhabitants of Dreux to St. James of Compostella, in the XVII. c. and XVIII. c. On the wall facing the altar is an armed knight, with the epitaph of Mercœur de France, 1562. A curious *bénitier* of XII. c. comes from the old collegiate church of St. Etienne. The organ is of 1614.



DREUX.

Near the church is a very fine old clock-tower. The renaissance *Hôtel de Ville* was built 1512-1537. It contains a sculptured portal from the Château de Crécy, and armor found on the battlefield of Ivry. The bell, founded under Charles IX., is surrounded with a representation of the Procession des Flambarts, which formerly took place at Christmas at Dreux.

The Orleans Chapel rises picturesquely on the hill at the end of the principal street. There are two ascents, one

for carriages, and a shorter one for pedestrians, winding up to the grounds of the château, which are open to the public. Very little of the ancient castle remains, but its enclosure is occupied by a garden, in the centre of which is the *Chapelle royale*, built by the Dowager Duchess of Orleans in 1813, and gothicized by Louis Philippe in 1839. The architecture is wretched, but the contents are of the deepest interest. For admission apply to the *concierge* on the left of the entrance to the garden. Only funeral services are now held here. Since the "château en planches" was destroyed in 1848, the family have arrived for the services in the morning, leaving again in the afternoon.

The beautiful stained windows of the antechapel represent Christ in the Garden of Olives; the Deposition; St. Arnould washing the feet of pilgrims; and St. Adelaide, Queen of Hungary, distributing alms.

The rotunda or choir is the original part of the church. The beautiful glass of the windows has figures of saints—the Duc d'Orléans is represented as St. Ferdinand, Princess Louise as St. Amélie, Louis Philippe as St. Philippe. A stair descends behind the altar to the crypts and chapel of the Virgin, entirely occupied by the royal monuments.

Right of the steps is the tomb of Mlle de Montpensier, the two-years-old daughter of Louis Philippe, by Pradier.

Left of the steps, the Duc de Penthièvre, eight-years-old son of Louis Philippe.

Facing the steps, the huge tomb of King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, arranged to support their effigies—that of the king standing, with his hand resting upon the kneeling queen.

Right. Princess Marie, Duchesse of Wurtemberg. The angel above was her last work in sculpture.

Right, in the sanctuary. The Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, 1842. The tomb was designed by Ary Scheffer, and is very noble and touching. Behind (in a separate chapel,

being a Protestant) is Hélène de Mecklembourg-Schwerin, Duchesse d'Orléans (1858), her hand outstretched from the dark chapel, so as almost to touch her husband.

Right. Maria Clementina of Austria, Princess of Salerno, mother of the Duchesse d'Aumale.

Left. Mme Adélaïde, 1847, sister of Louis Philippe, beautiful in lace and ermine; by Millet.

Left. The crowned figure of the Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of Louis Philippe, and foundress of the chapel—exquisitely beautiful.

Left. The Duchesse de Bourbon-Condé, aunt of the king, and mother of the Duc d'Enghien.

Turning left from the steps. Two children of the Comte de Paris; an exquisite work of Franceschi. A child, bearing a cross with one hand, lifts his baby brother to eternity with the other.

Left. Prince Ferdinand, son of the Duc de Montpensier; by Aimé Millet. An exquisitely beautiful tomb, and simple touching figure.

Opposite, right. Prince Louis, son of the Duc de Montpensier; by Millet. A veiled figure.

Left. Six children of the Duc d'Aumale.

Left. Louis Philippe, Prince de Condé, eldest son of the Duc d'Aumale, who died at Sydney in his twenty-first year, September, 1866.

Left. François, Duc de Guise, last son of the Duc d'Aumale, who died at eighteen, July 25, 1872.

Right, opposite. Caroline, Duchesse d'Aumale, 1869, with a beautiful statue by Alfred Lenoir.

Turning right from steps. Prince Robert, son of the Duc de Chartres, aged eighteen.

A beautiful series of windows represents the life of St. Louis. The tomb of the Duc de Penthièvre, maternal grandfather of Louis Philippe (father-in-law of the Princesse de Lamballe), was violated in 1793. In side passages are some exquisite windows, each being a picture on a single sheet of glass, executed at Sèvres, by Brongniart and Robert.

A little north-east of Dreux is *Abondant*, whither Mme de Tourzel, governess of the children of Louis XVI., retired after the death of Robespierre, having escaped

miraculously from the guillotine, with her two daughters—the Duchesse de Charost, and Pauline, afterwards Comtesse de Béarn and authoress of *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans*. Here this faithful friend of Marie Antoinette is buried, with the epitaph—

“Hic jacet L. E. F. T. A. M. J. de Croy, Ducissa de Tourzel, regiae sobolis gubernatrix. Fortis in adversis, Deo regique fidelis, vere mater pauperum, pertransivit benefaciendo, omnibus veneranda, magno prolis amore dilecta. Abiit anno aetatis 82. Requiescat in pace.”

Architects especially will not fail to prolong their excursion to the interesting remains of the *Château d'Anet*, near the station of Ezy-Anet, 21 k. from Dreux, on the line to Louviers. See *Western France*.

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"LE ROY" AND THE "DAUPHIN" ATTEND ANNIVERSARY MASS.

Naundorf Family Present at a Service
in the Church of Saint-
Denis.

A few days ago certain Parisian notabilities received, says the "Temps," an invitation to attend a mass in celebration of the anniversary of the death of Marie Antoinette in the chapel of Saint-Denis. This invitation was signed "Un Groupe d'Amis de la Survivance."

The "Survivance" is the Naundorf family, alleged to be the descendants of the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, who is declared by the partisans of the family to have escaped from the custody of the shoemaker to whom he was handed over by the Revolutionists and in whose house he was officially declared to have died.

The mass was celebrated by the Abbé Bonniot, curé of the parish, a venerable priest with long white hair. He drew a touching picture of the sufferings of Marie Antoinette, but found consolation in the fact that her death took place exactly one thousand years after the appearance of the Archangel Michael on the mount bearing his name.

Between three and four hundred people were present in the church. In the place of honor was "Le Roy" (Prince Jean de Bourbon); the "Dauphin" (Prince Henri), a little boy of ten years, Princess Madeleine and Prince Charles, brother and sister of the Pretender.

Others present included MM. Emile Bergerat, Victor Marguerite, Raoul, Ponchon, the Marquis de la Tour-du-Pin, Baron and Baronne de Grandcourt, Marquis d'Abadie, Comte de Cremont and Comtesse de Montigny.

At the conclusion of the ceremony those present passed before the family of the "Survivance," which was drawn up to the right of the door of the church. The Pretendant received graciously, but not without a certain "hauteur" the homage of his followers. He looked well, with his dark complexion, his black hair and moustache, his upright figure and his determined air.

